

MAY

No. 33

10¢

# SMASH COMICS

QUALITY  
COMIC  
GROUP



THE RAY

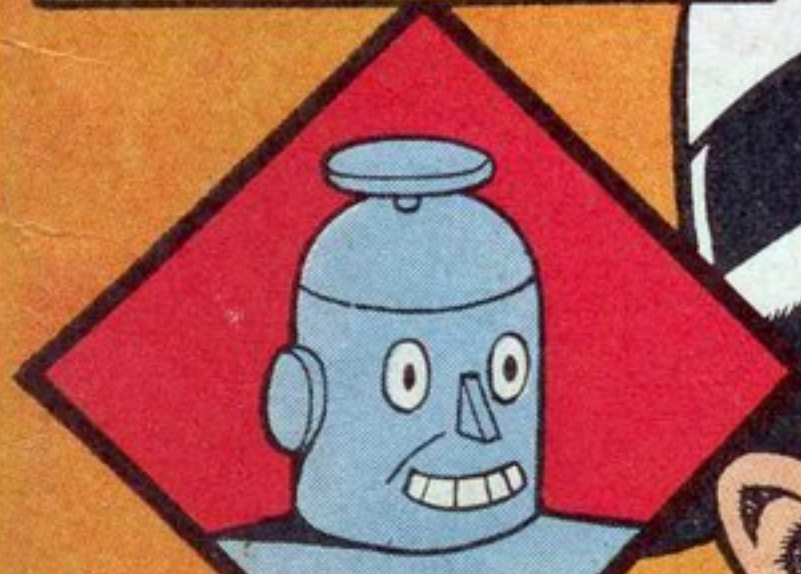
STARRING  
MIDNIGHT



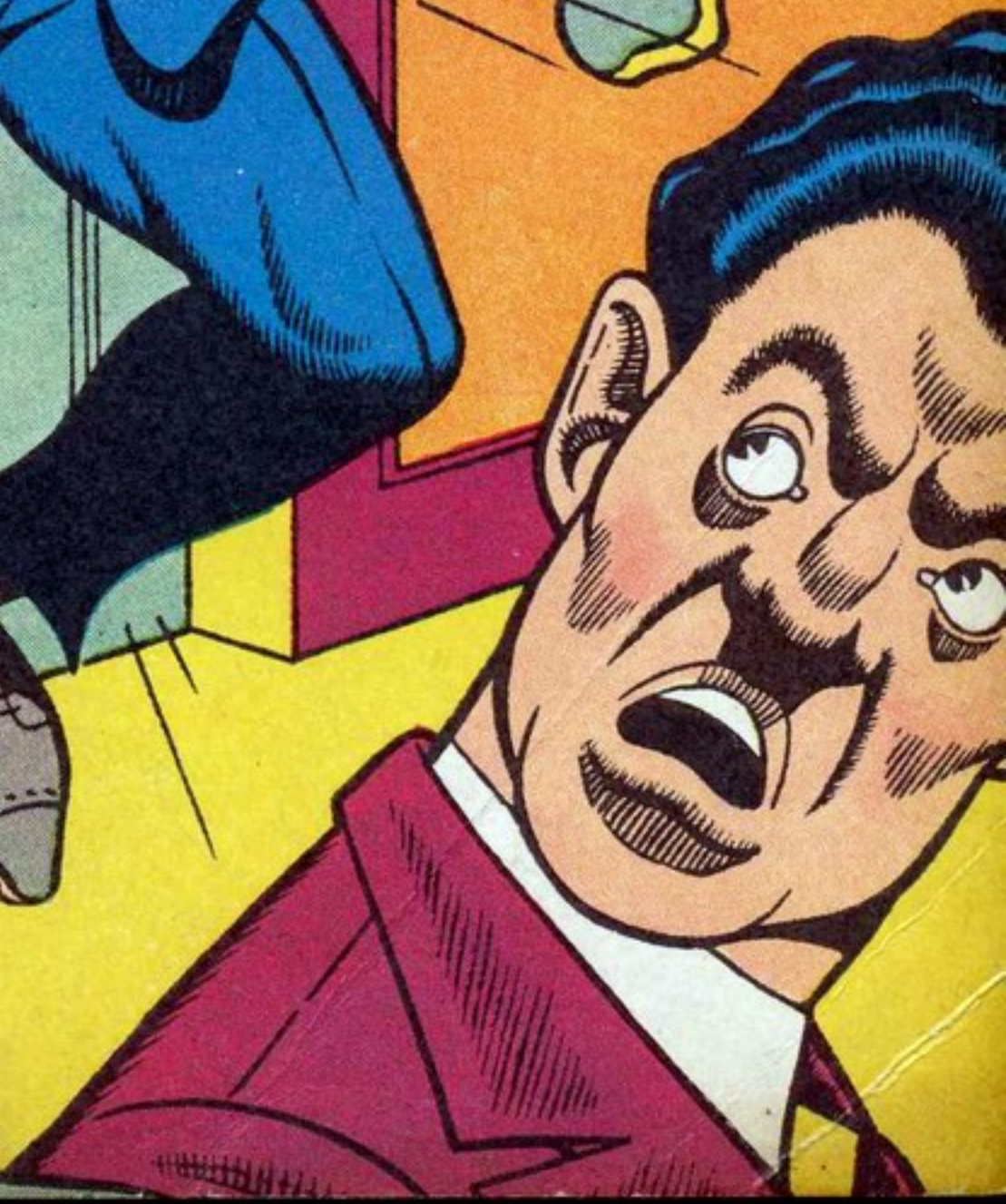
ESPIONAGE



WINGS WENDALL



BOZO THE ROBOT







WEB COMIC  
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## GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

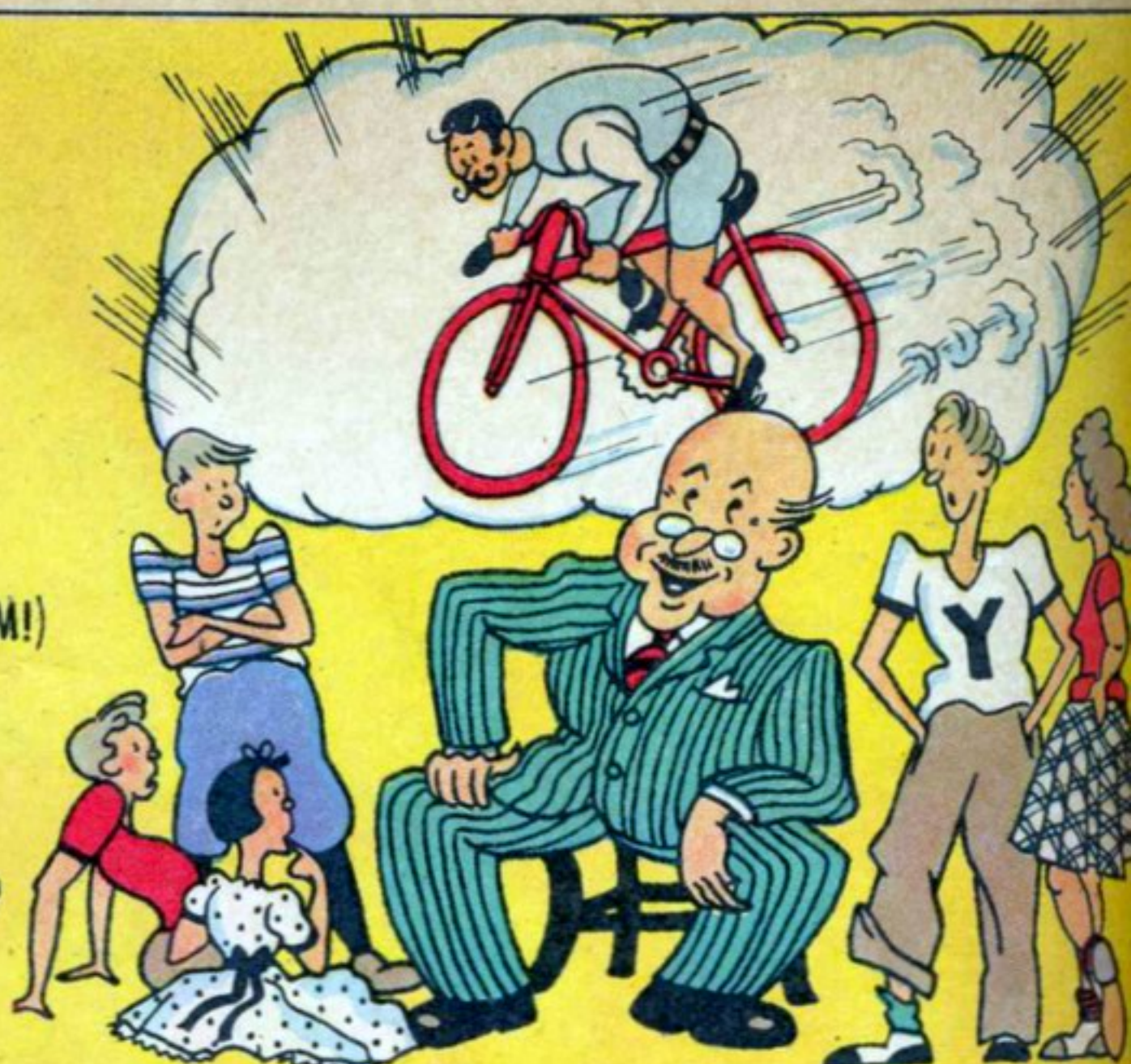
OH THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY, AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,  
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!  
"SAVE THE RUBBER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM,  
(IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAM!)



"WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE," CHUCKLES GRANDPA, "IF THE CAR IS LAID ASIDE?  
"THERE'S HEALTH AND FUN FOR EVERYONE IN EVERY CYCLE GLIDE!  
"YOUR MA AND PA CAN RIDE A BIKE, AS WELL AS SIS AND BROTHER,  
"AND THOUGH IT'S YEARS SINCE I RODE ONE, I THINK I'D LIKE ANOTHER!"



"LET'S ALL GO DOWN AND GET OURSELVES SOME BRAND-NEW BIKES TOMORROW!  
"BUT, MIND YOU, WHEN YOU PICK YOUR BIKE, BE SURE IT'S GOT A MORROW!  
"THAT FAMOUS BRAKE'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO SUIT YOUR DAD AND MOTHER—  
"IT'LL STOP SO QUICK, AND COAST SO SLICK, AND OUTSTEP ANY OTHER!"



Famous for over 40 years! Quick stopping,  
easy pedaling, long coasting; more ball bear-  
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Brake on any bike—ask for it!



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION  
BENDIX AVIATION CORP., ELMIRA, N. Y.

**MORROW**  
**COASTER BRAKE**



## HERE ARE THE TWO LEADERS IN THE QUARTERLY COMIC FIELD

**THE**  
**DOLL MAN**  
*Quarterly*

**UNCLE**  
**SAM**  
*Quarterly*

**Buy Them From Your Regular Newsdealer**

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# THE RAY

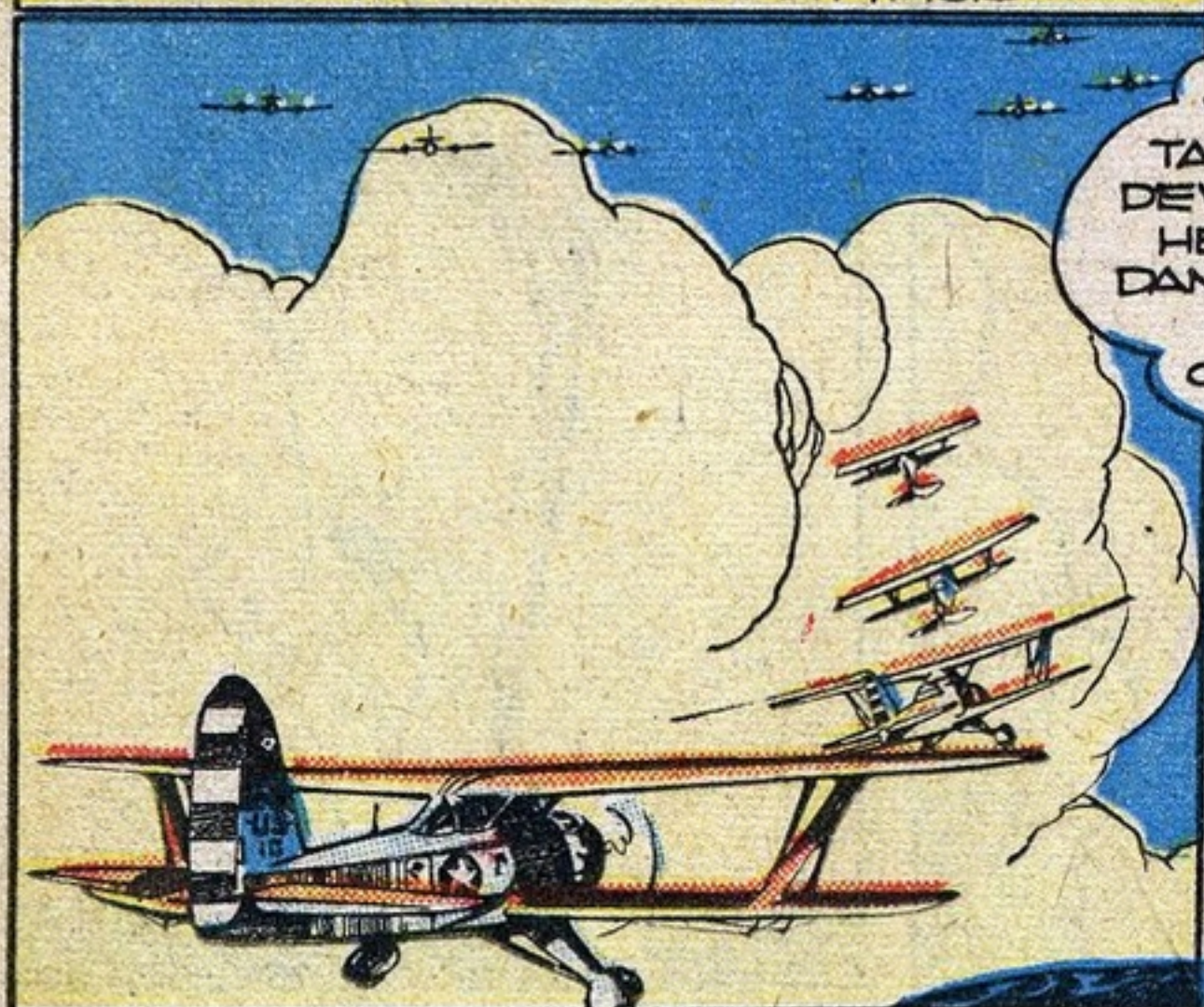
by F. Lechman

JAPANESE TREACHERY HAS OPENED A NEW THEATRE OF WAR IN THE PACIFIC!! HAPPY TERRILL, ALIAS THE RAY, DOES HIS SHARE FOR DEMOCRACY!!



AMERICAN SKY-DOGS RISE FROM A PACIFIC BASE ISLAND, TO MEET THE ENEMY BOMBERS THAT ROAR TO ATTACK....

IN ONE U.S. SHIP, HAPPY TERRILL BROADCASTS A THRILL BY THRILL ACCOUNT OF THE AIR BATTLE.



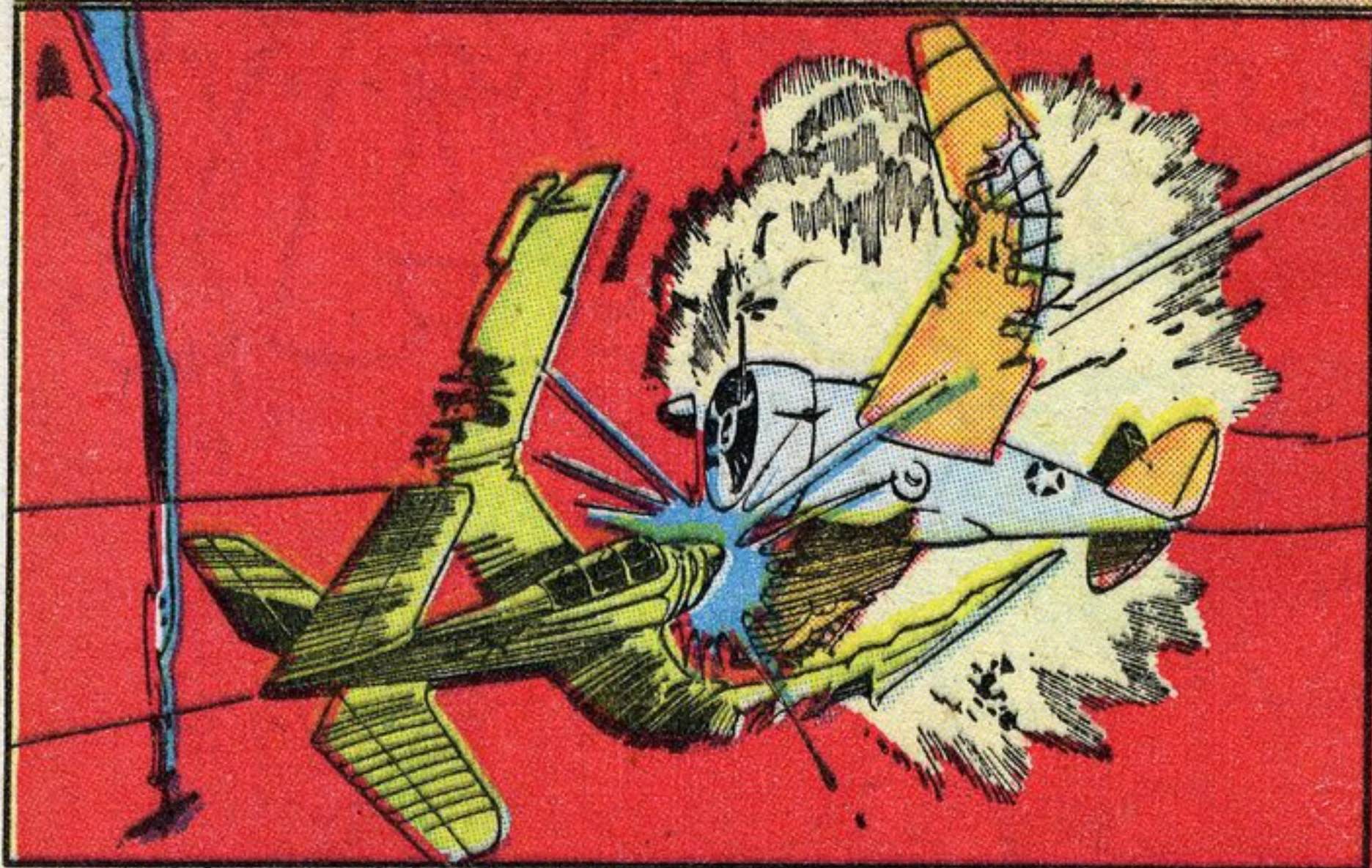
WE'RE ON THE TAIL OF A JAP DEVIL-BIRD, FOLKS!! HE'S BIG AND DANGEROUS, AND OUT FOR OUR HIDE!!



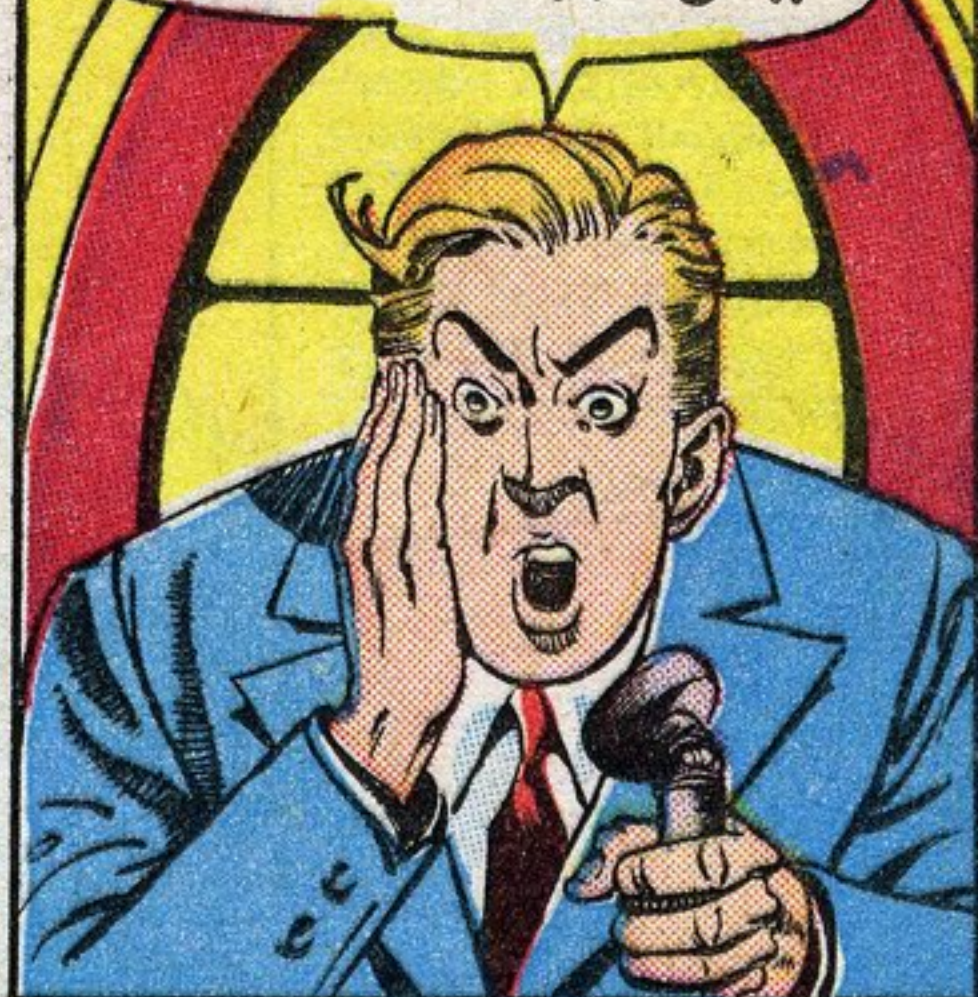
OUCH!! THAT TATTOO YOU HEARD WAS NOT FRED ASTAIRE..JAP MACHINE GUN BULLETS ARE PERFORATING OUR FUSELAGE, BUT WE'RE STILL FLYING!!



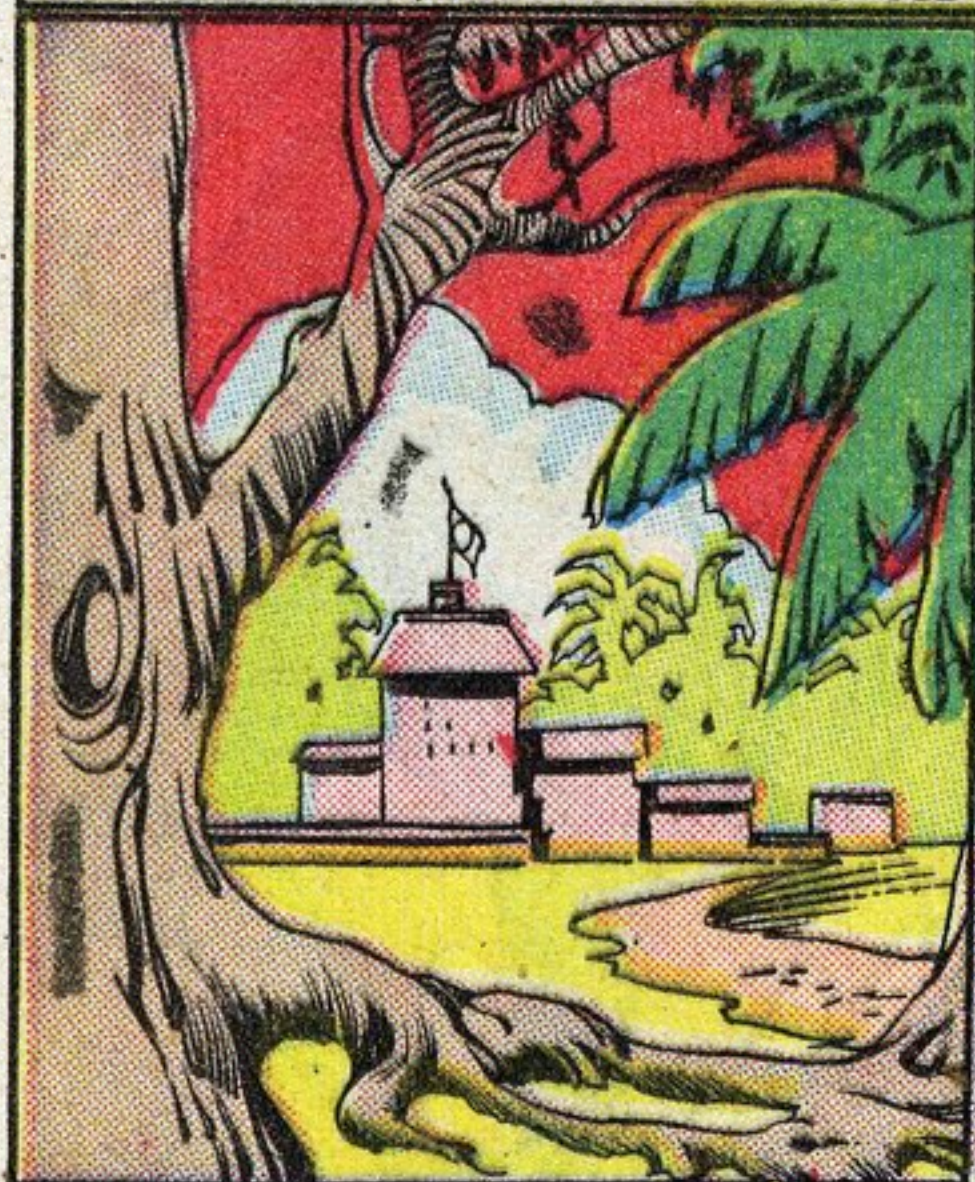
AMERICANS LISTEN WITH BATED BREATH, AS HAPPY DESCRIBES THE TERRIFIC DOG-FIGHTS OVER THE OCEAN....



THEY'VE OUT-NUMBERED US, BUT FOLKS, YOU'D BE PROUD OF OUR LADS..THEY'RE NOT LETTING US DOWN... UH-OH!! LOOK OUT!!



MEANWHILE, IN A SECLUDED GOVERNMENT BUILDING, DEEP IN THE JUNGLE



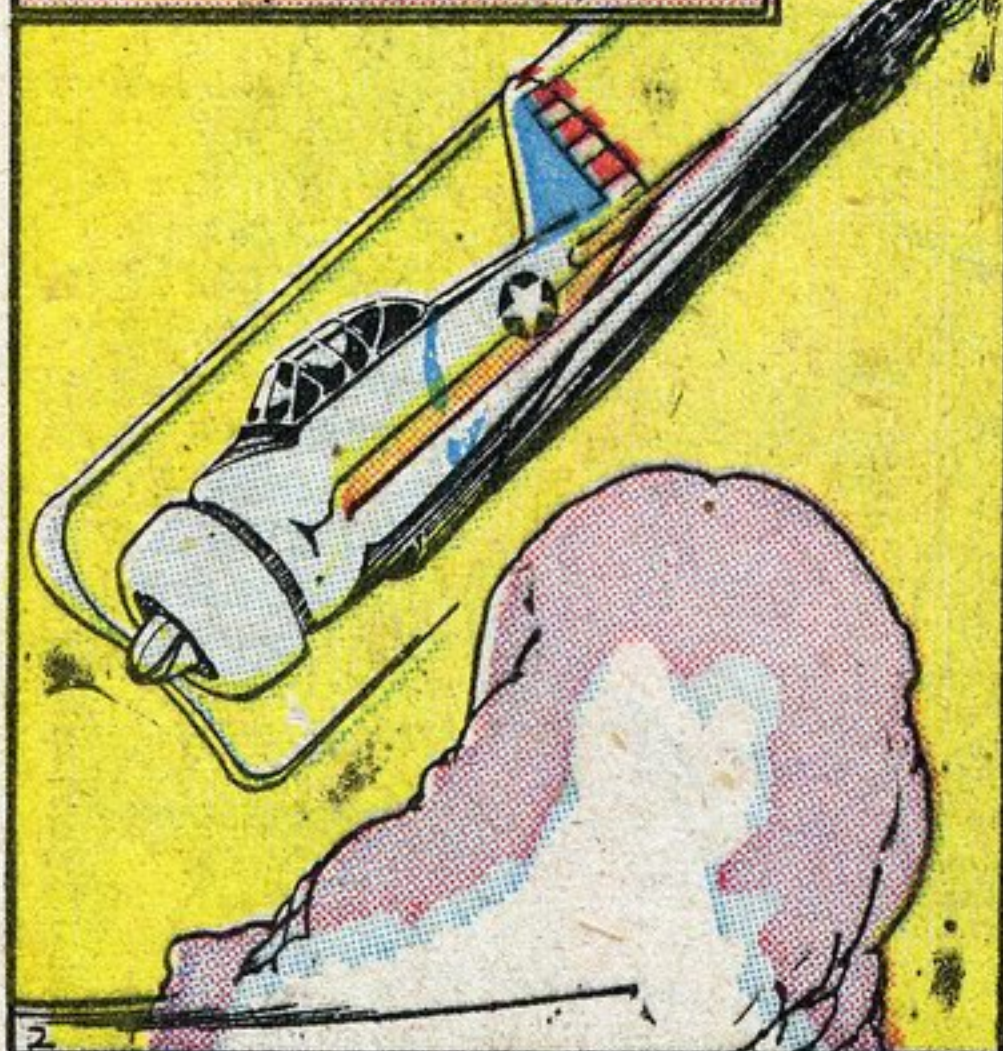
BUD, HAPPY'S LITTLE PAL.. IS BEING PROTECTED AGAINST HIS WILL



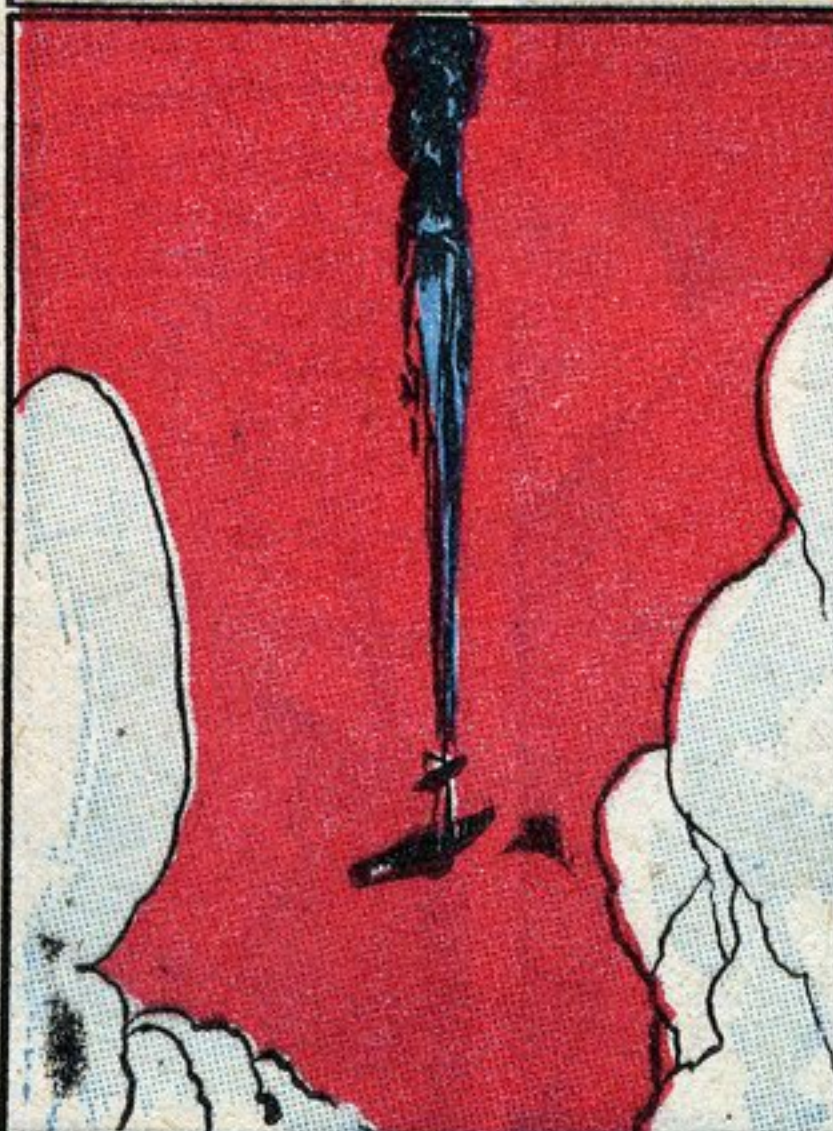
BACK TO THE BATTLE-FRONT.. A JAP GUNNER TAKES DEADLY AIM...



FLAMES BURST FROM THE GAS TANK OF AN AMERICAN SHIP, AS JAPANESE BULLETS FIND THEIR MARK....



A PLUME OF BLACK SMOKE FOLLOWS THE SHIP'S FALL



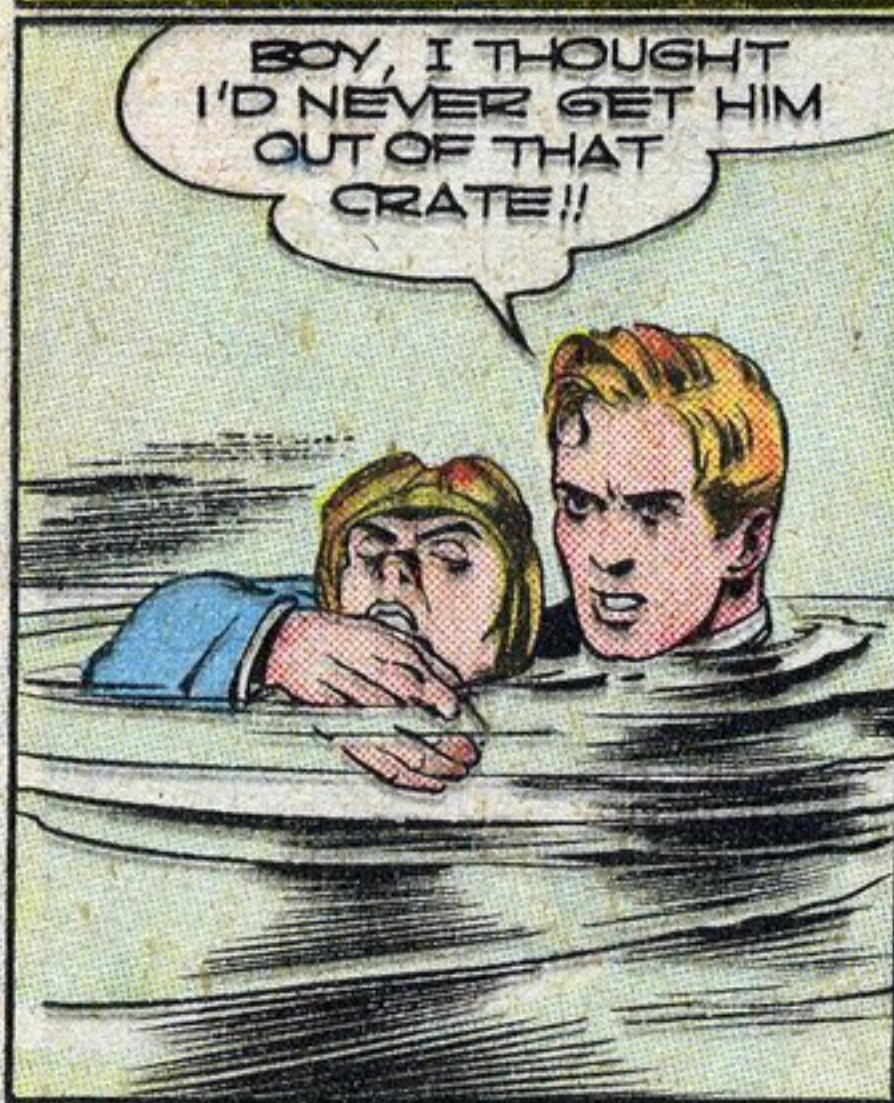
IT'S HAPPY'S SHIP!!

LOOKS LIKE THE END, FOLKS, GLUB... GLUB... GLUB!!

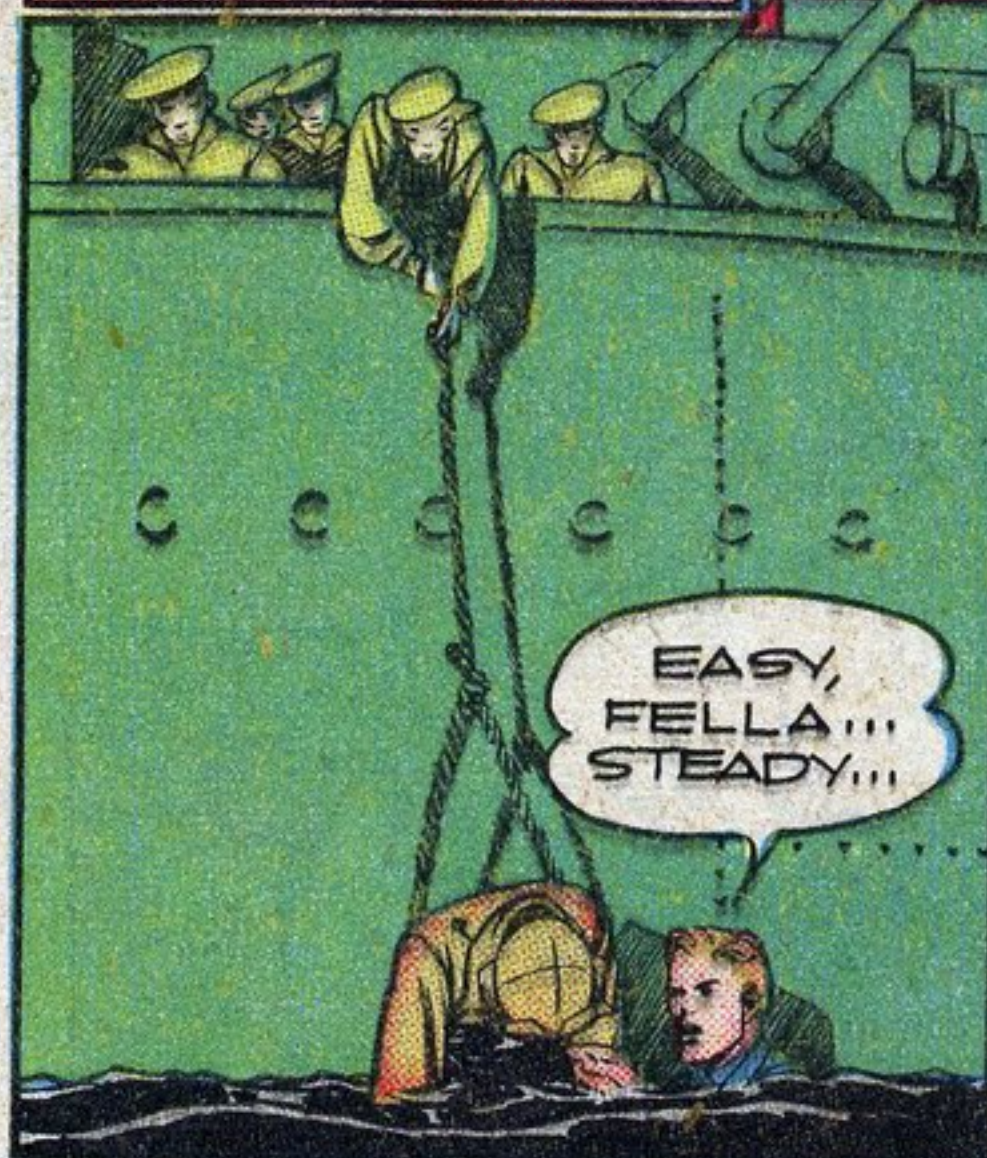




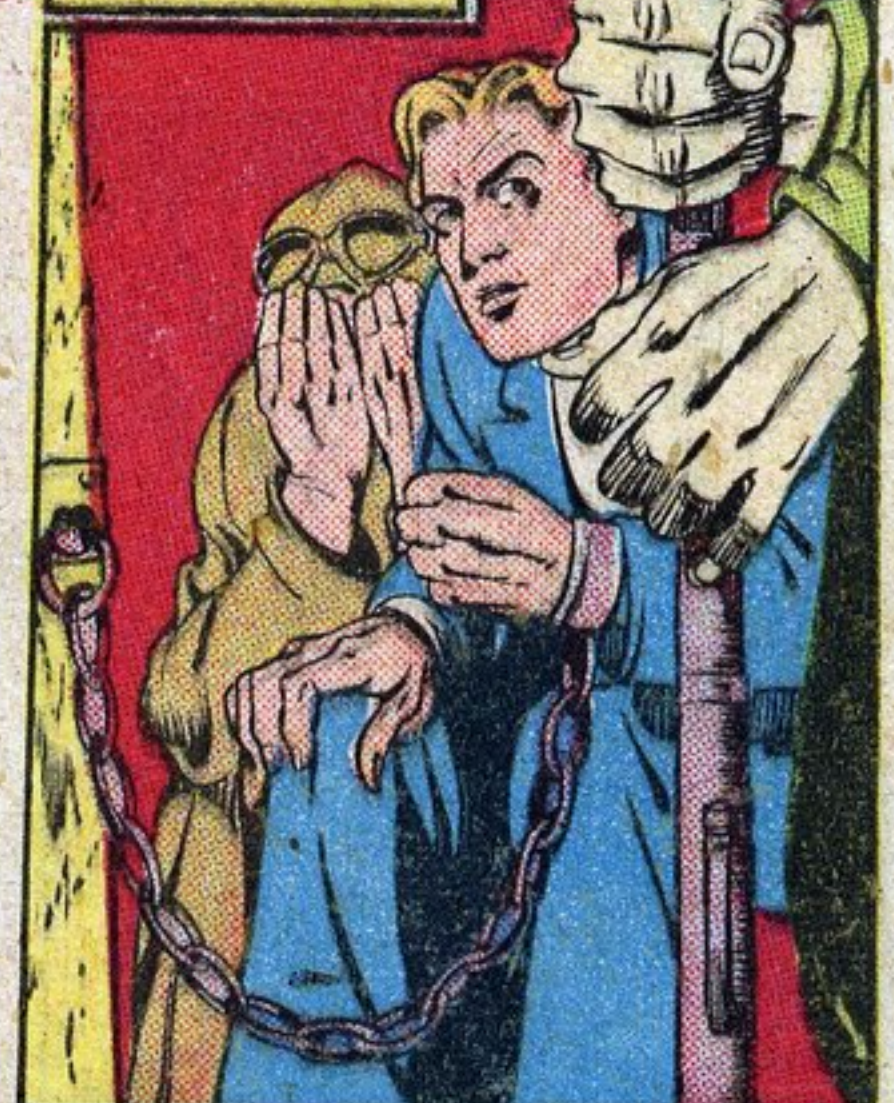
MINUTES LATER, TWO  
HEADS BOB ABOVE THE  
SURFACE...



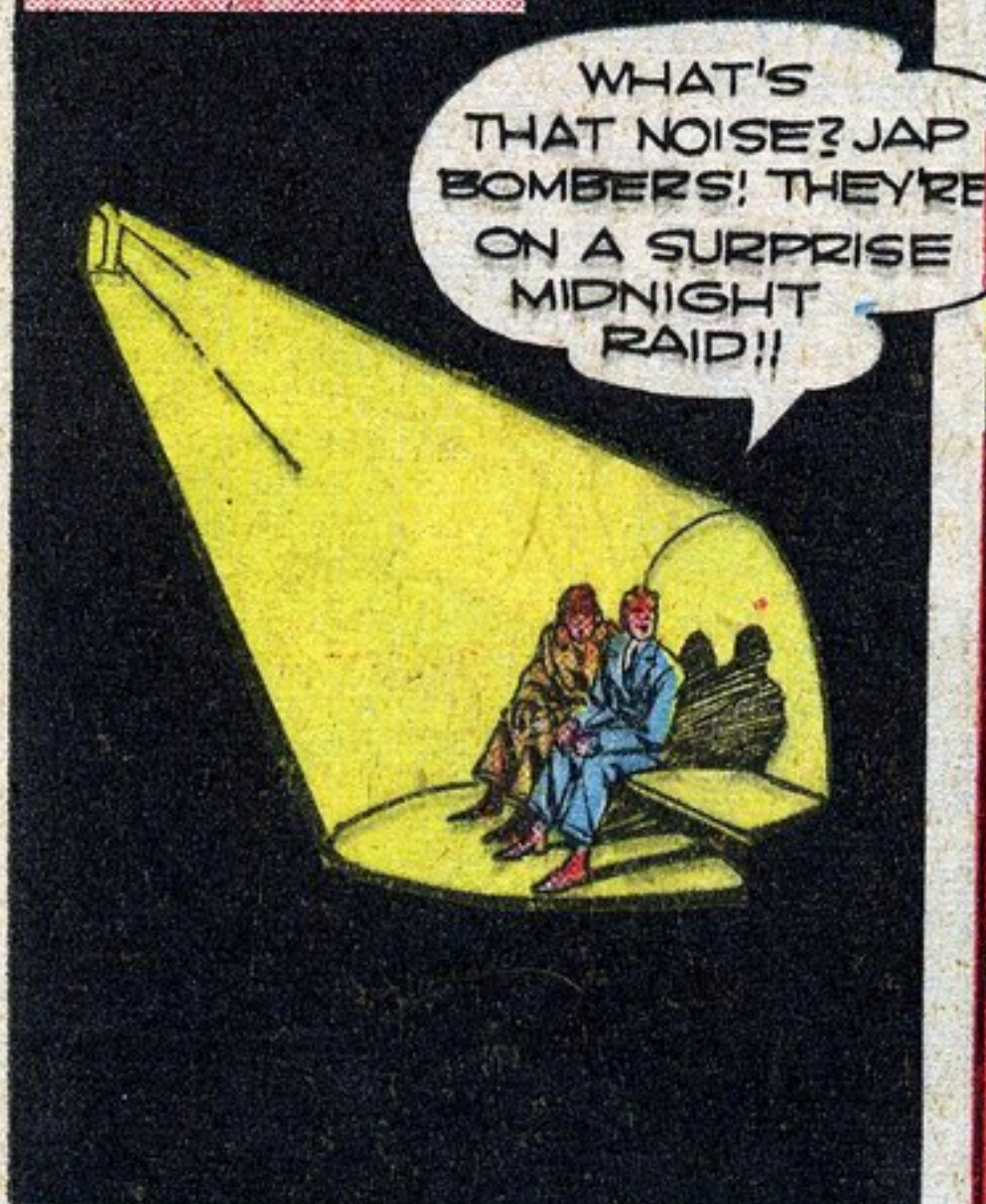
RESCUE COMES AT  
LAST... BUT...



IT'S A JAP SHIP!! THE AMER-  
ICANS ARE THROWN INTO  
THE BRIG!!



THAT NIGHT..



A GUARD'S FLASH LIGHT  
SNAPS ON SUDDENLY, AND  
ON THE YELLOW BEAM...



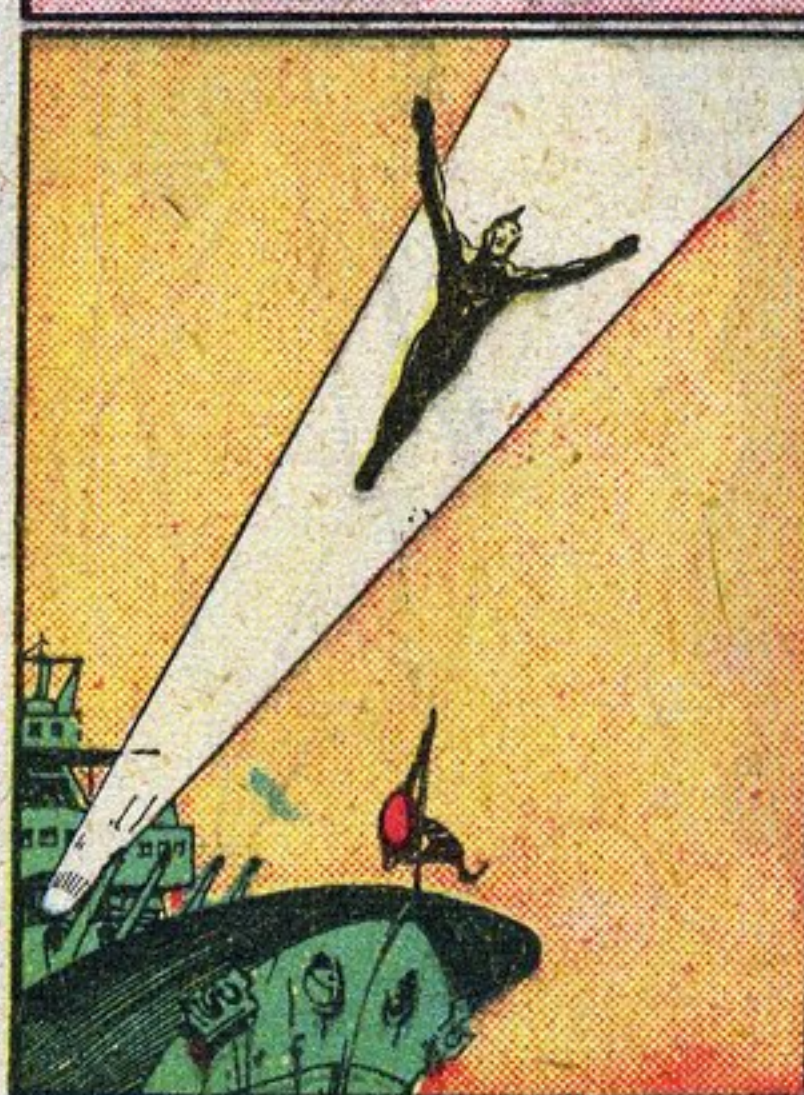
RISES THE RAY!



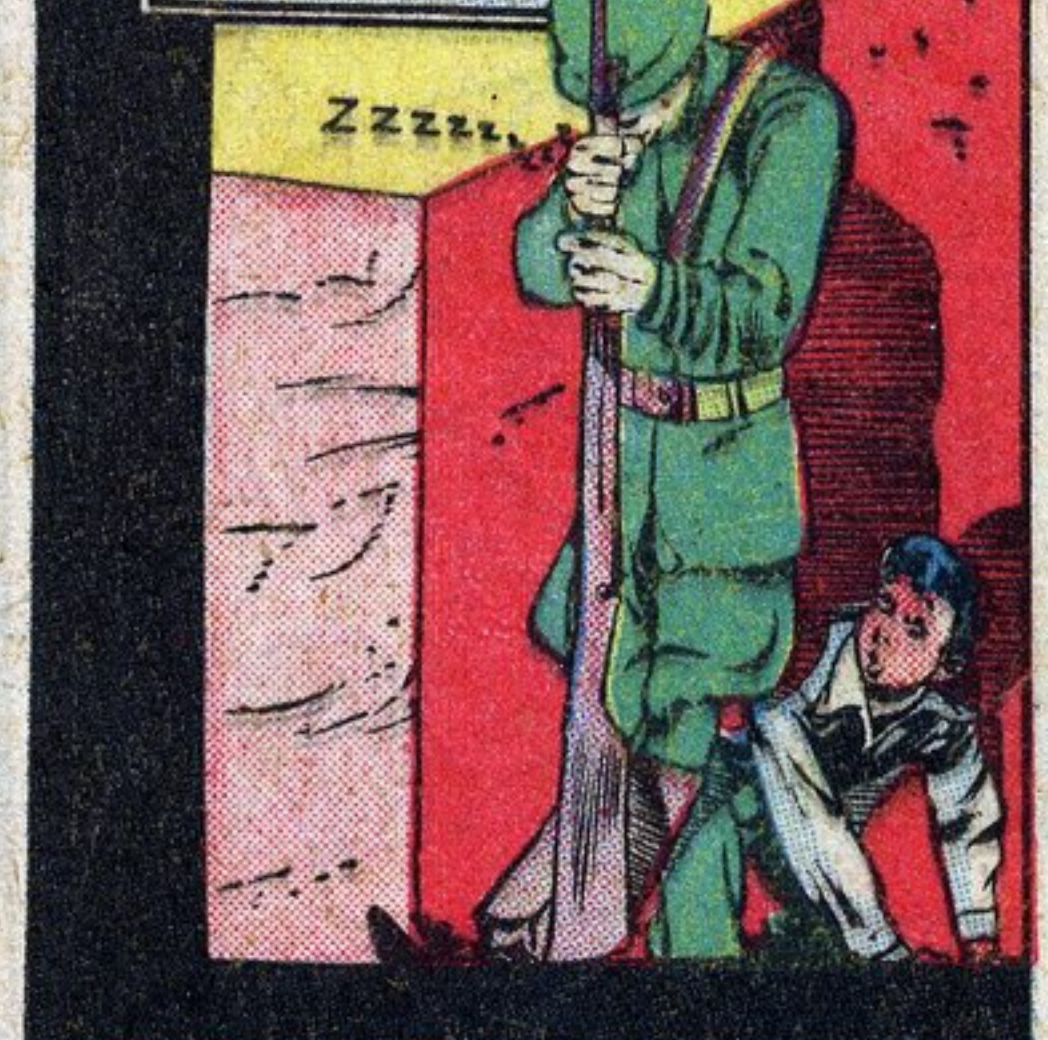
TRANSFORMED FROM HAPPY  
TERRILL, THE RAY SMASHES  
HIS WAY TO THE DECK....



AND ON A SEARCH BEAM,  
HE SOARS TO THE  
BATTLE SKIES...

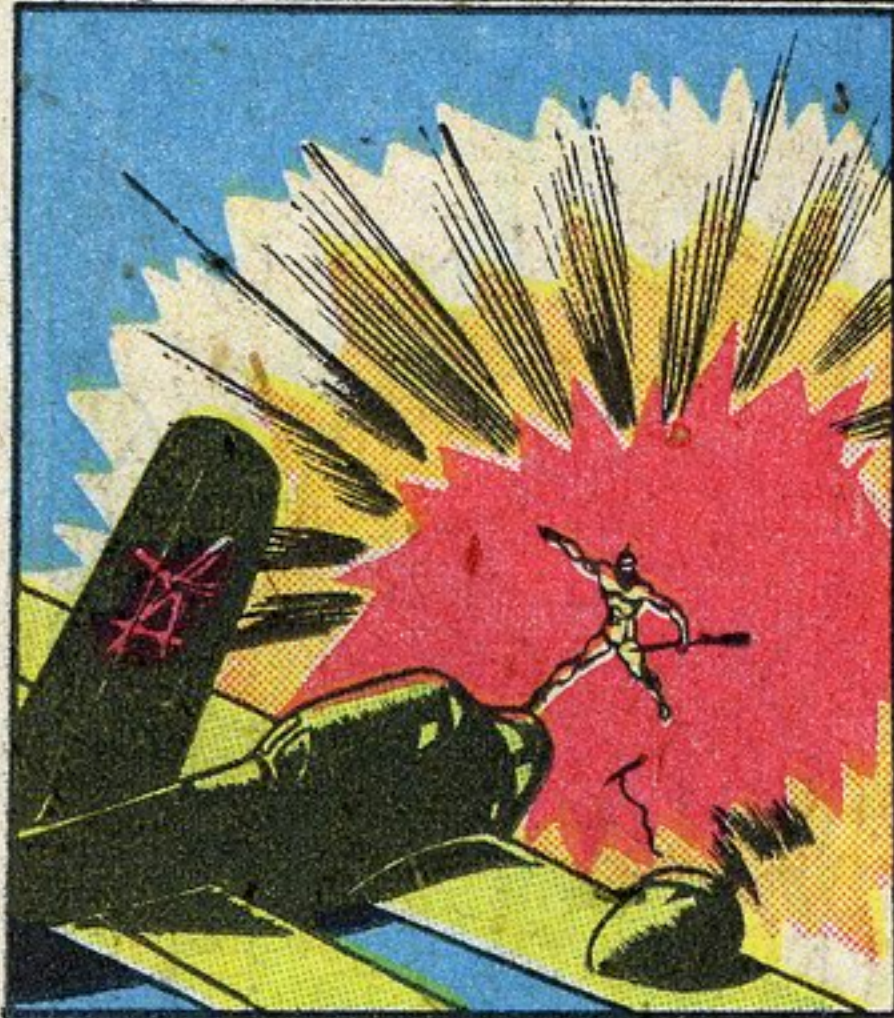


MEANWHILE, BUD  
IS DOING SOME  
MANEUVERING  
OF HIS OWN..





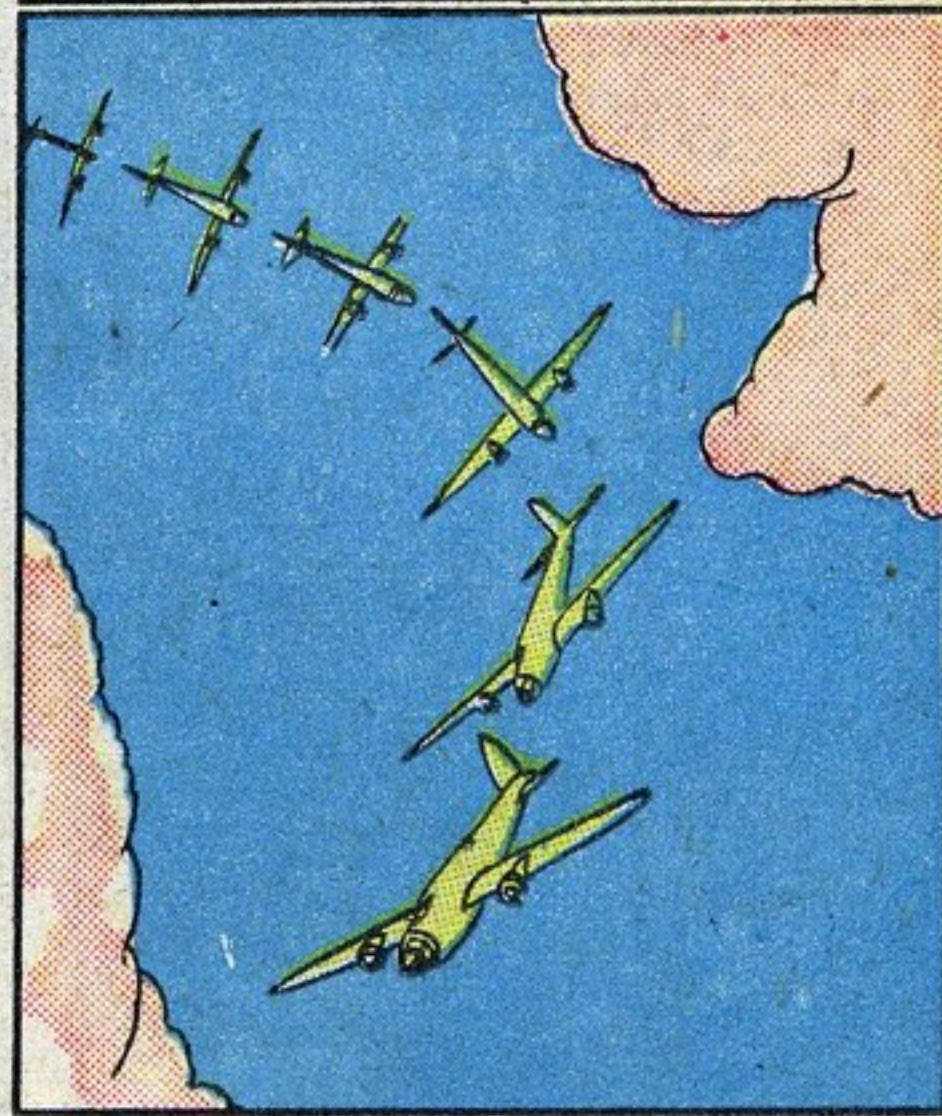
FLYING ACROSS AN ENEMY PILOT'S FIELD OF VISION, THE RAY INTENSIFIES HIS BRIGHTNESS A HUNDRED FOLD...



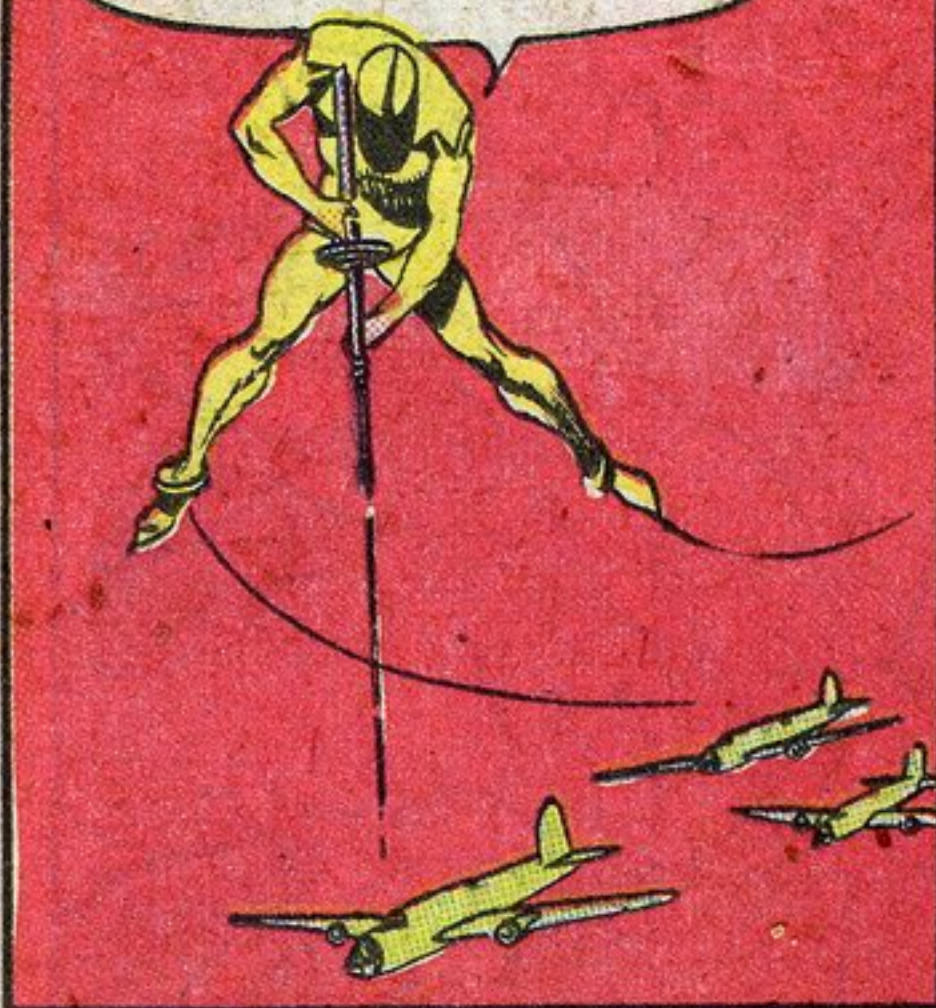
BLINDED, THE LEAD PILOT VEERS DIZZILY...



IN PERFECT FORMATION, THE SQUADRON FOLLOWS IN THE SUICIDAL DIVE!!



I'LL MAKE THEM THINK THEY'RE ATTACKED, WITH SOME NOISE FROM THIS GUN I BORROWED FROM THEIR SHIP..



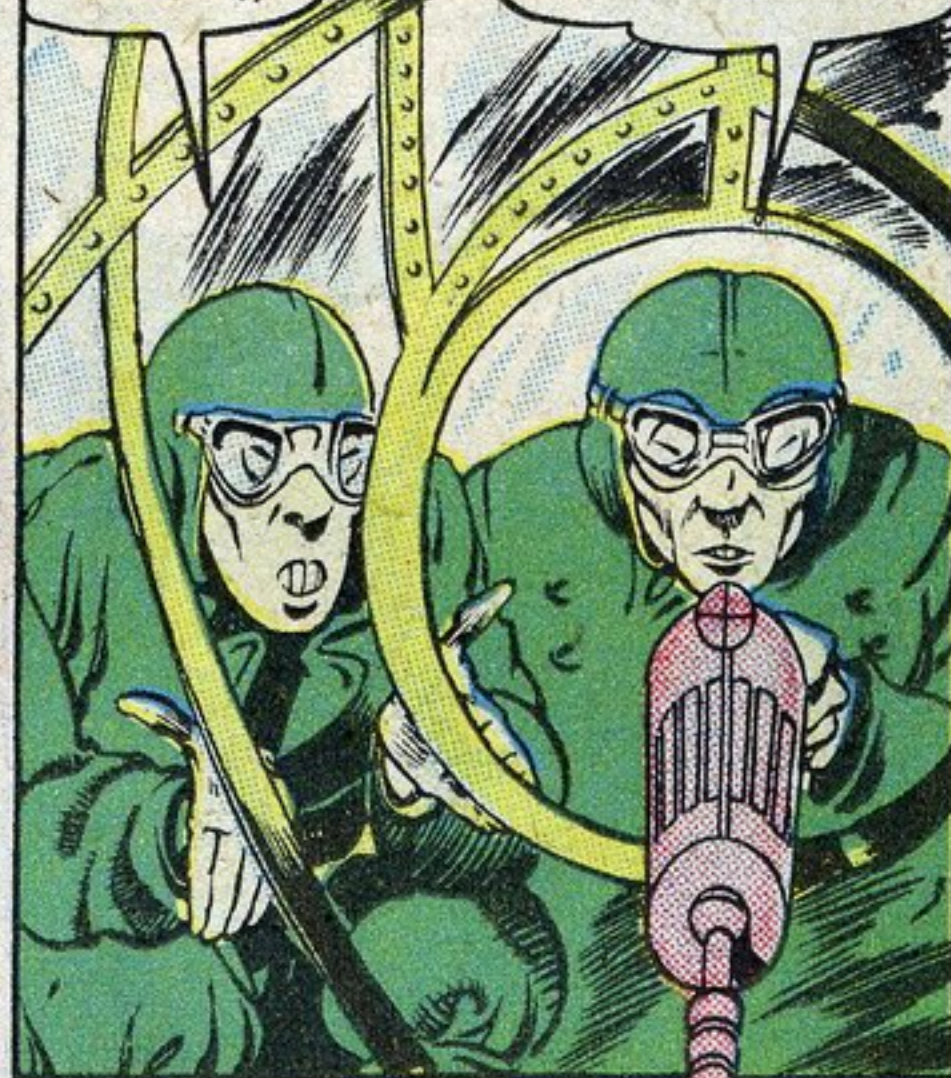
THE RUSE WORKS... THE BLINDED LEADER GIVES THE COMMAND TO..

OPEN FIRE!!

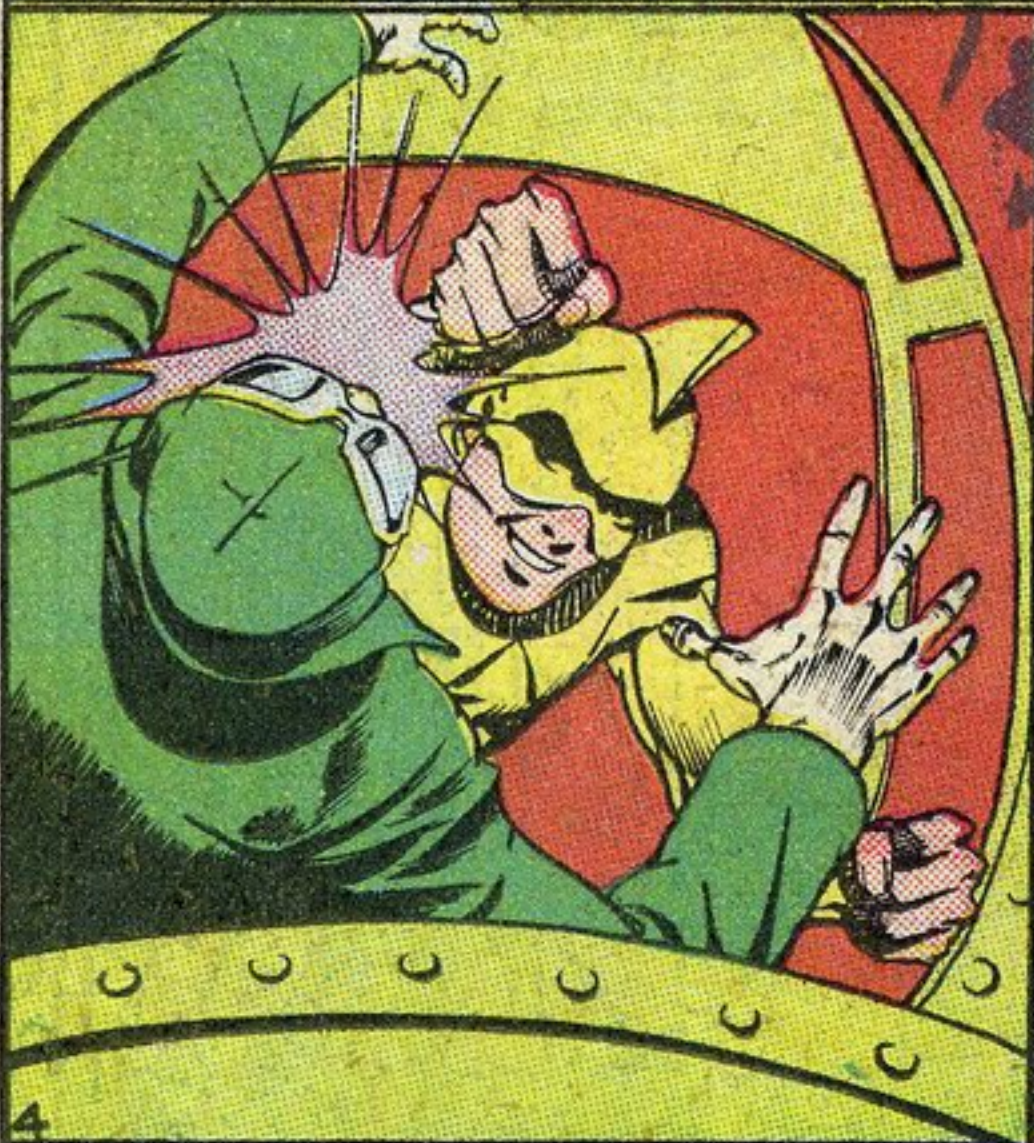


FIRE? ON WHAT? WE WASTE SHOT!!

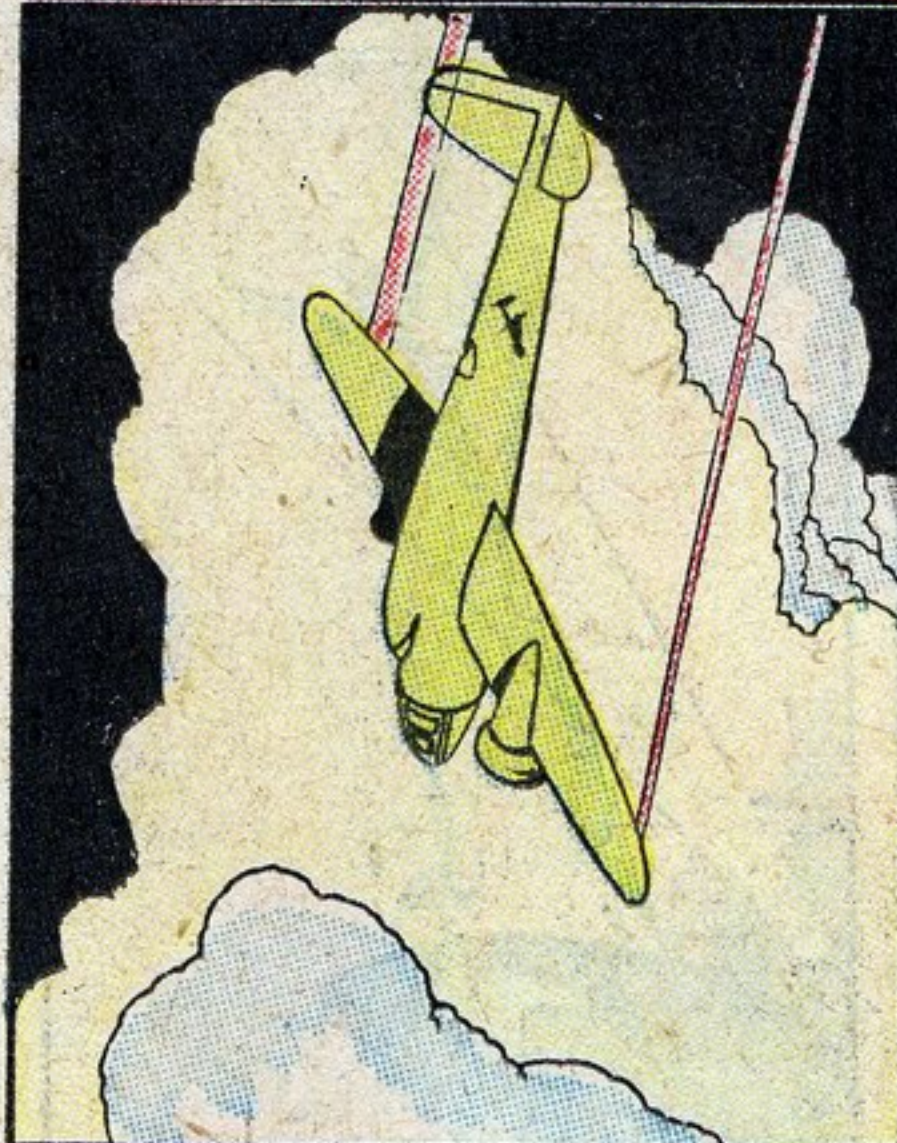
WE MUST OBEY COMMANDS, FOOLISH AS THEY SEEM..



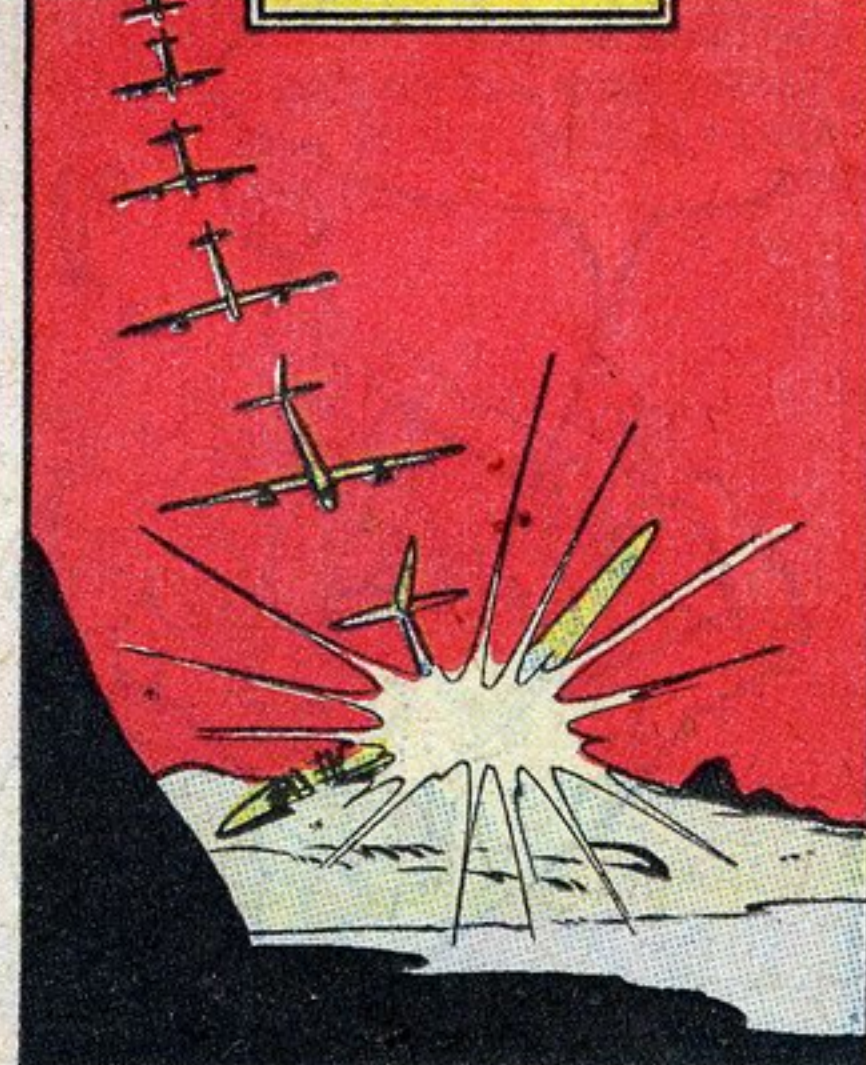
THE RAY CRASHES THROUGH THE LEADER'S COWLING...



AND PUTS THE SHIP INTO A NOSE-DIVE..



ONE BY ONE, THE OTHERS FOLLOW TO THEIR DOOM, ON THE ROCKS BELOW...





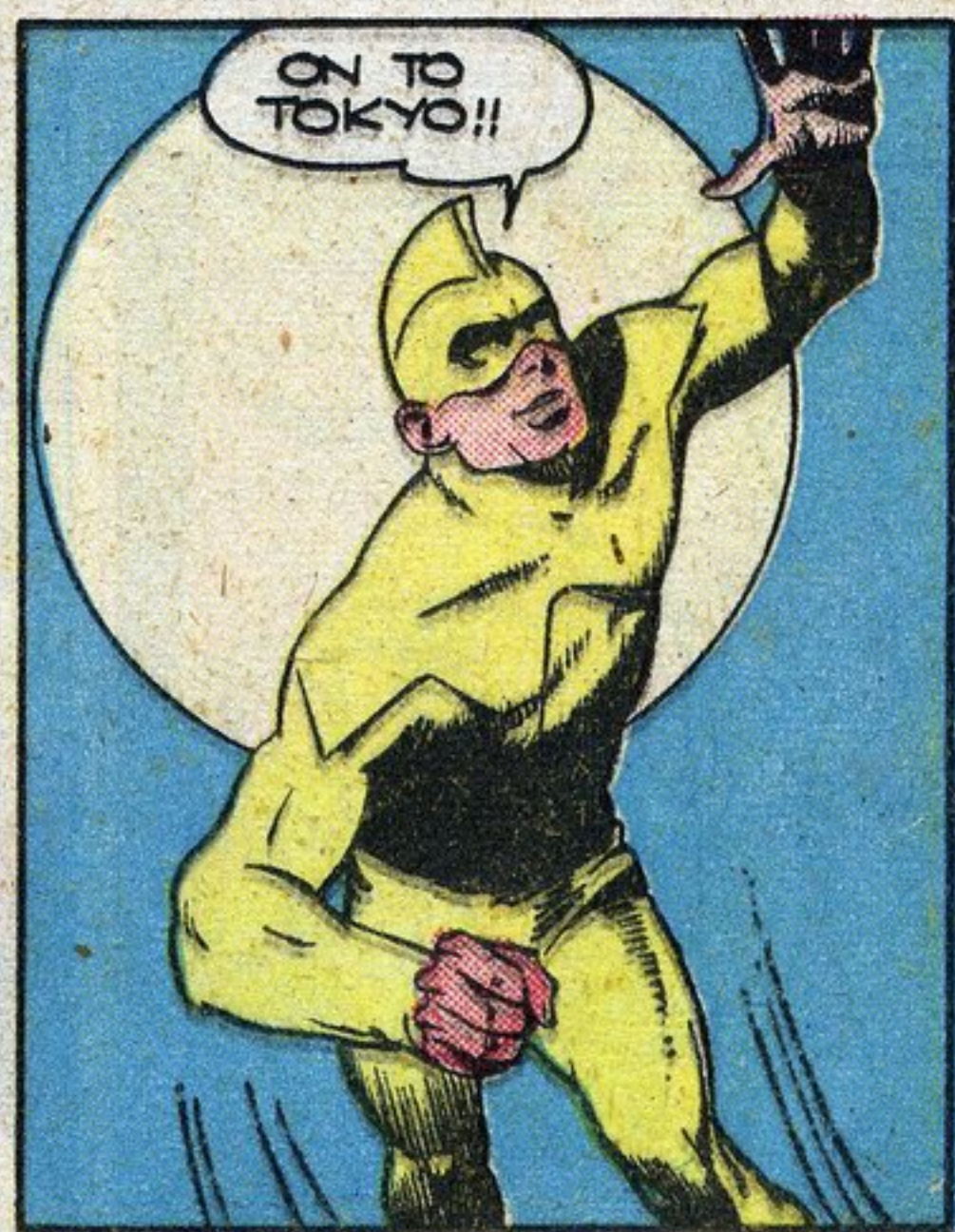
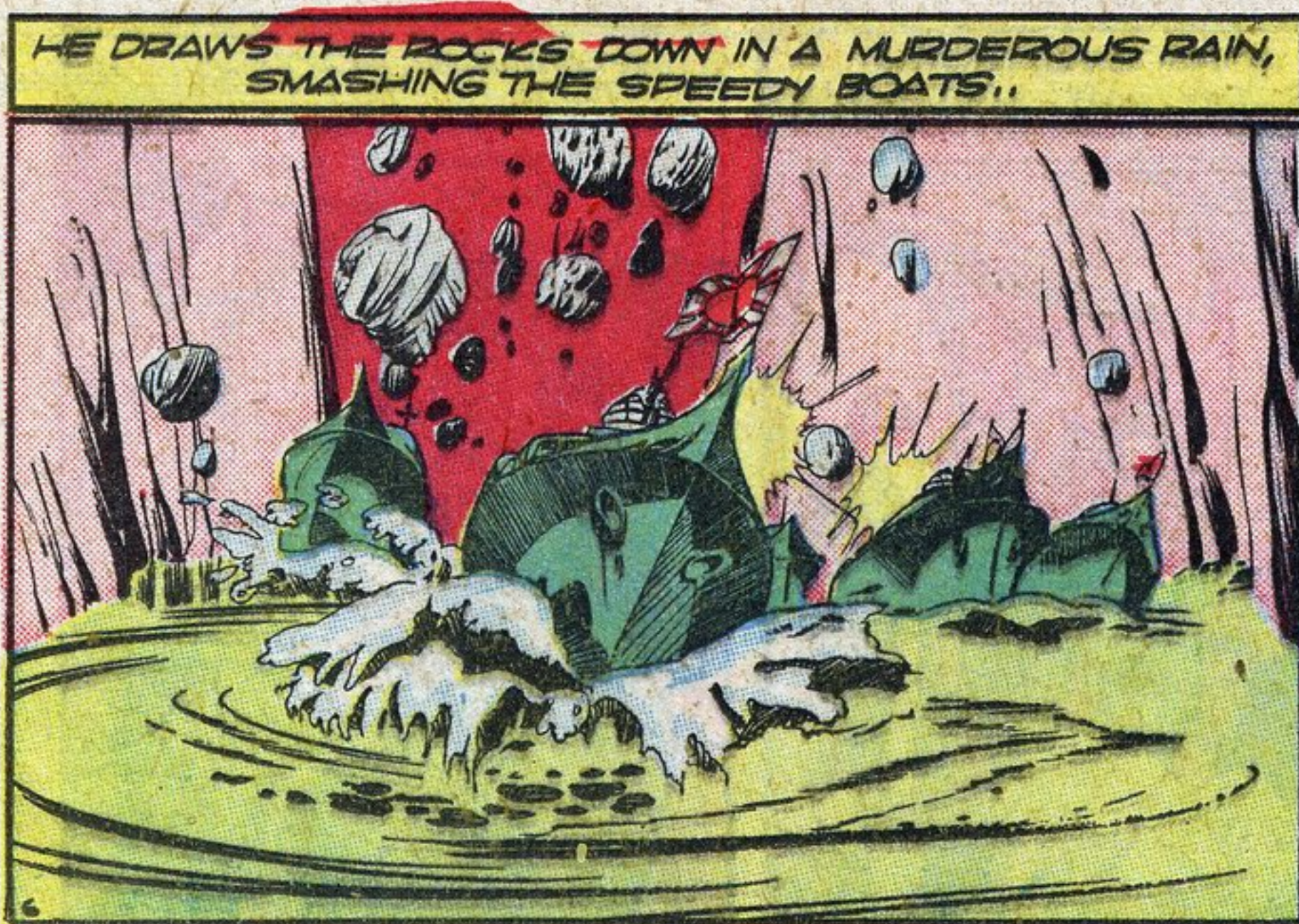
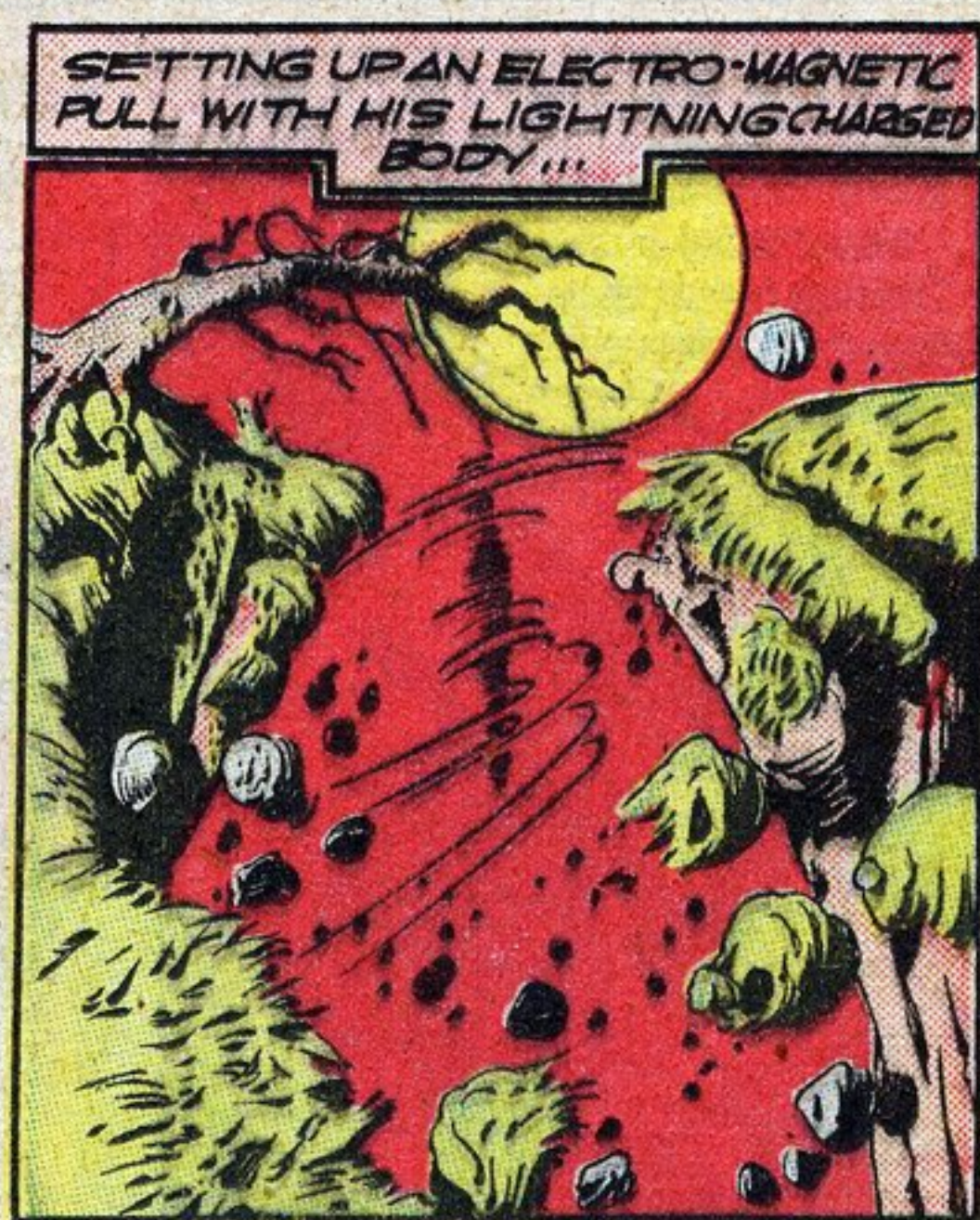
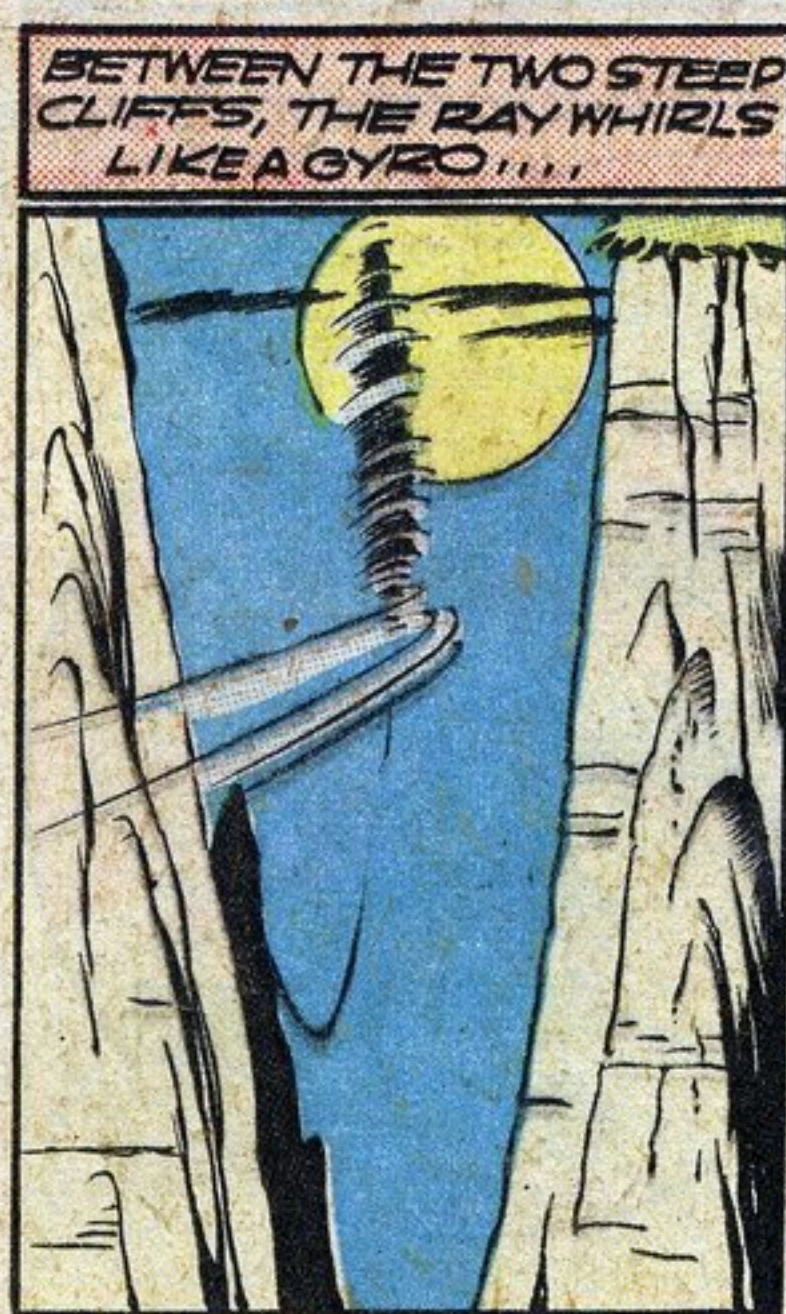
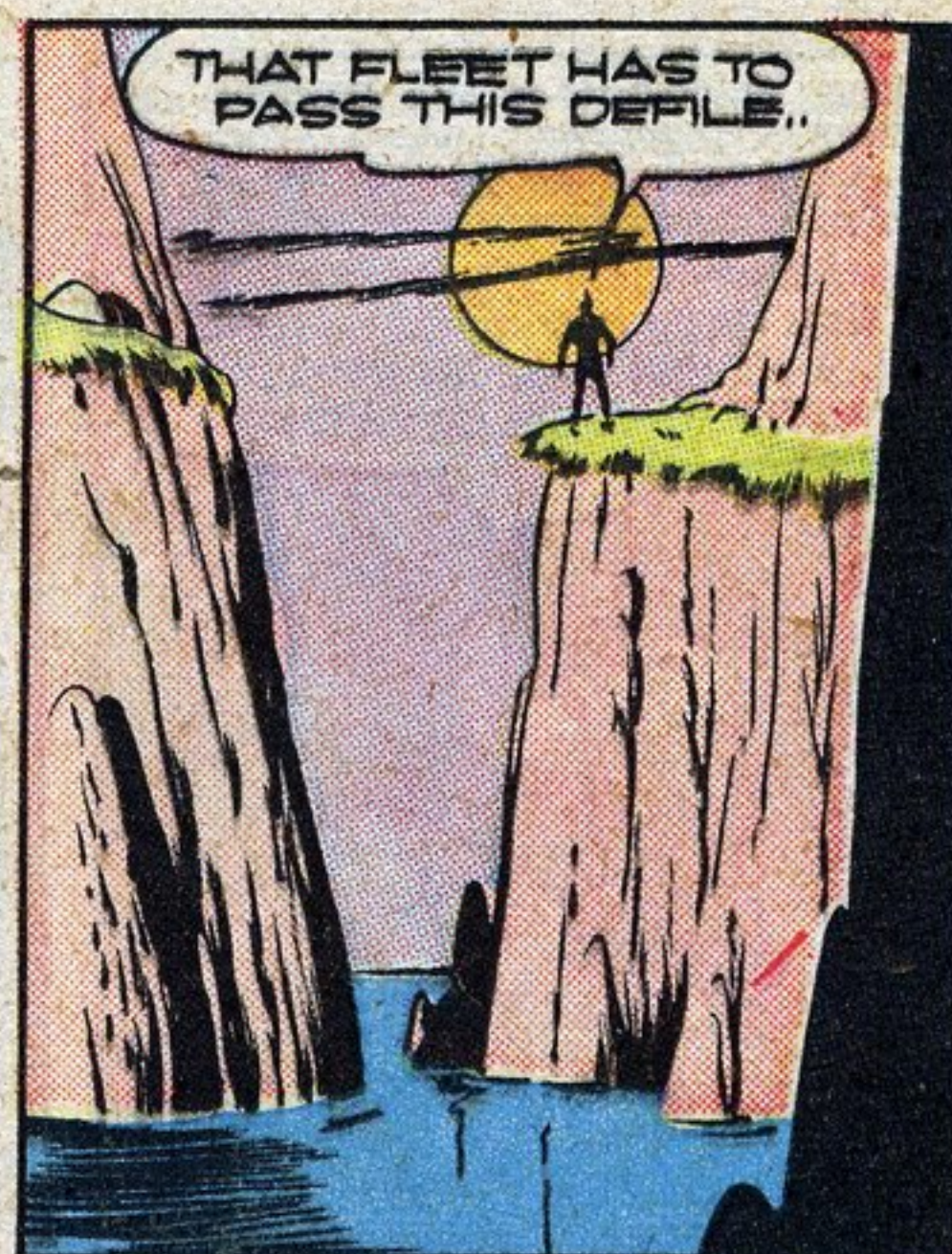
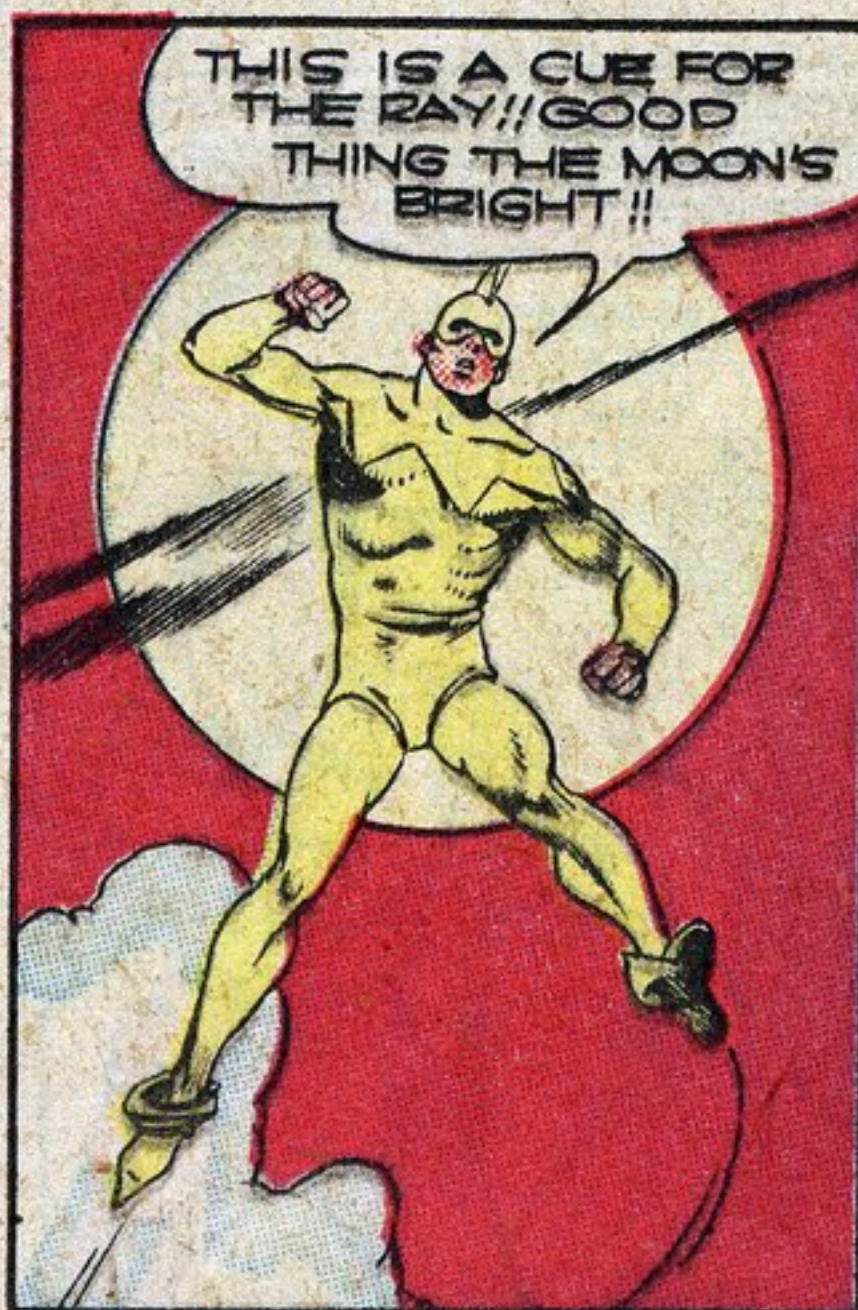
ALL THIS WHILE, BUD HAS BEEN EFFECTING HIS ESCAPE....



HIDDEN IN A BOMBER'S TAIL, HE BEGINS TO WONDER...





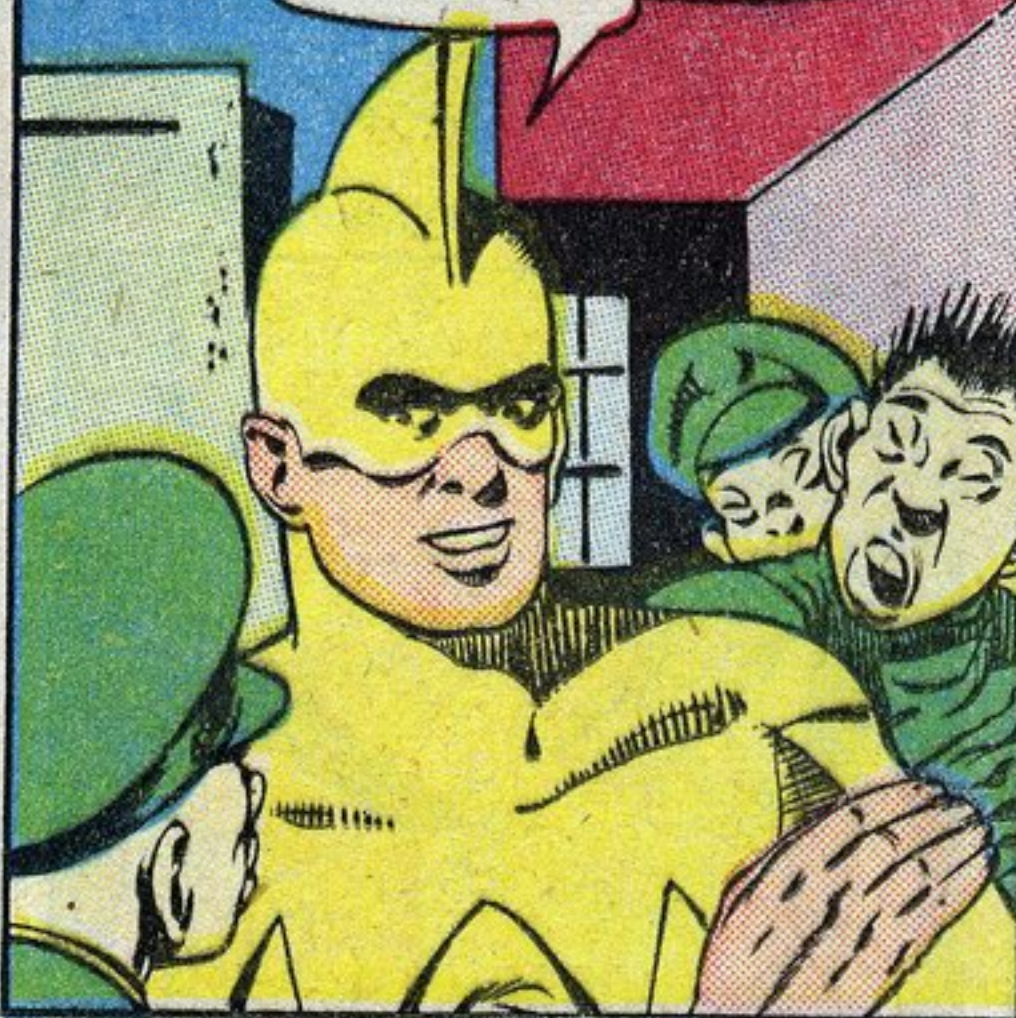




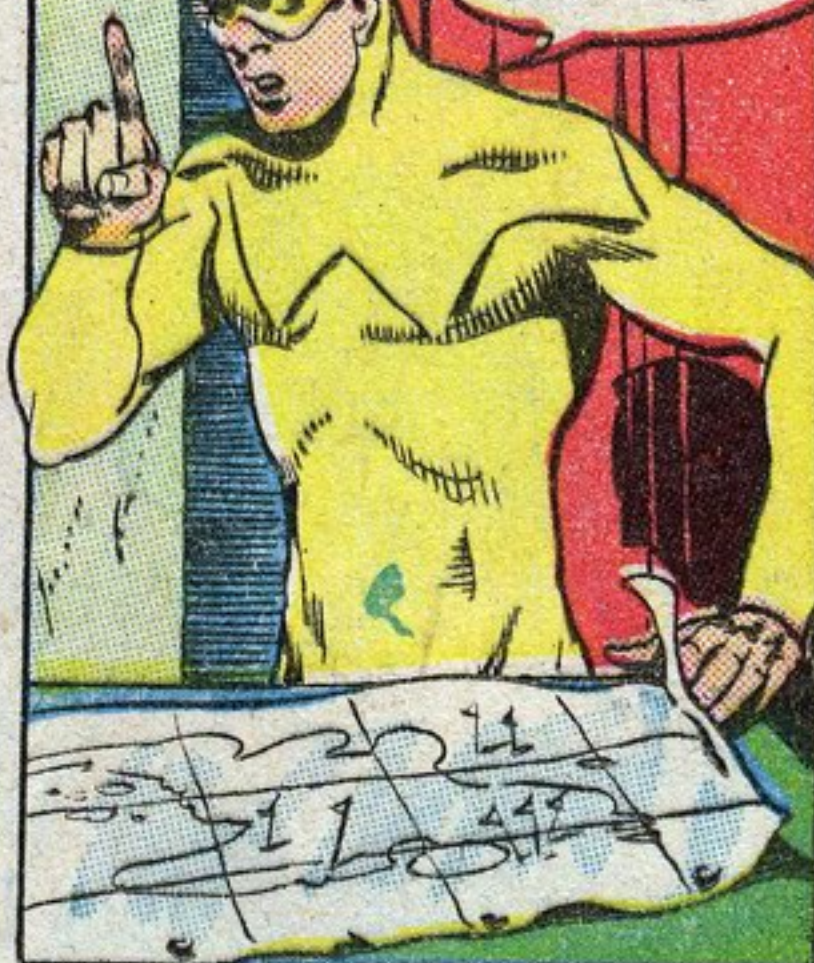
NIPPON'S HIGH OFFICIALS,  
ARE SUDDENLY BLINDED BY  
THE FLASHING PRESENCE  
OF THE RAY...



THOUGHT YOU BOYS WOULD  
LIKE AN EXCLUSIVE REPORT  
ON THE SINKING OF  
YOUR CRACK MOSQUITO  
FLEET...



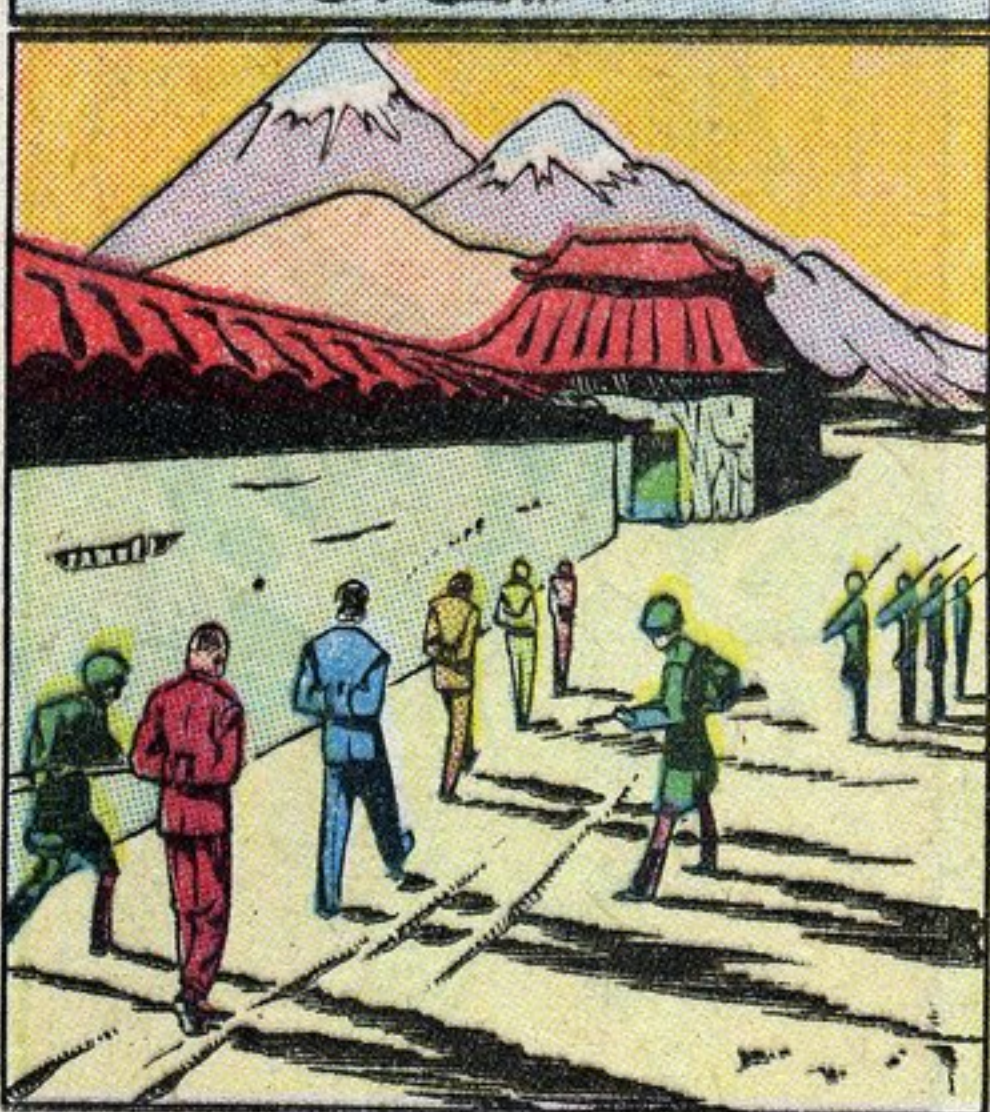
AH HA! SO THIS IS WHERE  
YOU'VE BEEN HIDING YOUR  
MAIN FLEET...  
SAKI BAY...  
VEREE INTER-  
ESTING...



YOU THINK YOU ARE VERY  
CLEVER, MR. RAY, BUT FOR  
WHAT YOU HAVE DONE THERE  
WILL BE REPRISALS!! ONE  
HUNDRED AMERICAN  
PRISONERS WILL DIE AT  
DAWN..



THE NEXT MORNING... WITHIN  
THE GRIM WALLS OF THE CONCENTRATION CAMP...



ONE VICTIM DOESN'T SEEM  
UPSET... HAPPY TERRILL...

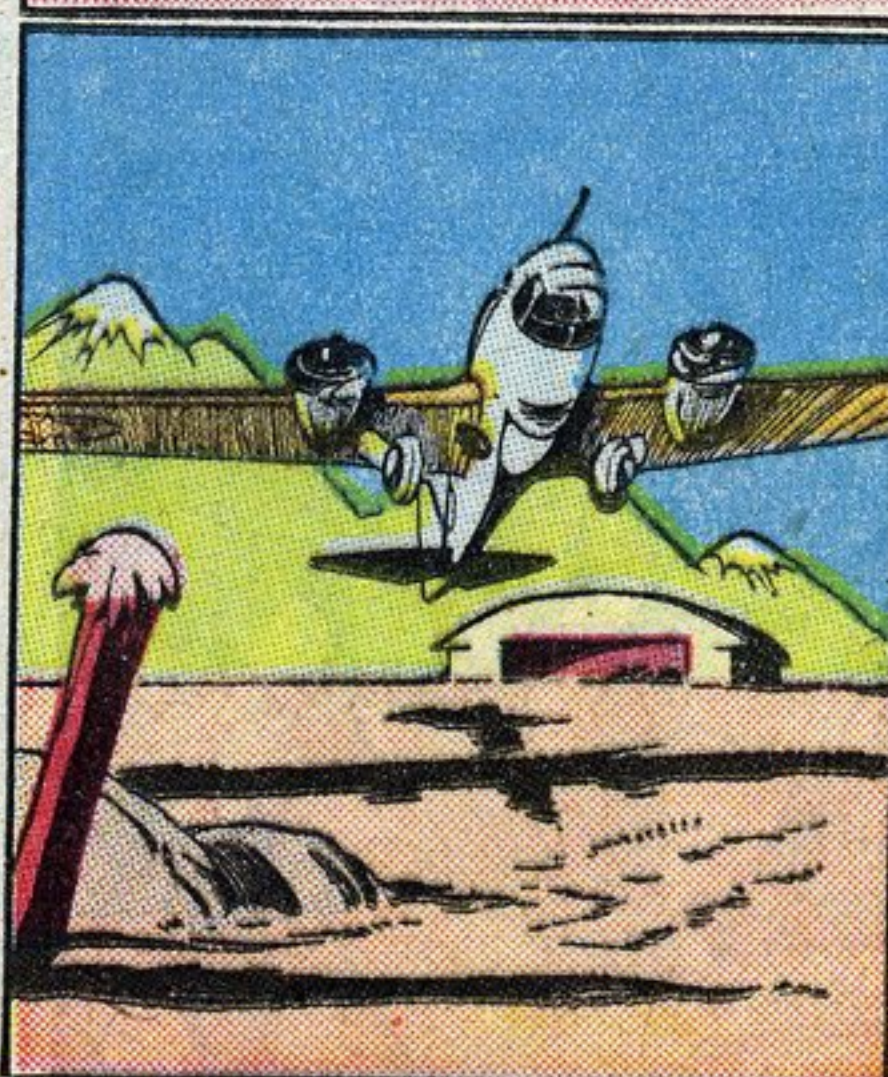


BLINDMAN'S BUFF?  
CAREFUL, SUKI YAKI....  
I'M A TERROR AT  
THESE PARLOR GAMES..

QUIET,  
PLEASE!

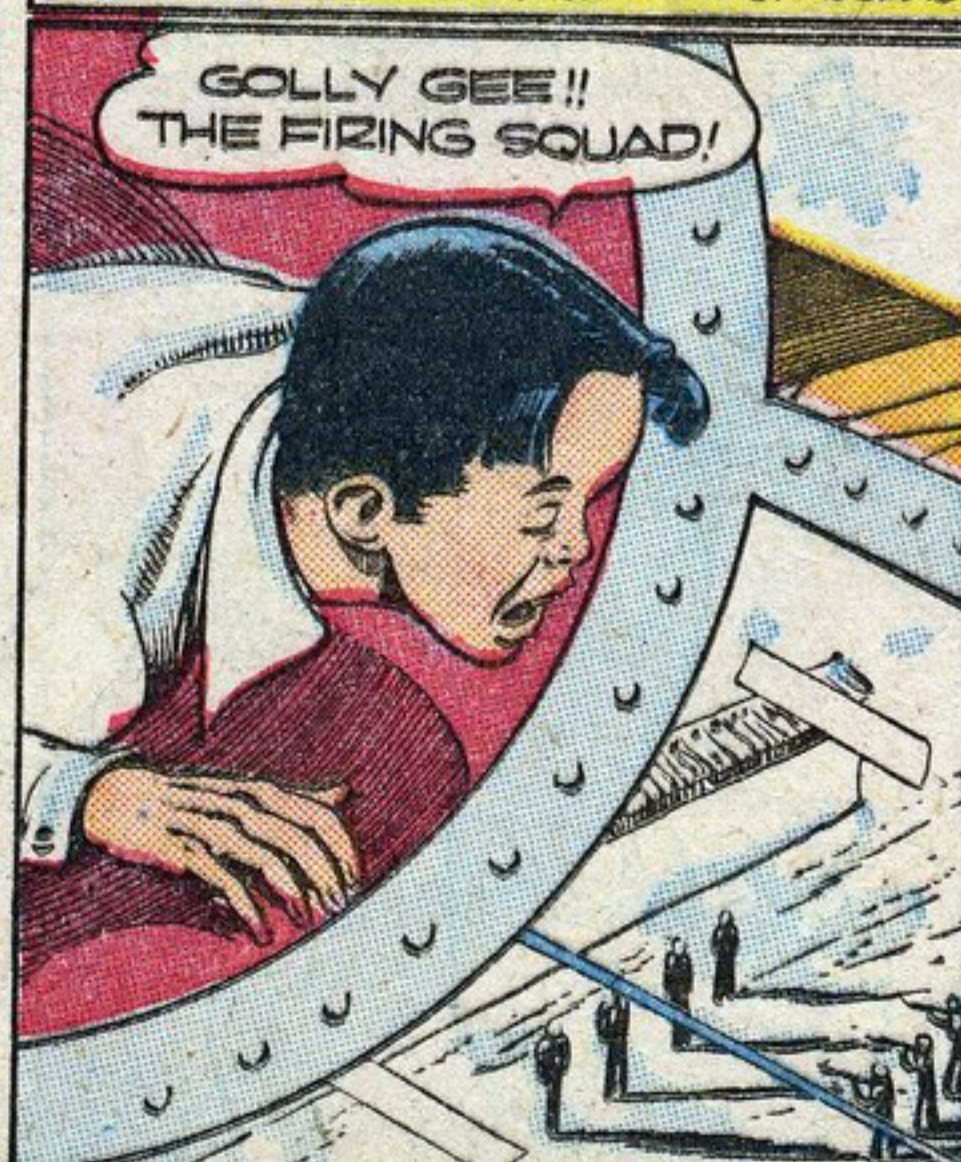


MEANWHILE, THE PLANE THAT  
BUD IS STOWING AWAY IN,  
TAKES OFF...

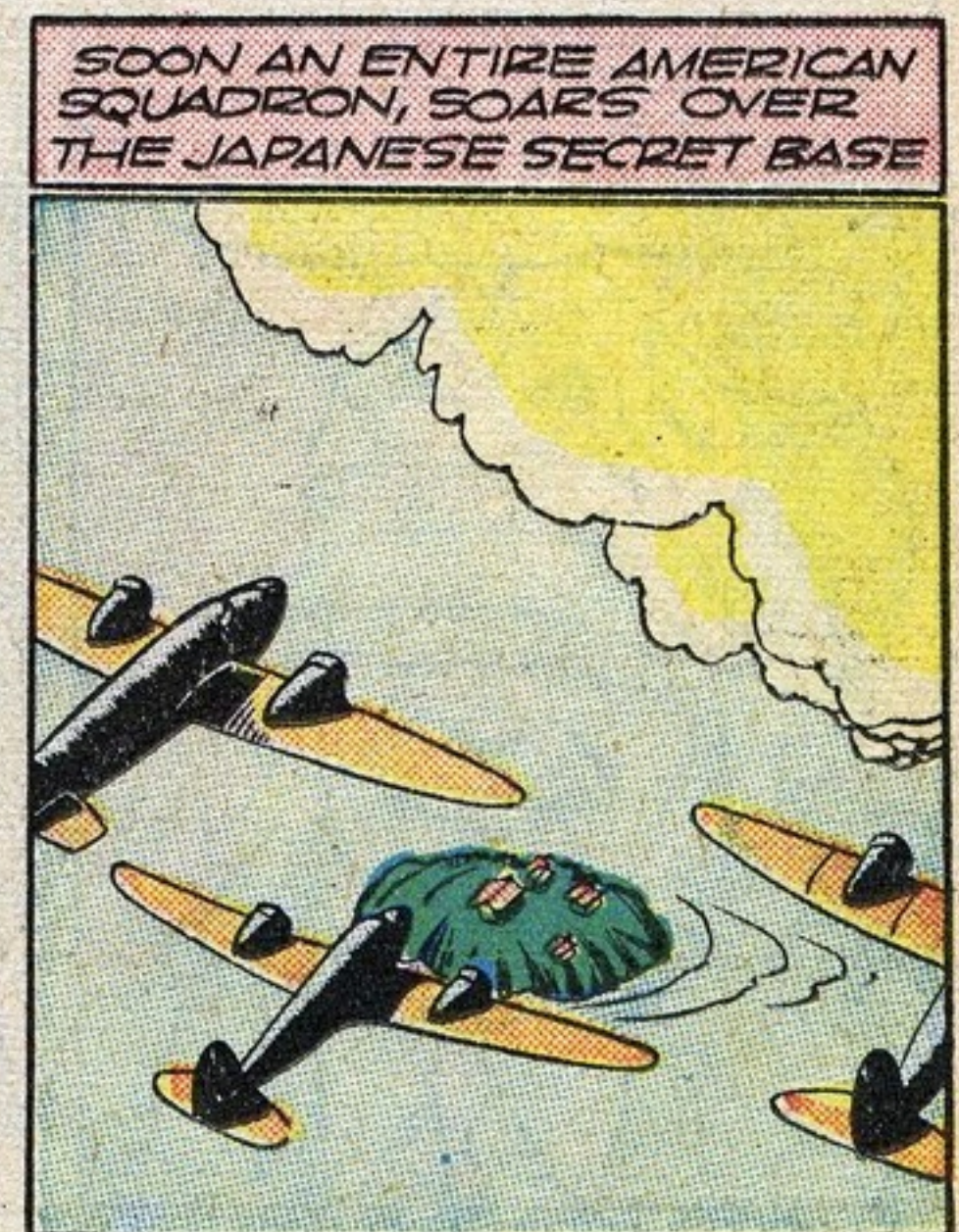
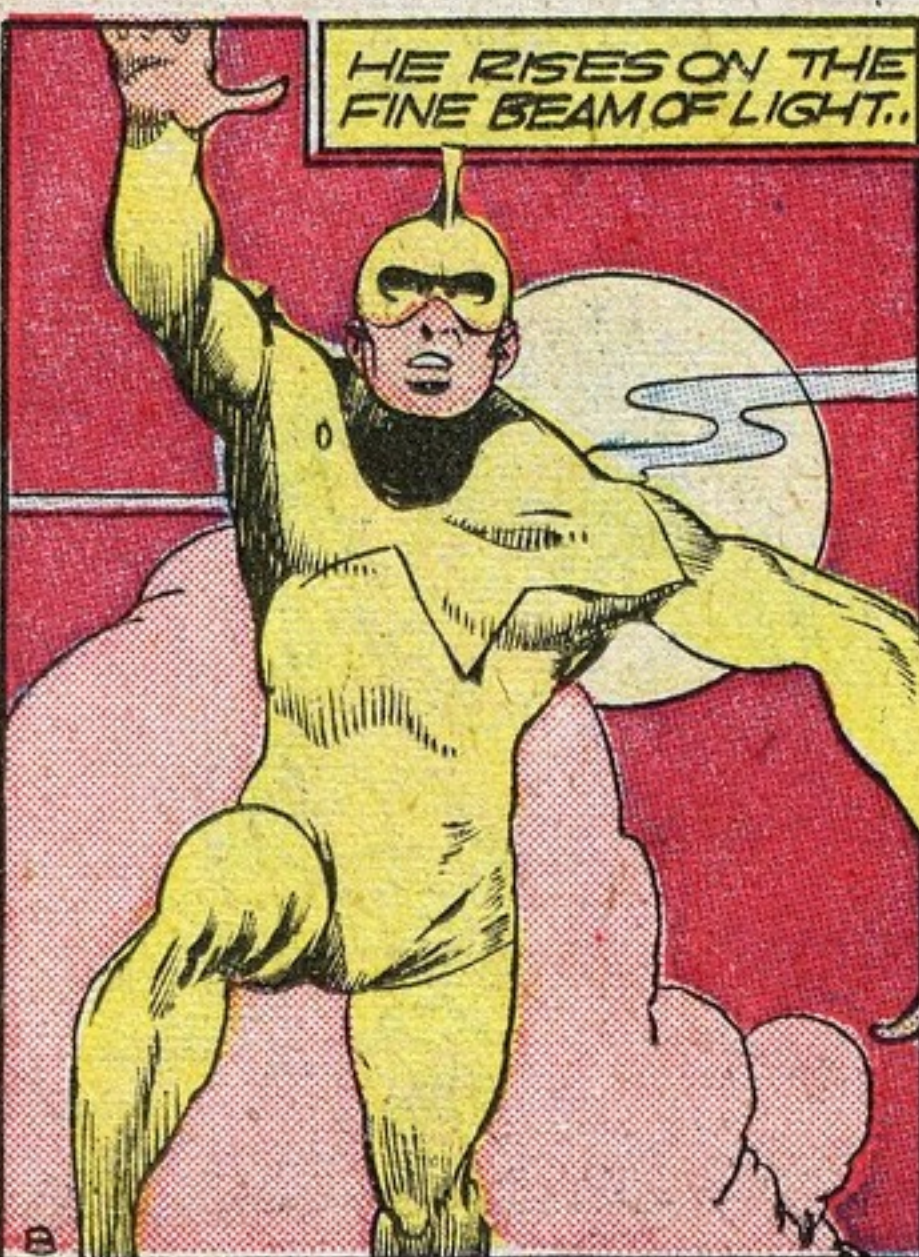
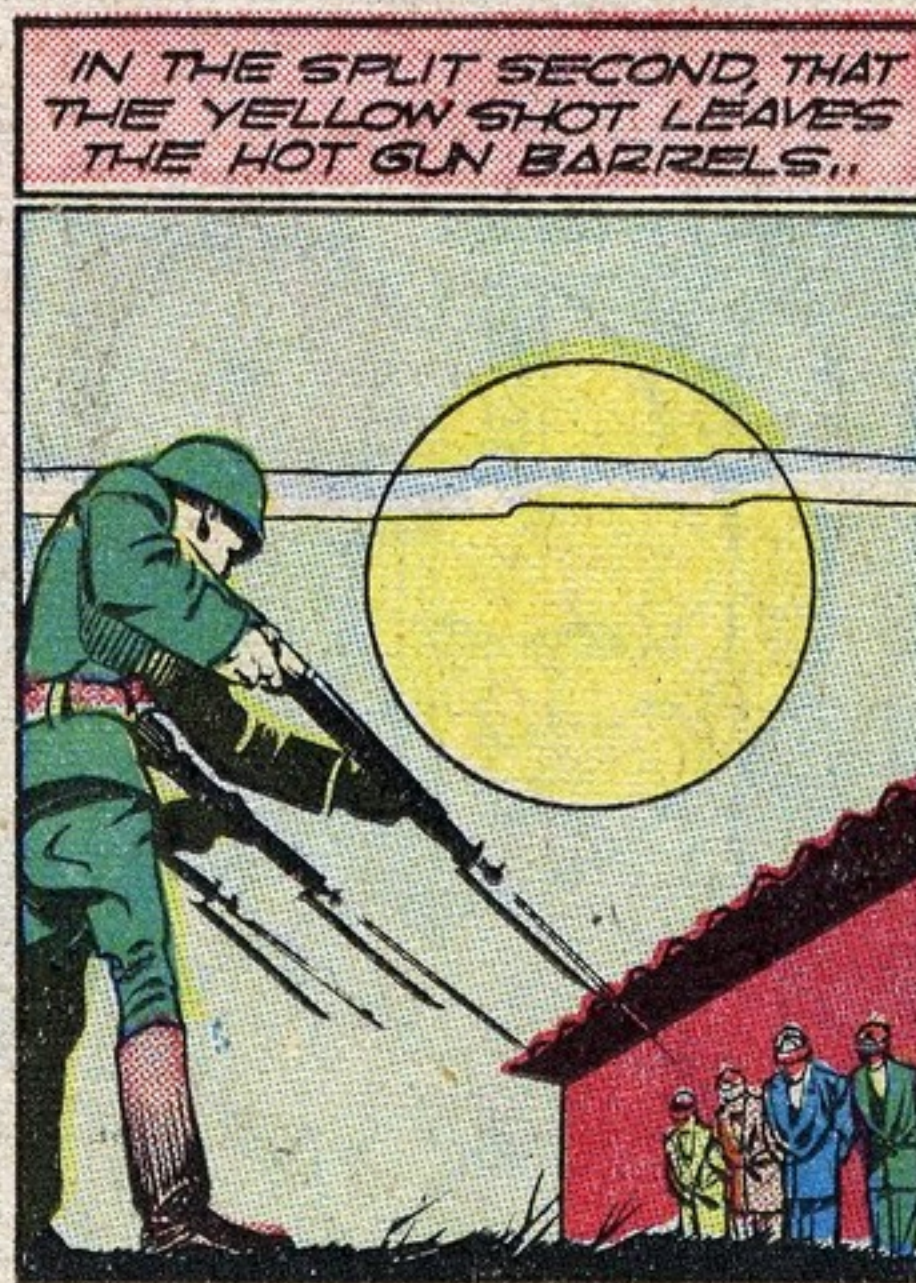


AS IT PASSES THE PRISON ISLAND

GOLLY GEE!!  
THE FIRING SQUAD!









THE ENEMY COMMANDER IS HORRIFIED BY THE SUDDEN ATTACK...

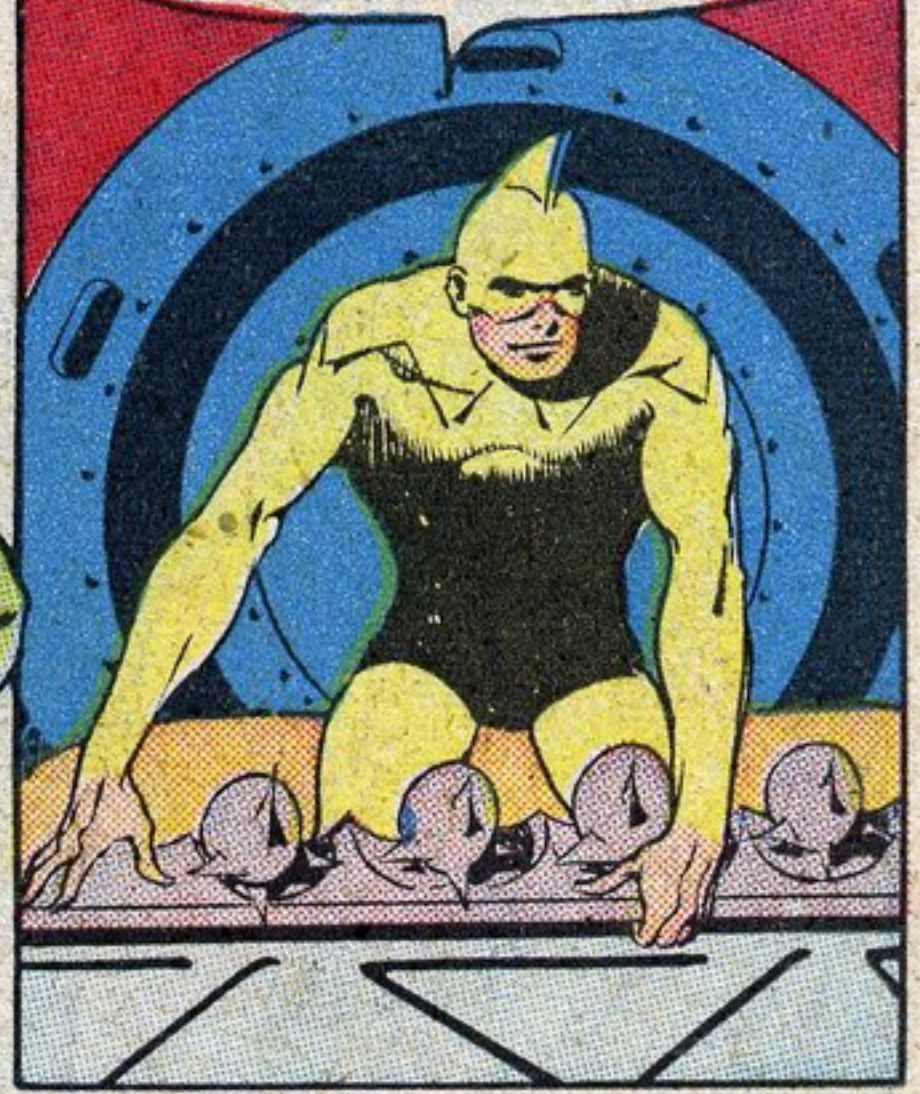


BY THE EMPEROR'S KIMONO!!

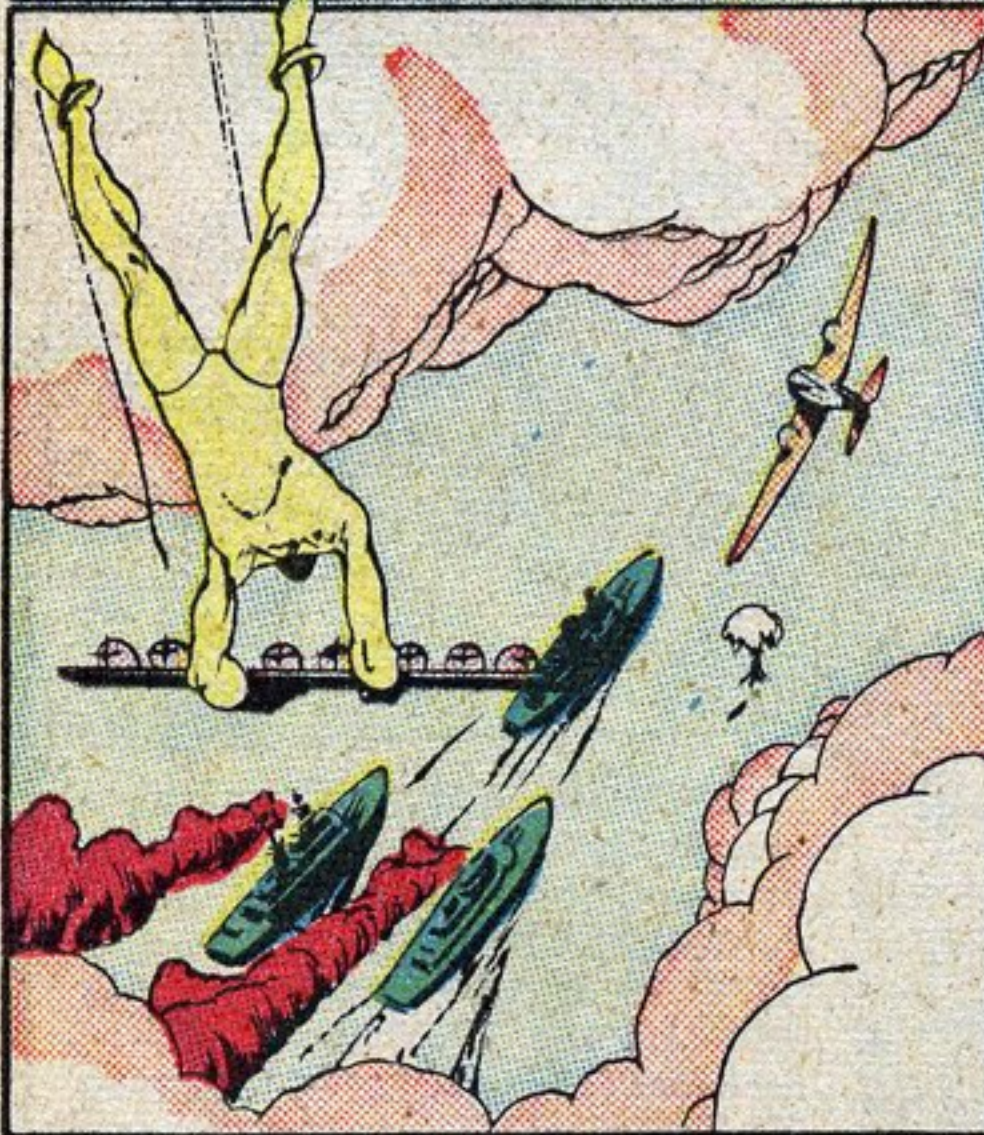
ANTI-AIRCRAFT... FIRE!!



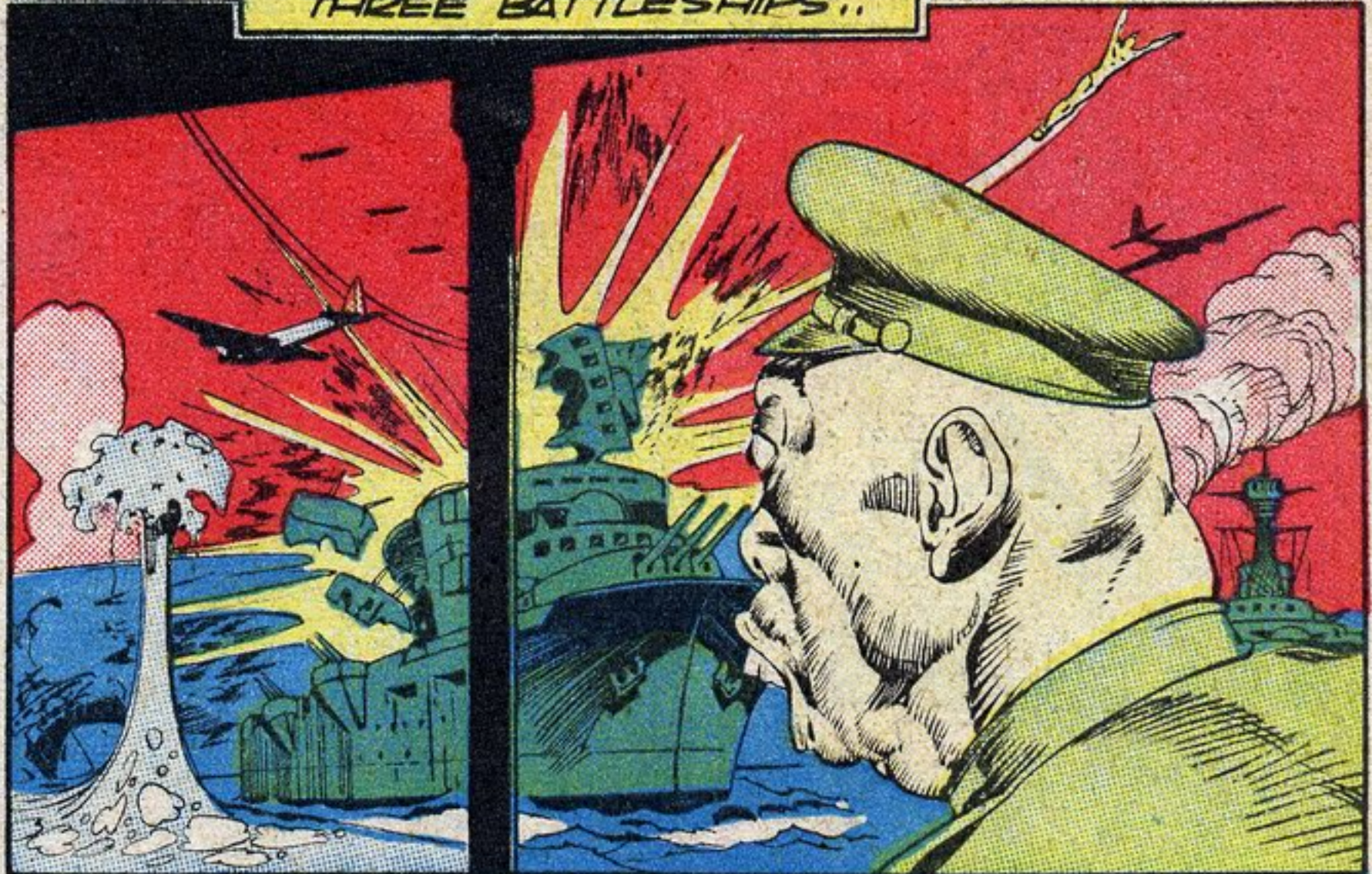
THAT ANTI-AIRCRAFT FIRE IS DANGEROUS... I'LL DO THIS MY WAY...



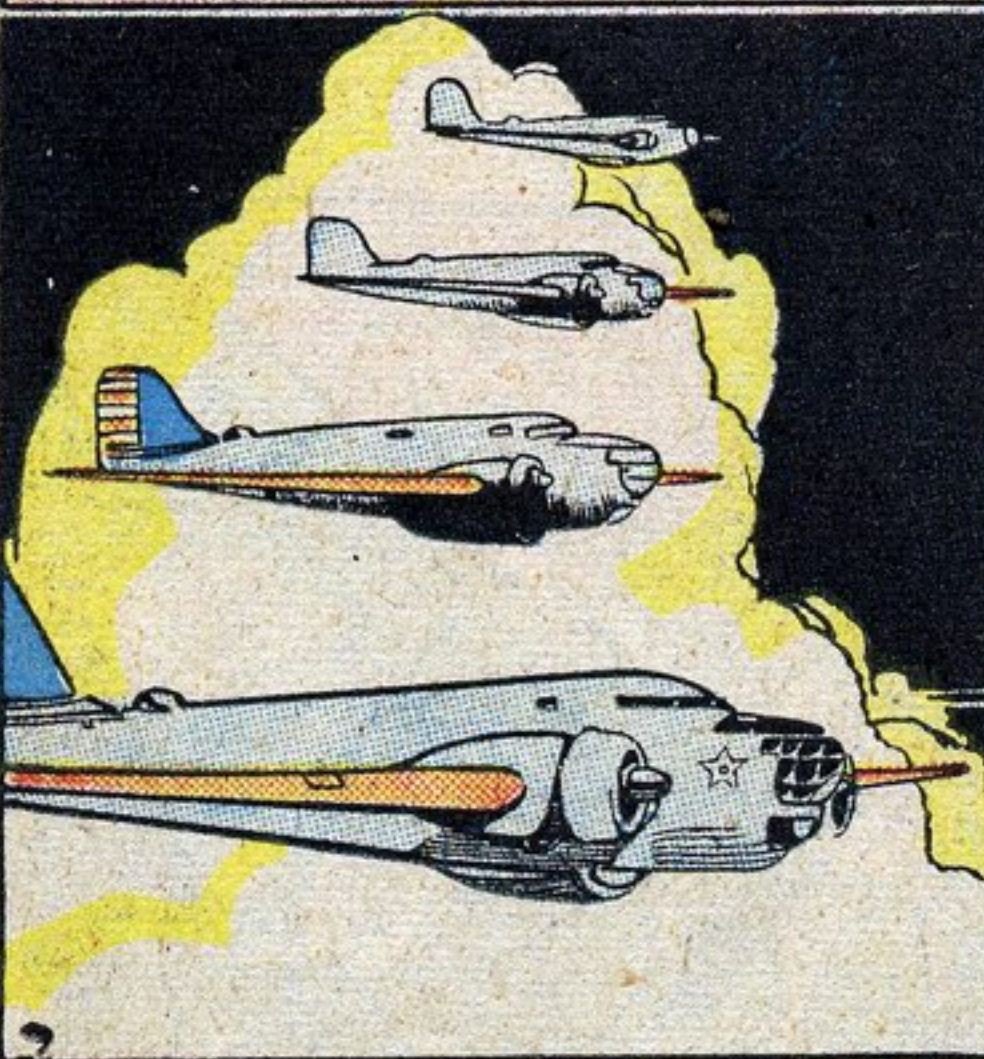
THE RAY SWOOPS DOWN, CARRYING A RACK OF BOMBS.....



NO GUN CAN STOP THE GOLDEN FLASH, THAT DROPS THE DEADLY 'EGGS' WITH PERFECT AIM, SINKING THREE BATTLESHIPS..



VICTORY SINGING IN THEIR NOBLE WINGS, THE AMERICANS RETURN TO THEIR OWN BASE..



THEY STOP TO PICK UP THE PRISONERS THAT ESCAPED THE FIRING SQUAD..



THERE WAS ONE MORE..

HEY! DON'T FORGET HAPPY TERRILL!! WAIT FOR ME!!



Don't miss the next sensational installment of The Ray.



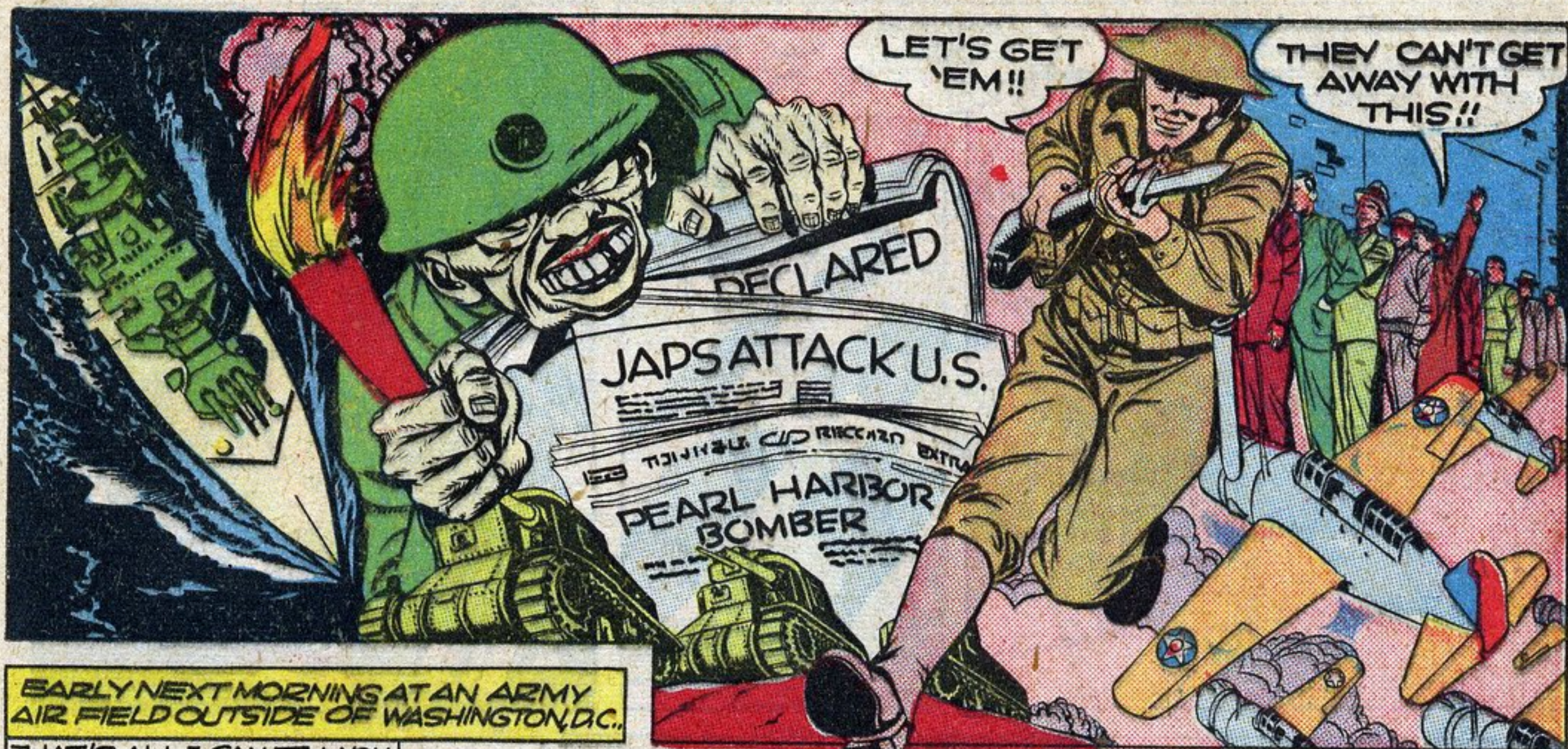
# ESPIONAGE

BY WILL ERWIN



THE COWARDLY ATTACK ON THE UNITED STATES BY JAPAN, HAS ADDED GREATER FURY TO THE BATTLE WAGED BY THE BRILLIANT ESPIONAGE AGENT, **BLACK X**, LONG A NEMESIS TO THE UNDERCOVER AGENTS OF AGGRESSOR NATIONS.....





EARLY NEXT MORNING AT AN ARMY AIR FIELD OUTSIDE OF WASHINGTON, D.C.,

THAT'S ALL I CAN TELL YOU BLACKX, YOU'RE TO GET TO THE WEST COAST AS FAST AS YOU CAN, THE ARMY HAS PUT A FAST PLANE AT YOUR DISPOSAL

I PICK UP SEALED ORDERS AT MY LAST REFUELING STOP, EH? WELL, S'LONG!!



THE TINY POWERFUL PLANE STREAKS INTO THE AIR, HOUR AFTER HOUR IT HEADS WESTWARD.



BLACKX LANDS TO REFUEL HIS PLANE, HEAR THE LATEST? THE DOGS! THEY SAY TWO BATTLESHIPS WERE PAID OFF! LOST..



AT HIS NEXT STOP,

SAY.. JUST GOT A FLASH! WE'VE DECLARED WAR ON JAPAN!! THEY DON'T WASTE TIME IN WASHINGTON!



AT HIS LAST REFUELING POINT..

"ACCOMPANY NEW GIANT BOMBER ON TEST BOMBING FLIGHT, SABOTAGE FEARED," WELL, SO THAT'S WHAT I'M TO DO!!

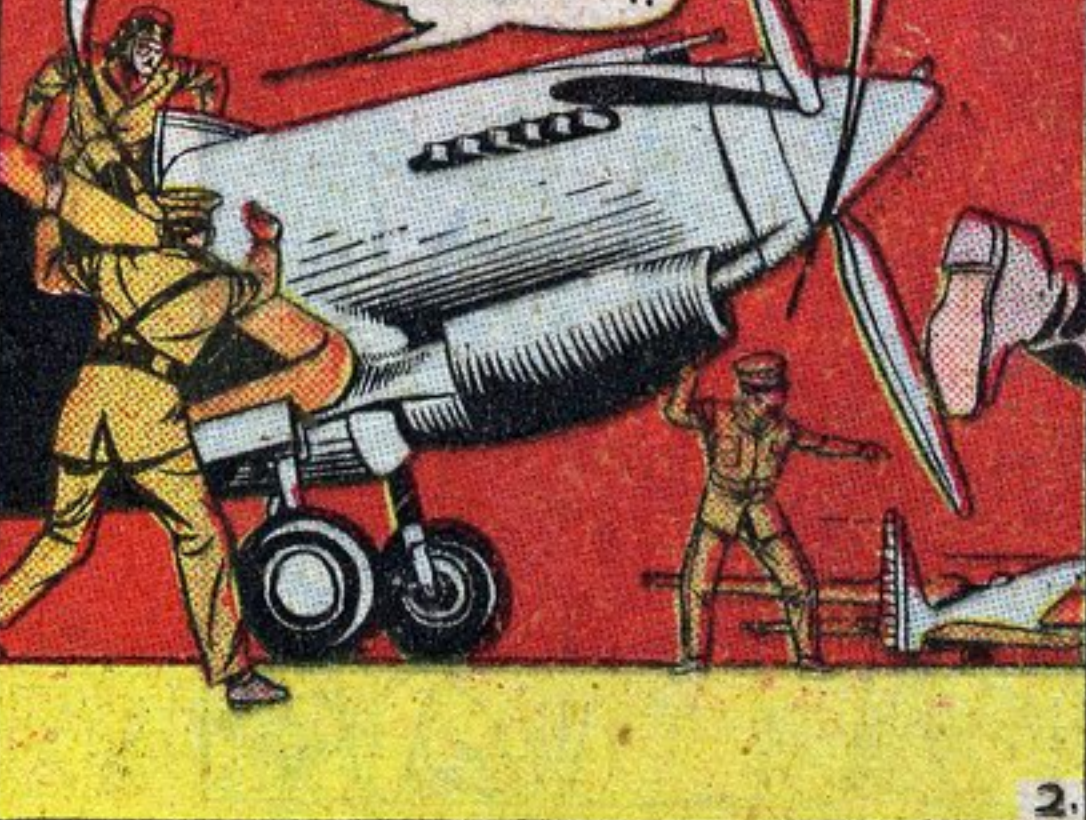


BLACK X REACHES HIS DESTINATION, A SECRET AIRDROME ON THE WEST COAST.

ARE YOU THE SECRET AGENT WHO'S TO GO WITH THE BOMBER OVER TH'....

SAY, SHE'S MOVING! THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO WAIT FOR YOU..

THAT'S RIGHT!!



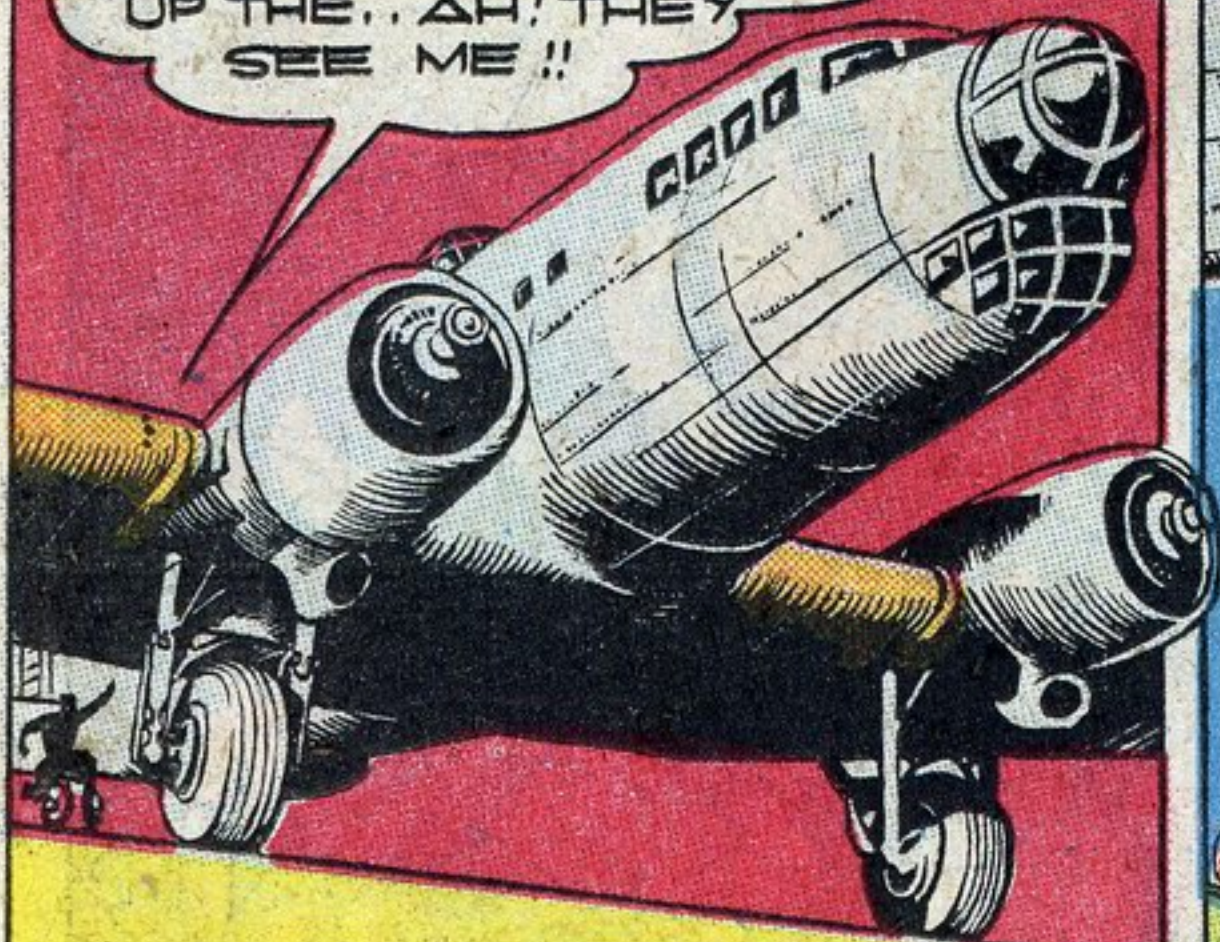
MAYBE I CAN STILL MAKE IT!!





**BLACK X RACES ALONGSIDE THE GIANT BOMBER...**

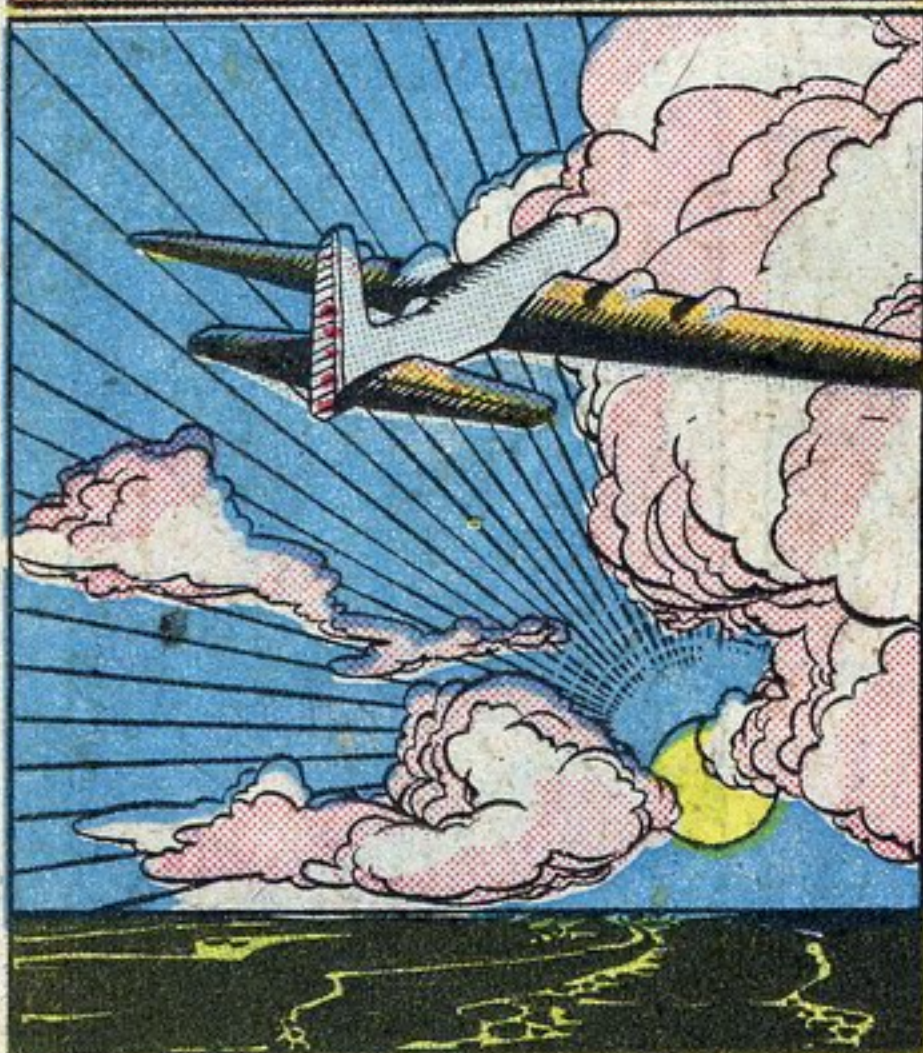
HELLO IN THERE! OPEN UP THE... AH! THEY SEE ME!!



THANKS, FELLOWS!! THOUGHT I WAS BEING LEFT BEHIND...



THE HUGE PLANE RISES AND POINTING ITS NOSE WESTWARD, BORES STEADILY THROUGH THE SKY....



**HOURS LATER, BLACK X REGAINS HIS SENSES...**

WHEW! MY HEAD!! DID YOU FEL'... WHAT TH'... JAPS!!



JAPANESE, IF YOU PLEASE! AND WE ARE TAKING THIS PLANE TO OUR COUNTRY.. DO YOU OBJECT?

I CERTAINLY DO! YOU DIRTY....



SILENCE, STUPID ONE! RESISTENCE IS USELESS!! NO PERSONS KNOW OF OUR PRESENCE...



EXCEPT THE CREW OF THE PLANE.. AND AS YOU CAN SEE THEY ARE HELPLESS!!

HE'S RIGHT, BUDDY!! THEY WERE HIDING ON THE PLANE.. AND WE'RE CAUGHT!!



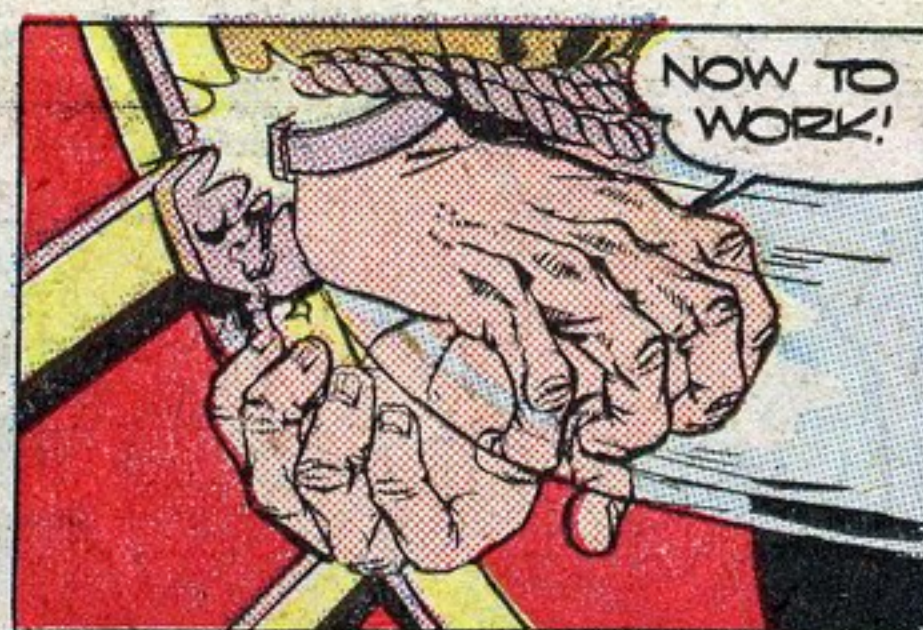
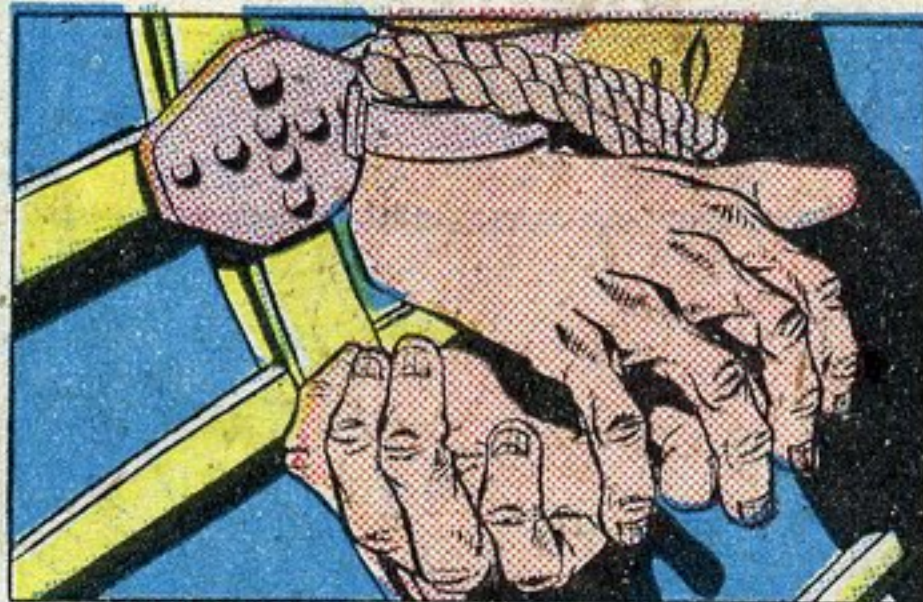
CAN'T LET THEM GET AWAY WITH THIS!! LET'S SEE!! I'VE GOT IT! AN OLD TRICK.. BUT IT TOUGH TO FOOL THESE YOKELS!!!





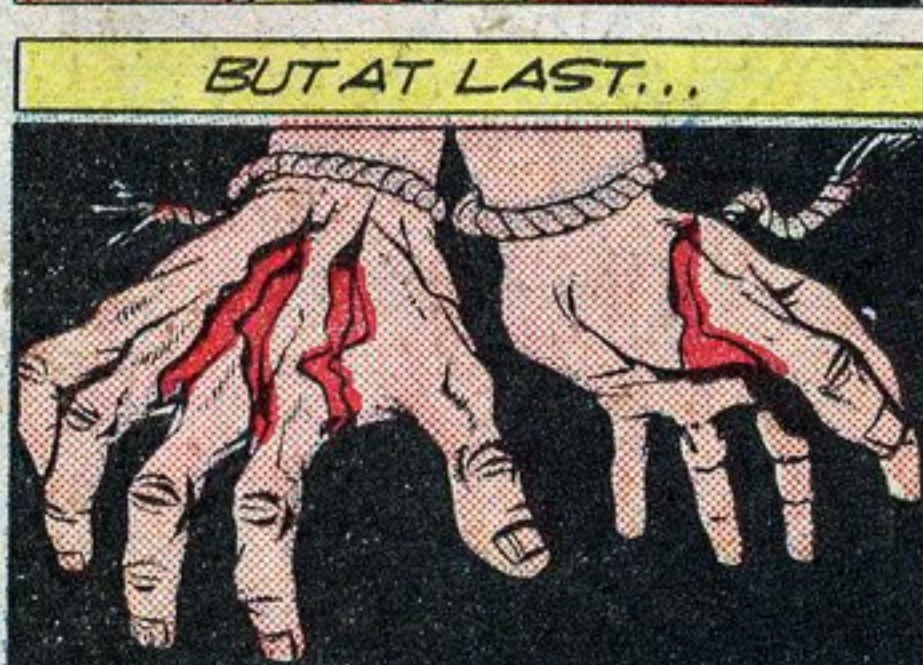
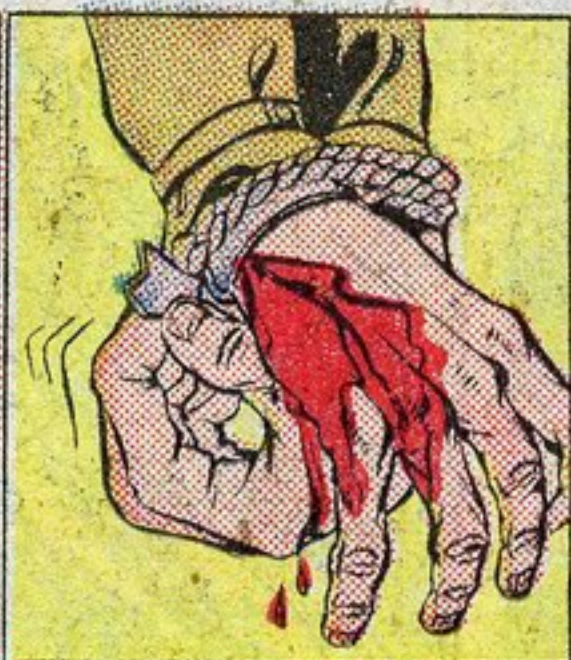
BLACK X CAUTIOUSLY FEELS THE WALL BEHIND HIM WITH HIS BOUND HANDS..

GOOD! THERE'S A BRACE RIGHT BEHIND ME!!



NOW TO WORK!

FOR MINUTES, FOR HOURS, BLACK X'S BLEEDING HANDS FUMBLE AT THEIR TASK..



BUT AT LAST...

HSSST! DON'T MOVE... I'LL UNTIE YOUR HANDS... YOU FREE THE MAN NEAREST YOU... AT MY SIGNAL TAKE THE PILOT...

RIGHT!



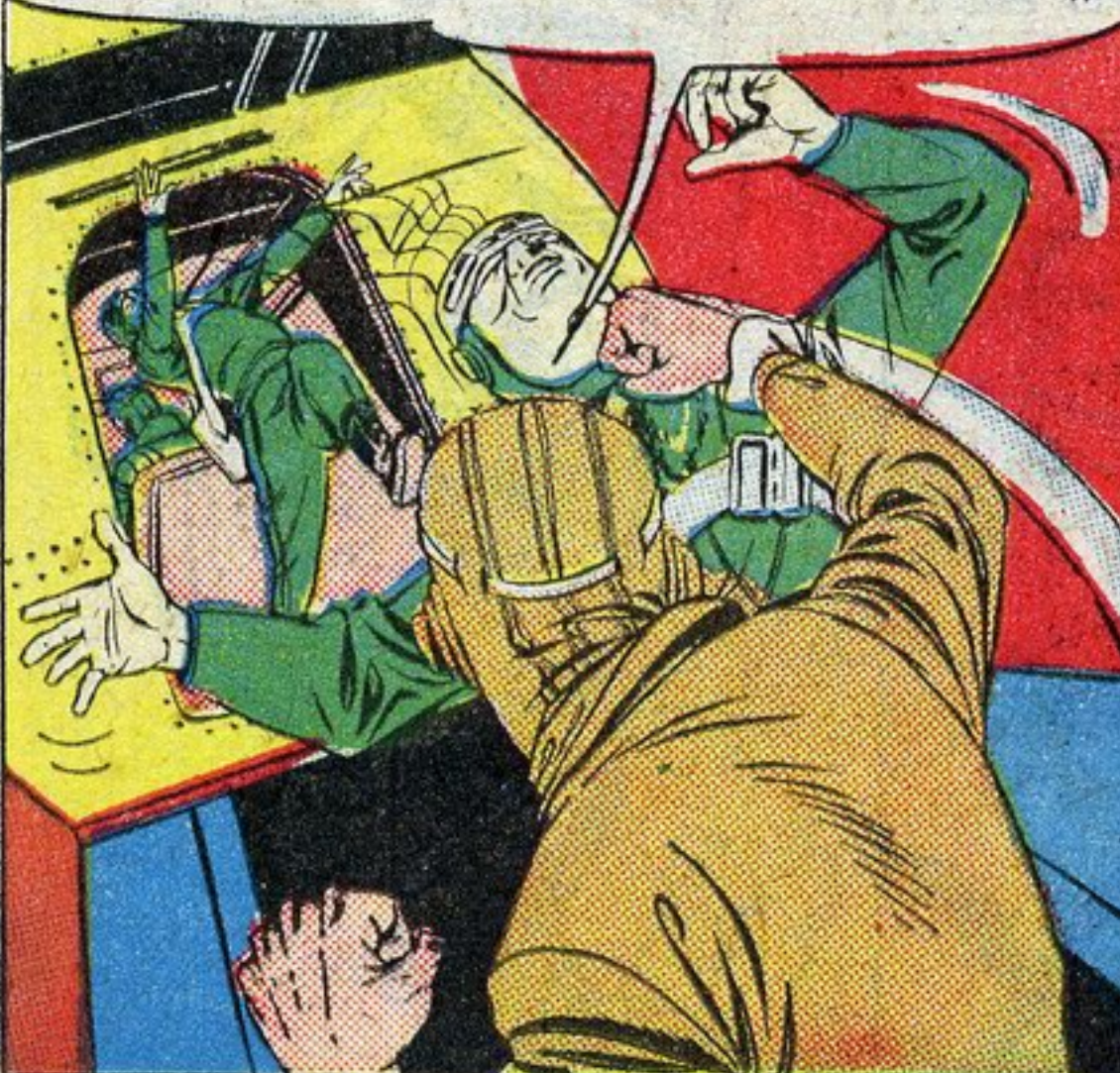
HA! WHAT DO YOU DO THERE? OH! OH! ETLAY THE ESTRAY OUSELAY!!



I'LL KEEP THESE TOY SOLDIERS BUSY!!

BLACK X'S FIRST VICTIM HURTTLES INTO THE PILOT'S CABIN!!

OOPS! THERE GOES THE PILOT!!



WE FALL!! WE FALL!!

OUT OF THE WAY!! LET ME AT THOSE CONTROLS!!







THE SKILLED FLYER  
BARELY MANAGES TO  
SAVE THE PLANE...



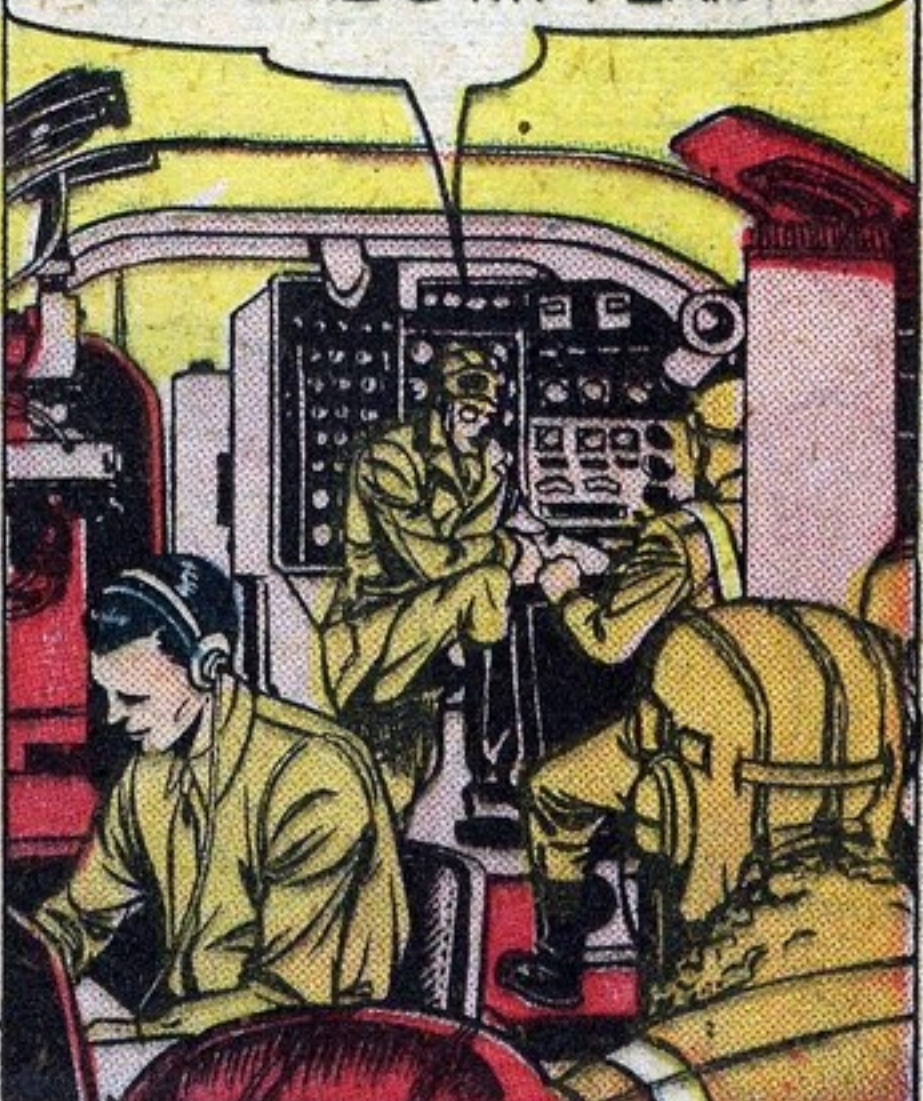
SECONDS LATER.. THE PLANE  
REGAINS ALTITUDE, BUT POSI-  
TIONS ARE NOW REVERSED..



THEY AREN'T IN ATTACK FORM-  
ATION! THEY'RE AN ESCORT!  
WE MUST BE APPROACHING A  
JAPANESE BASE!! IF WE ONLY  
HAD AMMUNITION...



PERFECT, THEY'LL ESCORT  
US RIGHT TO THEIR FIELD..  
NOW HERE'S MY PLAN...



SEVERAL MINUTES LATER....  
THERE IT IS.. A JAP AIR FIELD!!

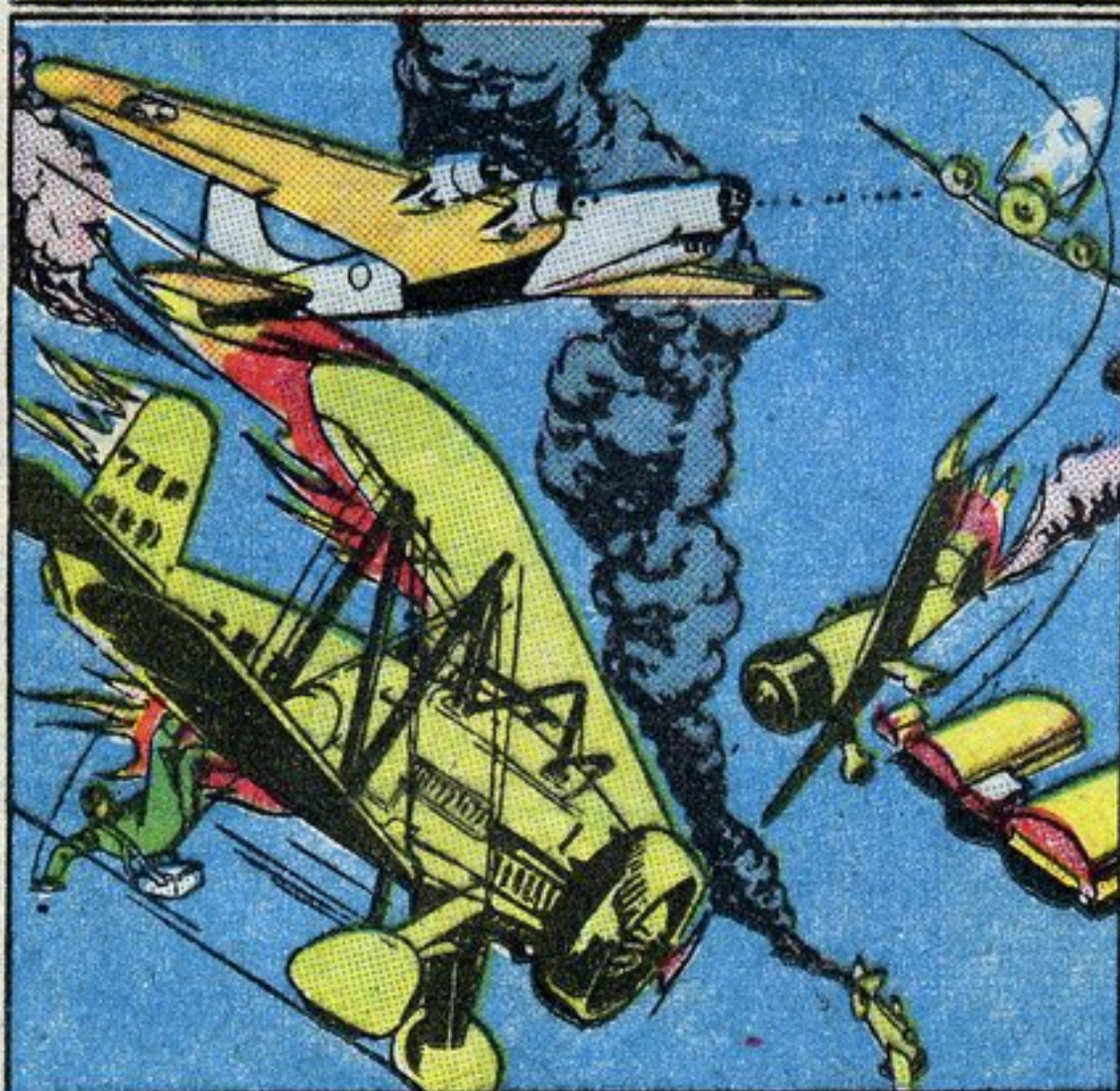


THE BIG PLANE DOES NOT  
FOLLOW THE ESCORT.. IT  
FLIES STRAIGHT ACROSS  
THE FIELD... PUZZLED BUT  
OBEDIENT, THE JAP FIGHTING  
PLANES FOLLOW.....

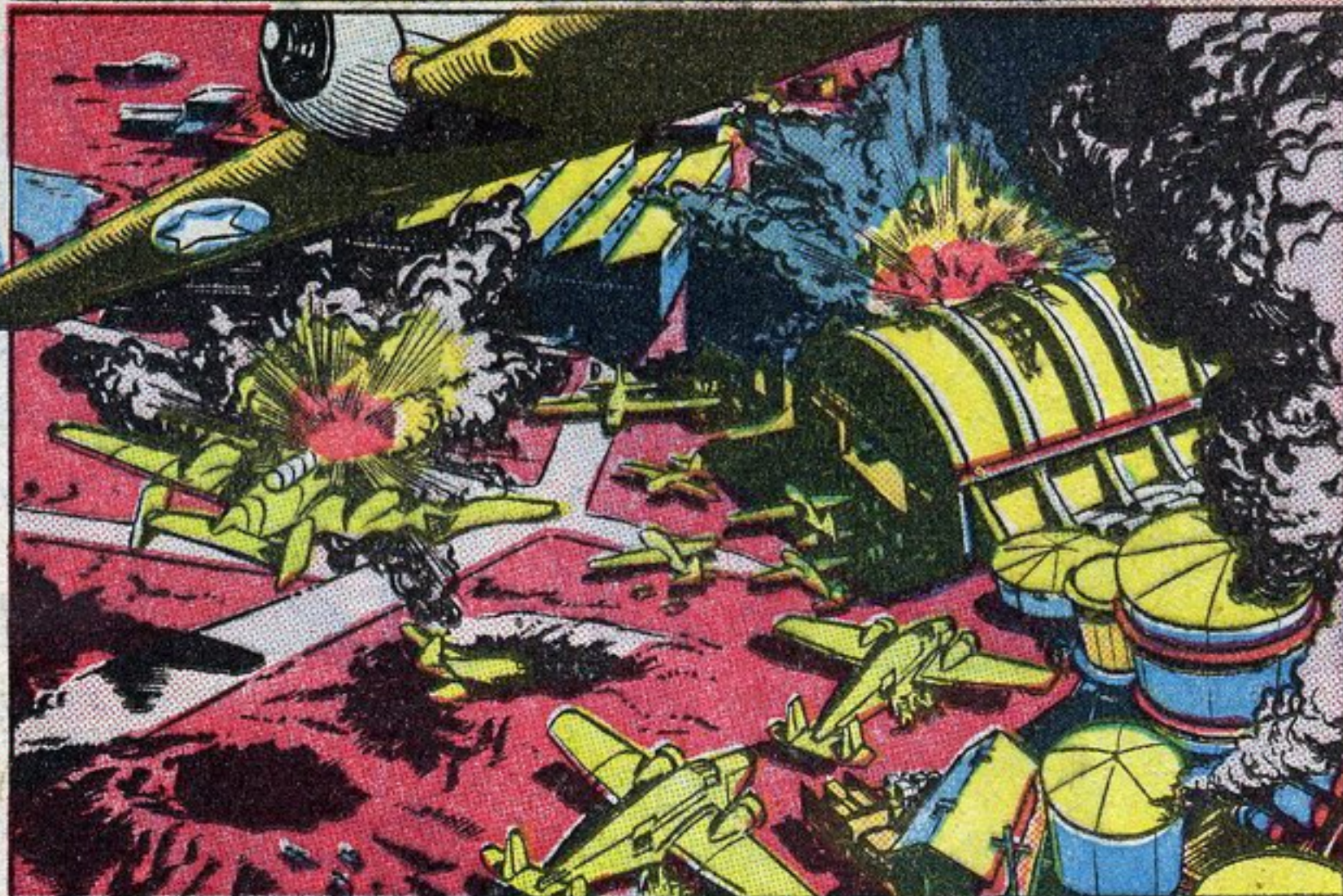




THE HUGE PLANE BLASTS LOOSE  
IT'S TREMENDOUS FIRE-POWER..NOT  
ONE JAP FIGHTER PLANE HAS A CHANCE!



THE JAPS ARE LITERALLY BLASTED FROM THE AIR!  
AT THE SAME TIME, THE BOMBER BEGINS DROPPING ITS  
LOAD OF HEAVY BOMBS.....

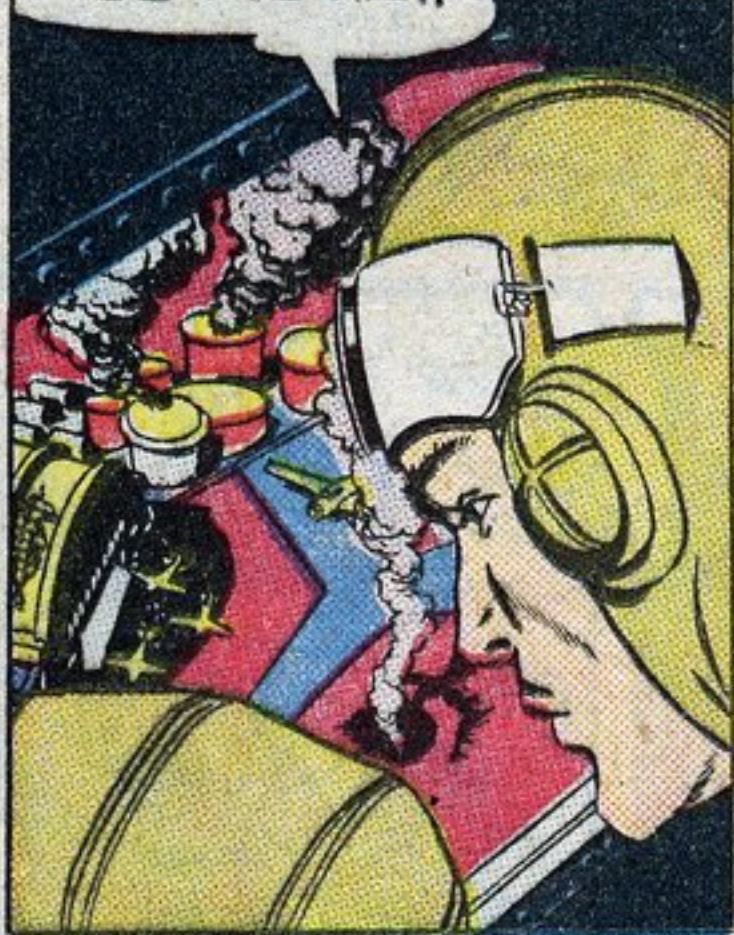


NOT A PLANE REACHES  
THE AIR....

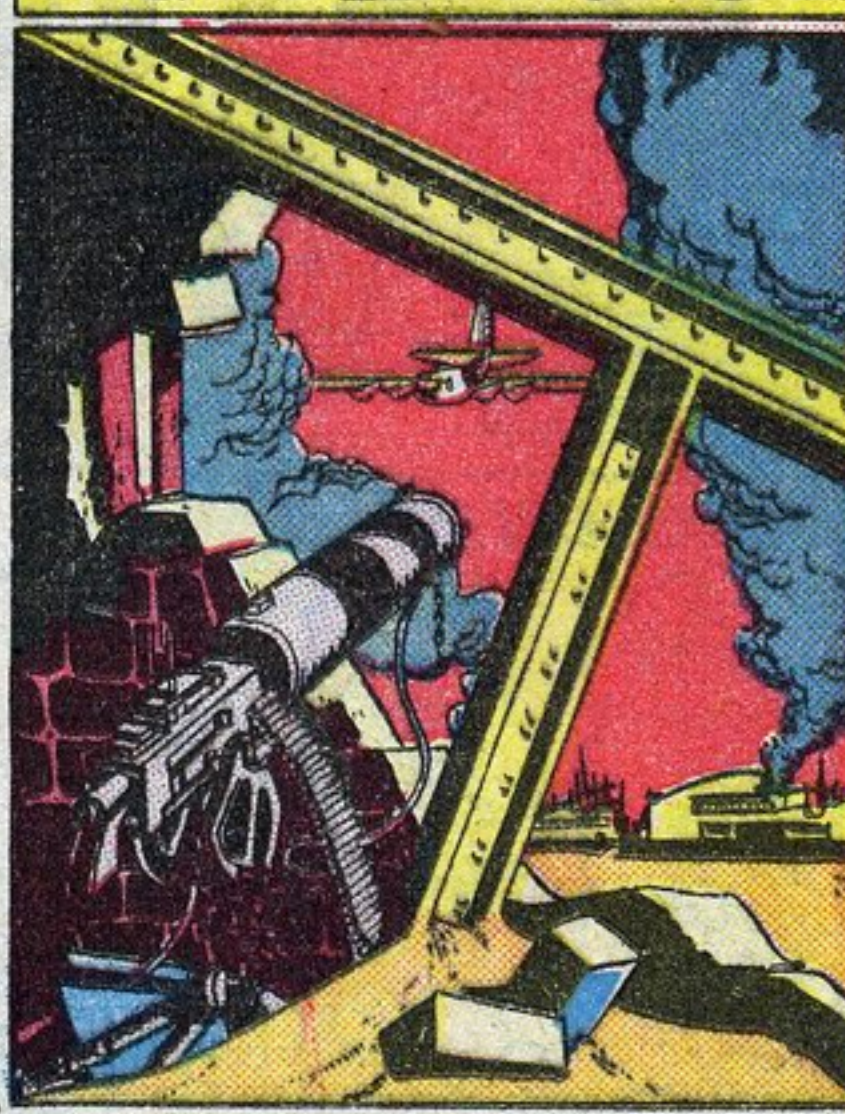


MOMENTS LATER, ABOVE

WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW,  
IT'S ALL OVER AND THERE'S  
NO MORE FIELD! WE  
MIGHT AS WELL  
GO HOME!!



THROUGH TALL COLUMNS  
OF SMOKE, THE HUGE  
MACHINE LEAPS FOR HOME..



HOURS LATER, BACK AT THE SECRET  
AIR BASE..

WELL, SR, WE HAD QUITE A  
TRIP.. SHE HANDLES  
LIKE A CHARM.. WE  
BOMBED....

DON'T BOTHER ME  
WITH DETAILS..HANDLES  
LIKE A CHARM, EH?  
THAT'S ALL  
I WANT  
TO KNOW!



LATER.. IN BLACK X'S  
FAVORITE RESTAURANT IN  
WASHINGTON, D.C.

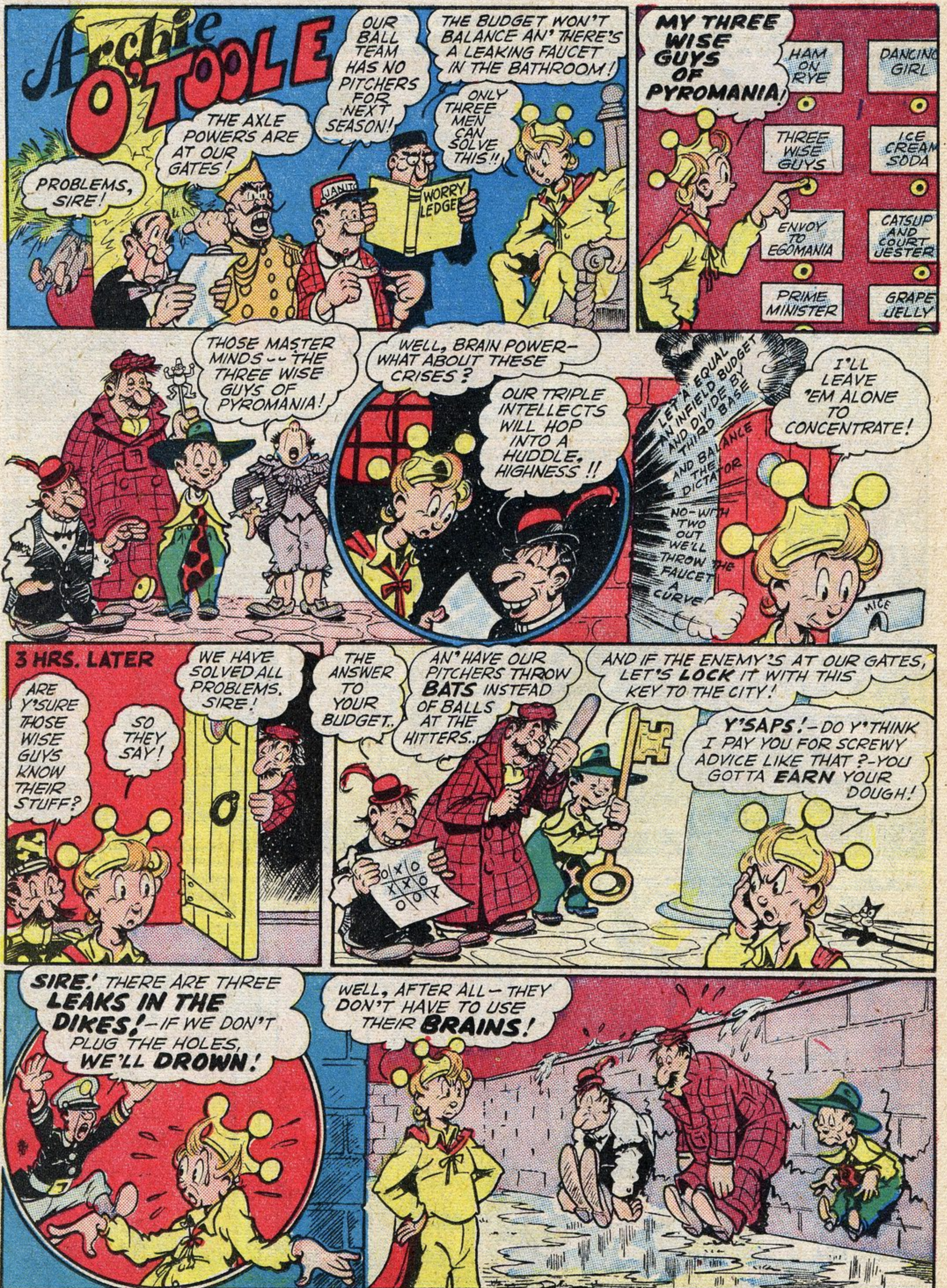
WHY SO THOUGHT-  
FUL BLACK X?

EH? NO  
NOTHING... I  
WAS THINKING  
WHAT THAT  
BOMBER COULD  
DO TO THE  
JAPS..



Follow the daring adventures of Black X each month in SMASH COMICS.





Archie O'Toole will amuse you in each issue of SMASH COMICS.



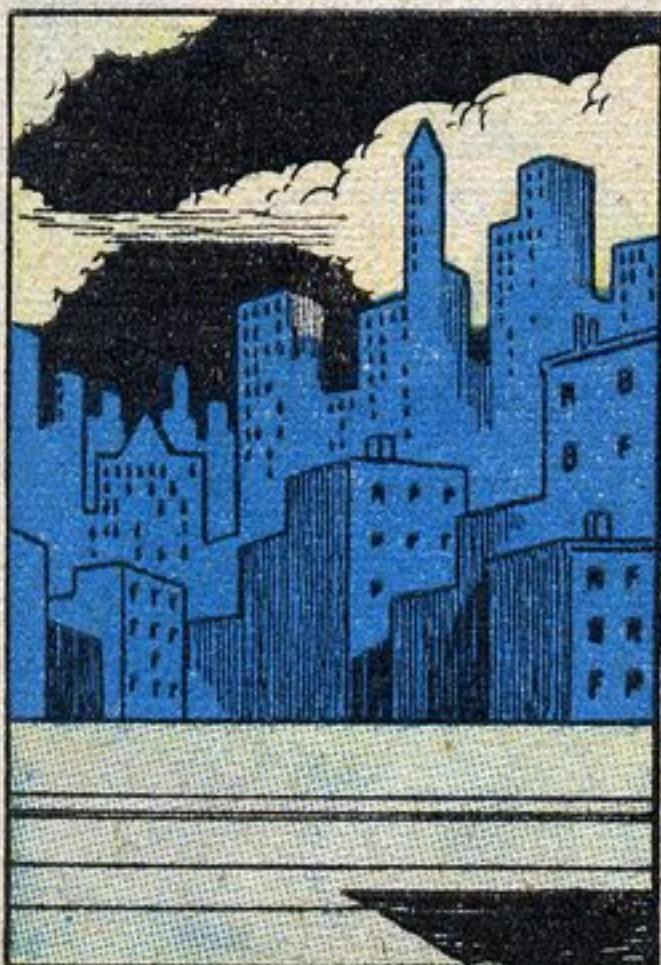
# BOZO THE ROBOT



MADE BY MAN,  
BOZO IS A MIGHTY  
INDESTRUCTABLE  
FIGHTING MACHINE,  
CONTROLLED BY  
HUGH HAZZARD  
FROM THE INSIDE—  
WHO USES IT  
TO BATTLE AND  
DEFEAT THOSE  
FORCES THAT  
TEND TO UNDER-  
MINE DEMOCRACY  
AND HUMANITY...

by WAYNE REID.

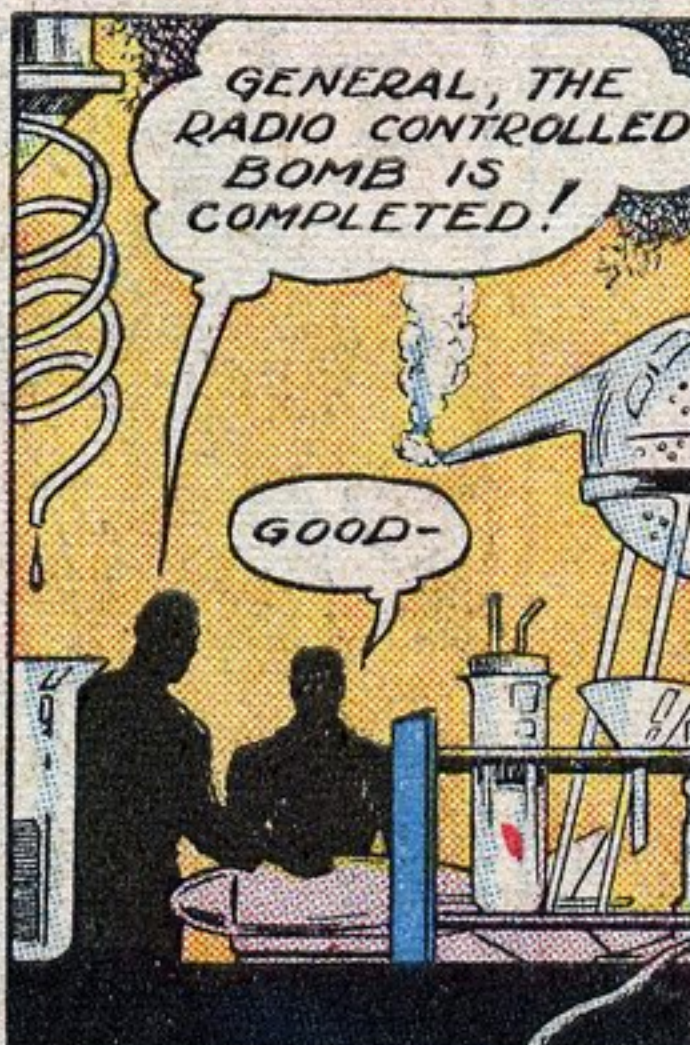
A PRACTICE BLACK-  
OUT THROWS INTO  
STYGIAN DARKNESS,  
THE SEETHING GREAT  
CITY---



BUT FROM BEHIND  
A DRAWN BLIND OF A  
WINDOW IN THE ARMY  
RESEARCH BUREAU, A  
THIN LINE OF YELLOW  
LIGHT SEEPS THROUGH



INSIDE, A MUNITIONS  
EXPERT TALKS WITH  
GENERAL HOLT---



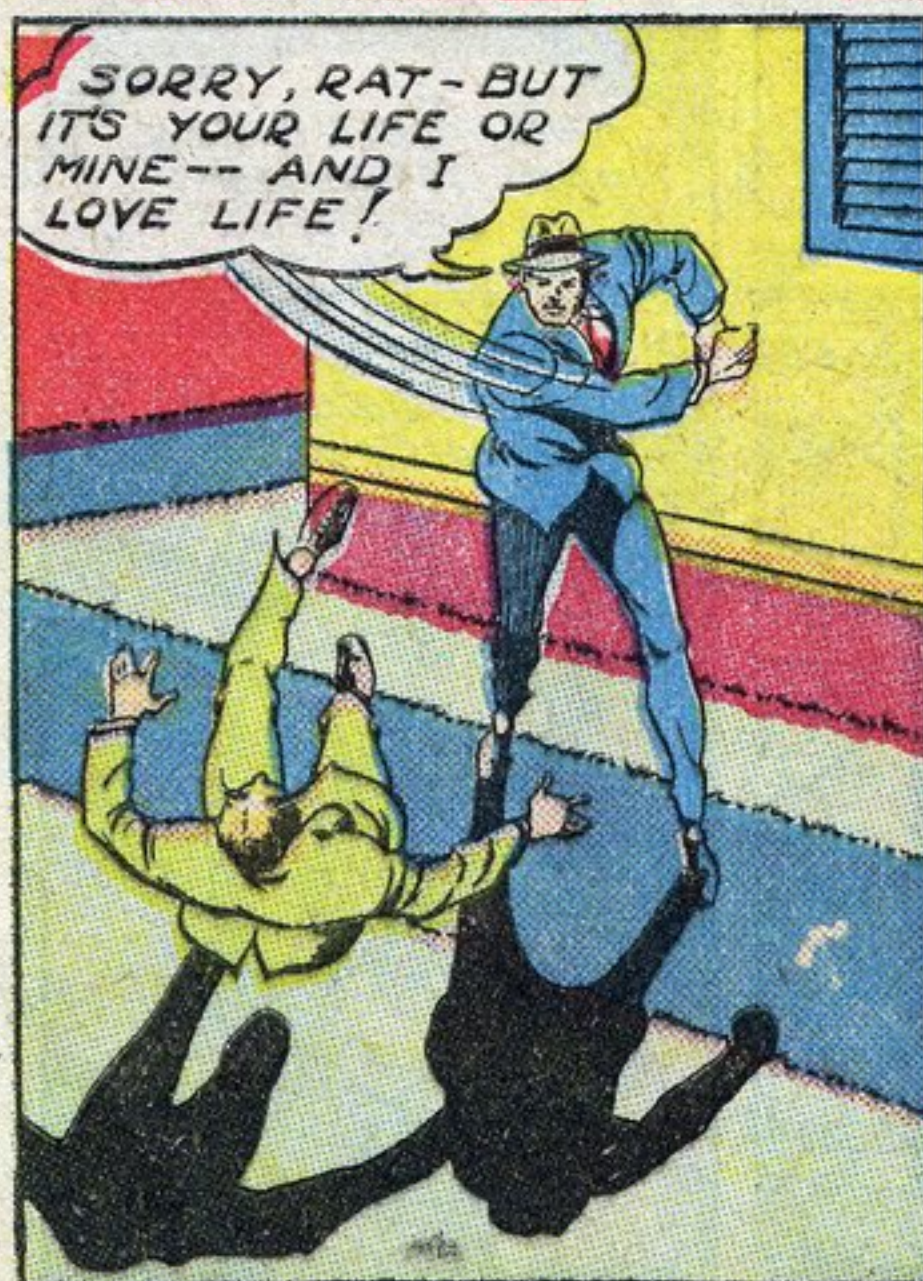
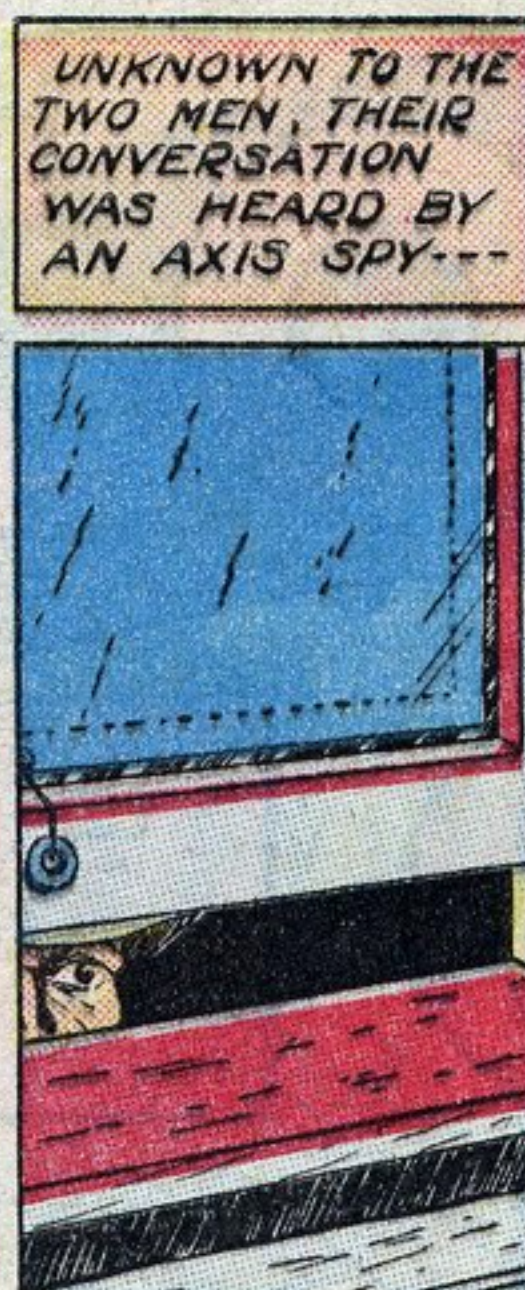
GENERAL, THE  
RADIO CONTROLLED  
BOMB IS  
COMPLETED!

GOOD-

AND YOU REALLY  
THINK, THAT BY  
RADIO CONTROL, THIS  
BOMB CAN FOLLOW  
A MOVING TARGET  
AND SCORE  
A DIRECT  
HIT--?









THE NEXT MORNING AT  
HILLY FIELD --

NOW IS THERE ANYTHING YOU  
WANT TO KNOW BEFORE  
TAKING THE PLANE  
UP, TONY?

NO-EXCEPT  
TO MAKE SURE  
THE FIRST BOMB  
SCORES, BEFORE  
I RELEASE THE  
SECOND ONE--

RIGHT-I'LL BE OUTSIDE  
WITH THE OFFICIALS  
IF YOU NEED  
ANYTHING--

OKAY,  
PROFESSOR--

AS THE PROFESSOR LEAVES,  
THE PILOT IS ATTACKED  
FROM BEHIND ---

FINISH  
HIM QUICK--  
AN' FRITZ,  
CHANGE  
CLOTHES  
WITH HIM--

I'M  
READY!

GOOT- AND I  
JUST THOUGHT OF  
SOMETHING - THERE  
ARE **TWO**  
BOMBS--

RELEASE ONE AND DO NOT  
DIRECT IT AT THE MOVING  
TARGET-- **DIRECT IT AT  
THE MILITARY OFFICIALS**  
BRING THE SECOND TO  
THE HIDE-OUT, WE'LL MEET  
YOU THERE!

JA--

SECONDS LATER THE PLANE  
IS IN THE AIR ---

PROFESSOR,  
IF THIS IS  
SUCCESSFUL, NO  
NATION IN THE  
WORLD WOULD DARE  
ATTACK US---

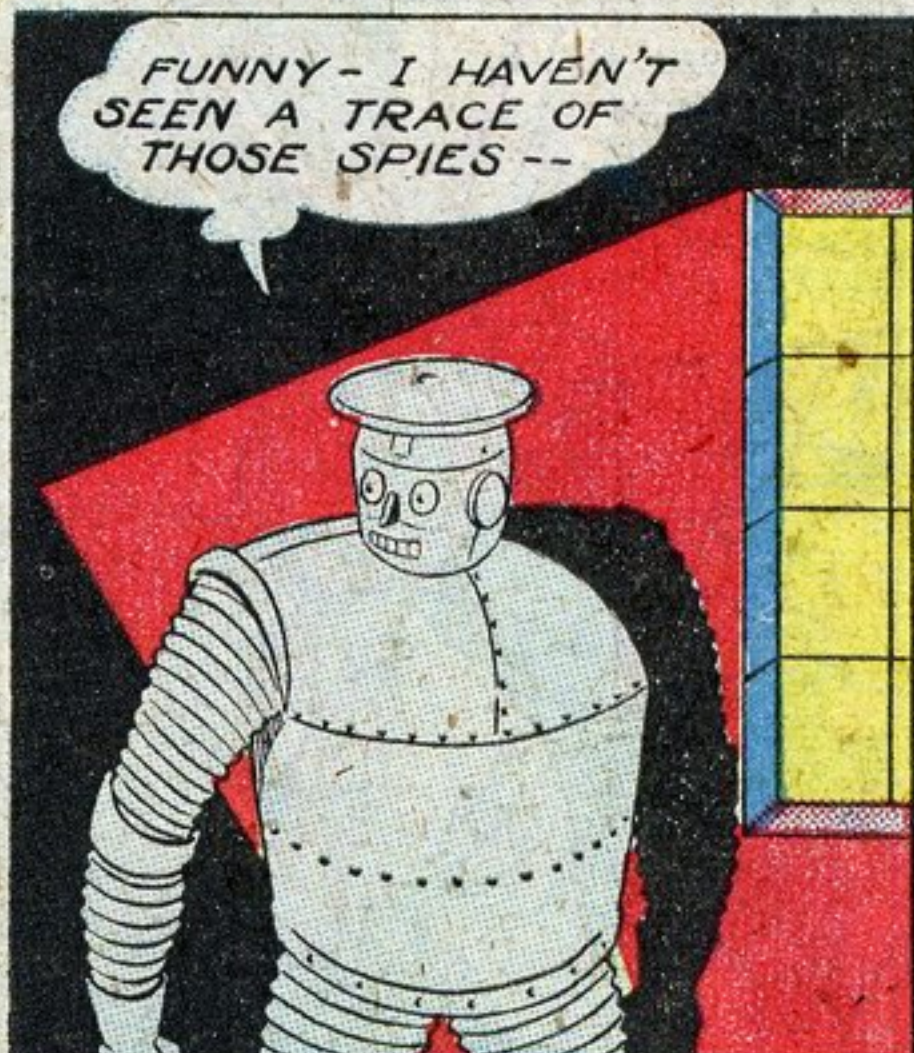
LOOK, HE'S CIRCLING  
THE TARGET NOW- HE'S  
GOING TO DROP  
IT---

THE TRAP-  
DOOR OF THE  
BOMB BAY  
IS SPRUNG -

CRAZILY THE  
MISSILE OF DEATH  
PLUMMETS  
EARTHWARD -



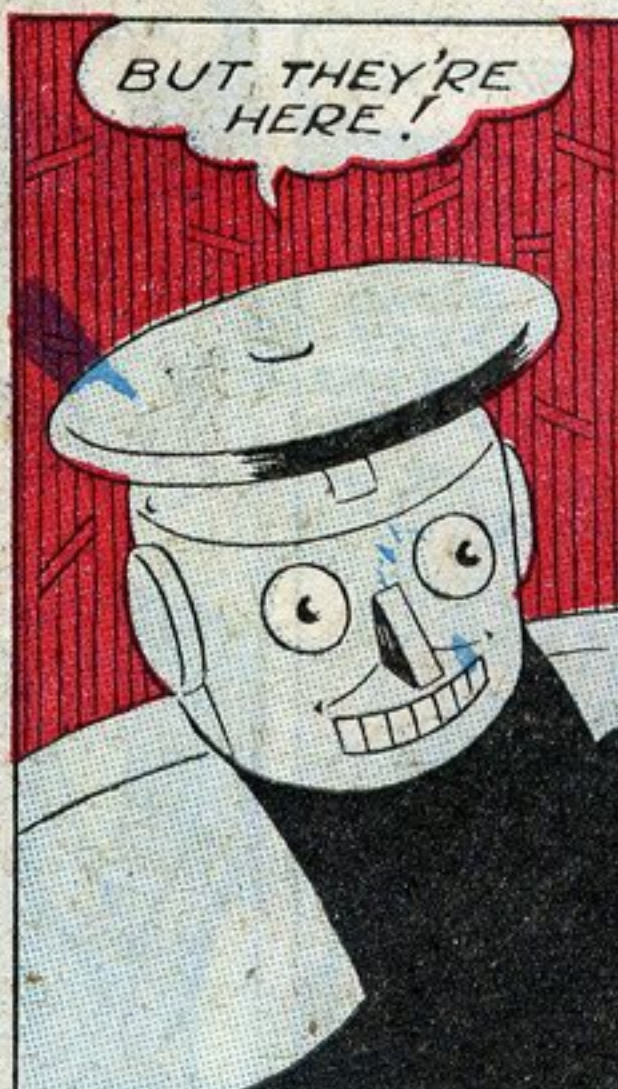
AT THE SAME TIME, HUGH,  
INSIDE THE ROBOT, LOOKS ON  
FROM THE SHADOWS --



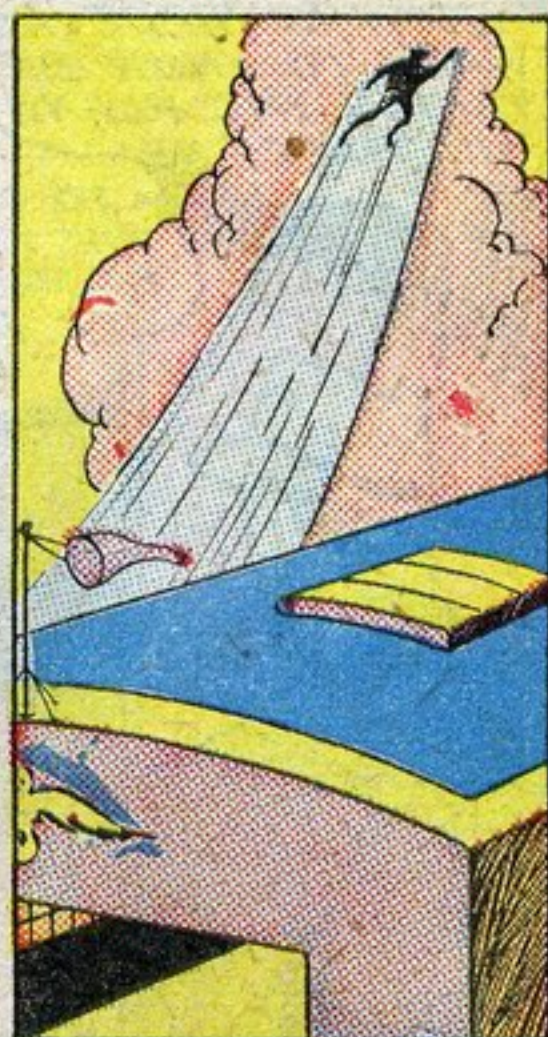
SUDDENLY--



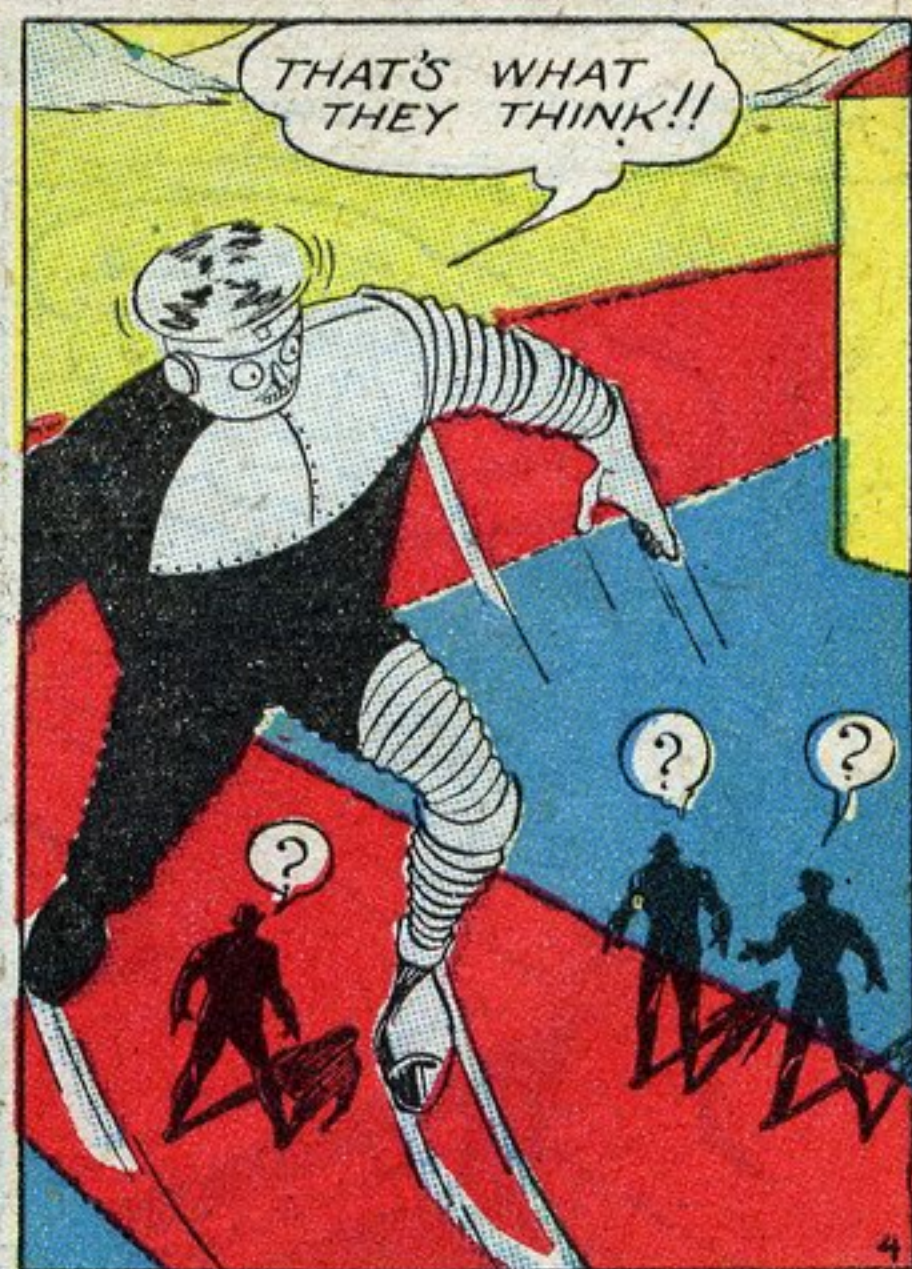
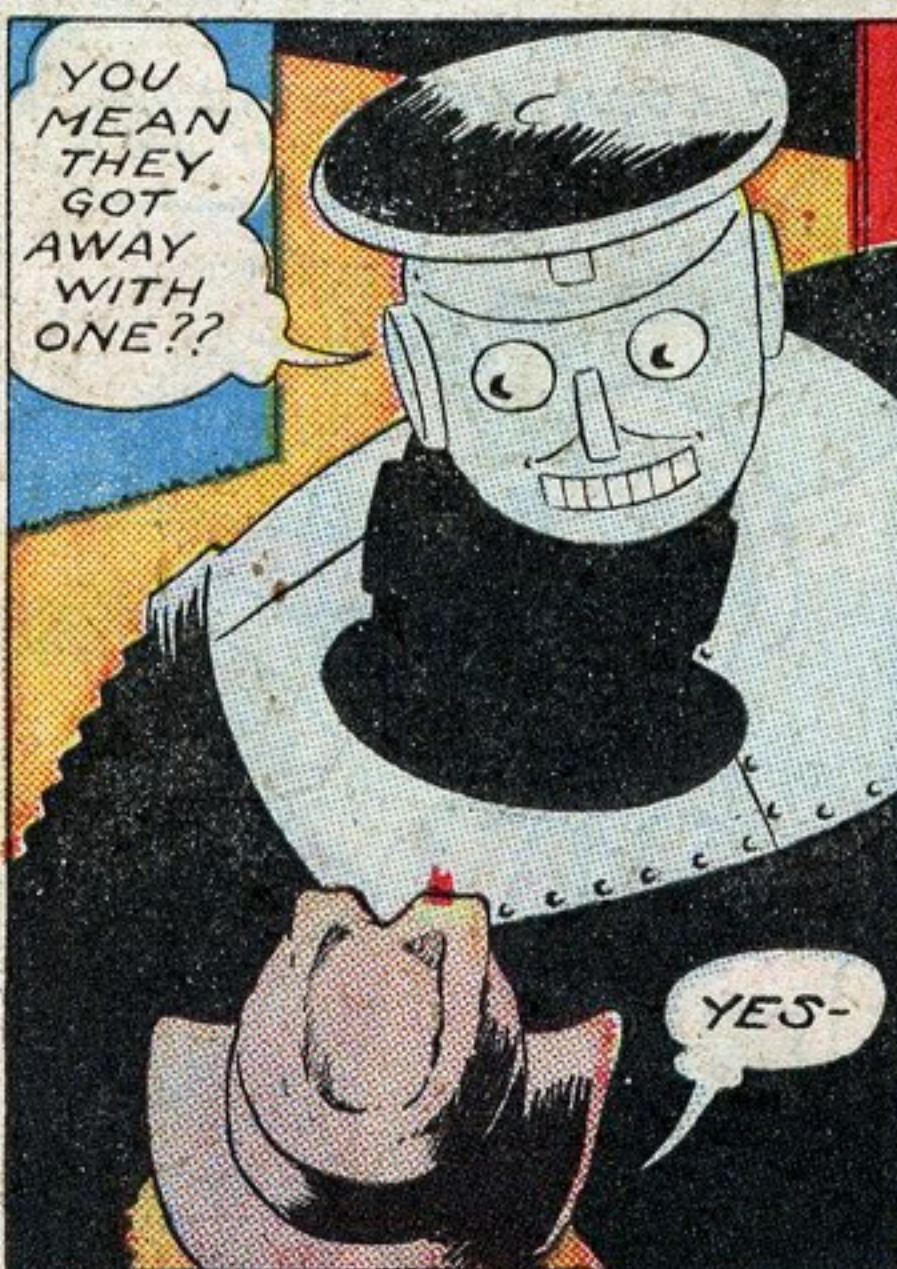
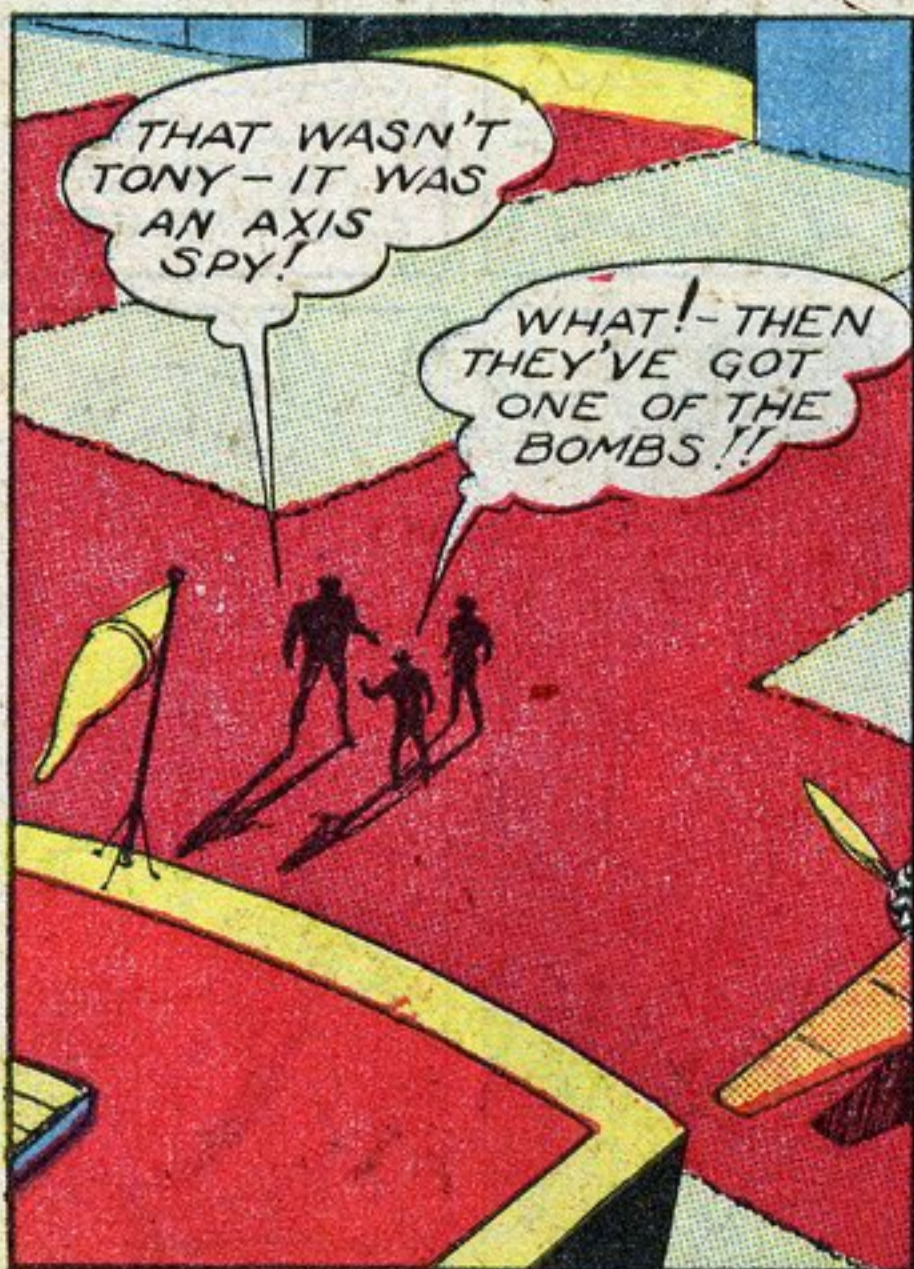
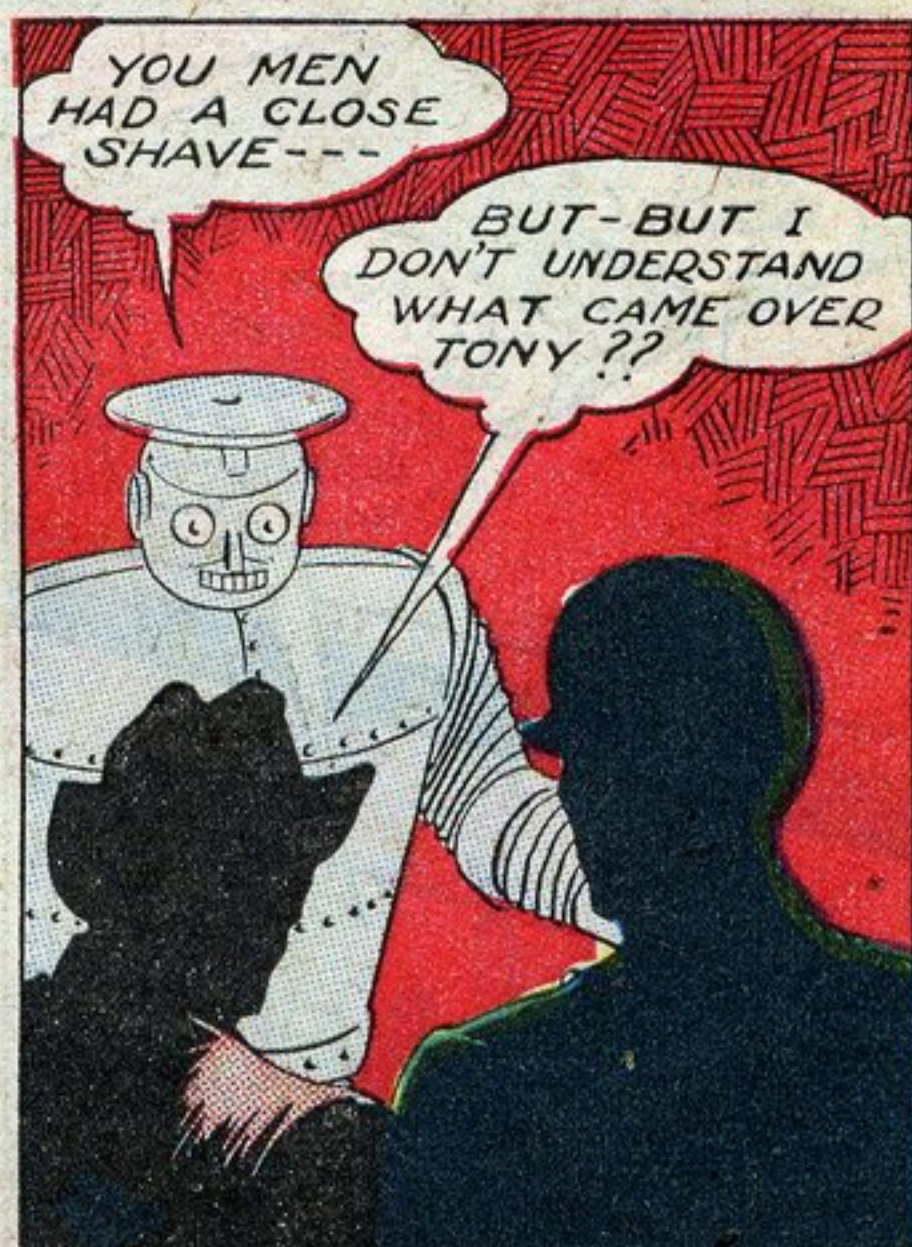
THE SHOUTS REACH  
BOZO ---



AND LIKE A  
STREAK, HE IS IN  
THE AIR ---



AND THE RACE IS ON BETWEEN  
THE IRON MAN AND THE  
STEEL JACKETED DEATH--



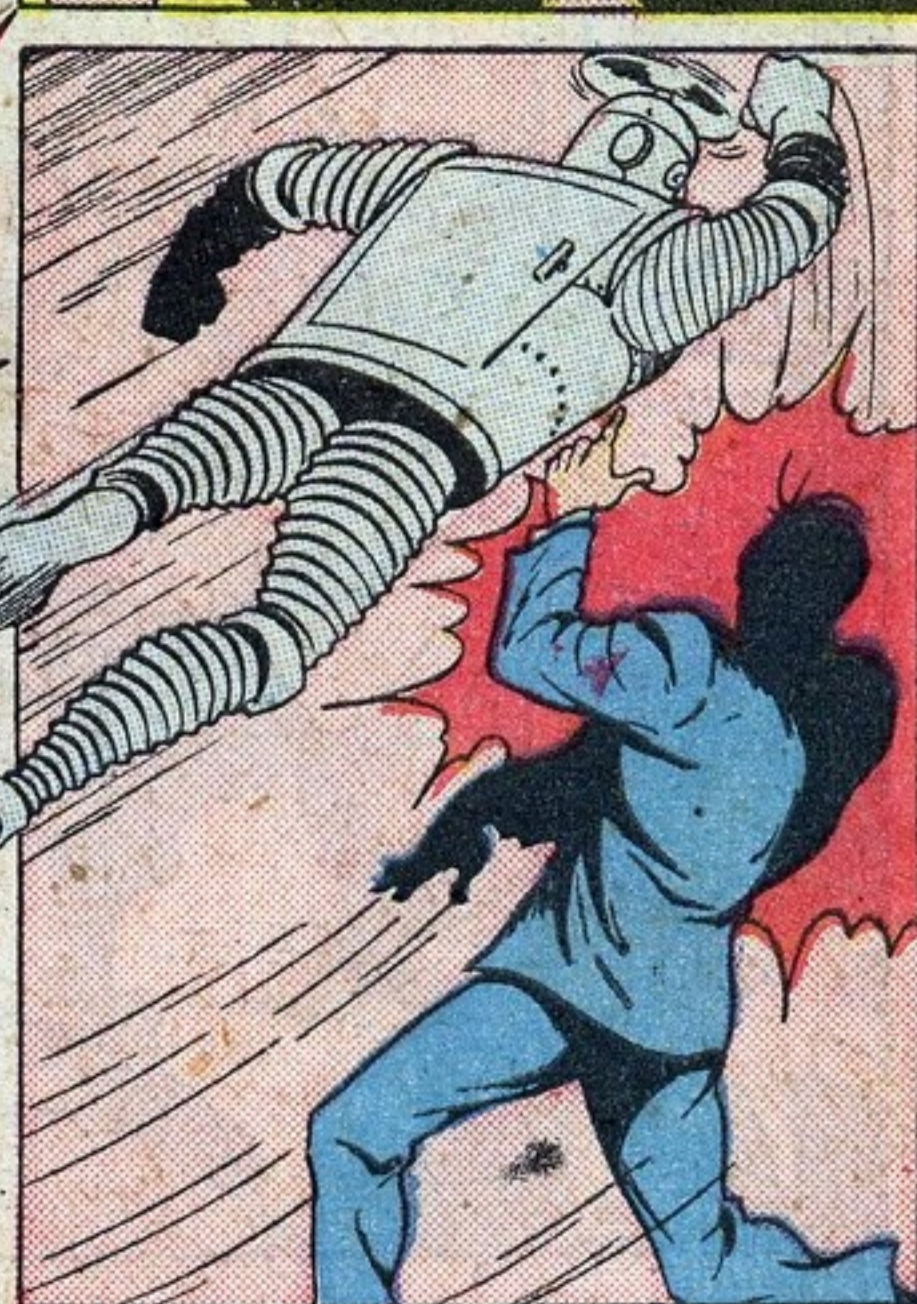
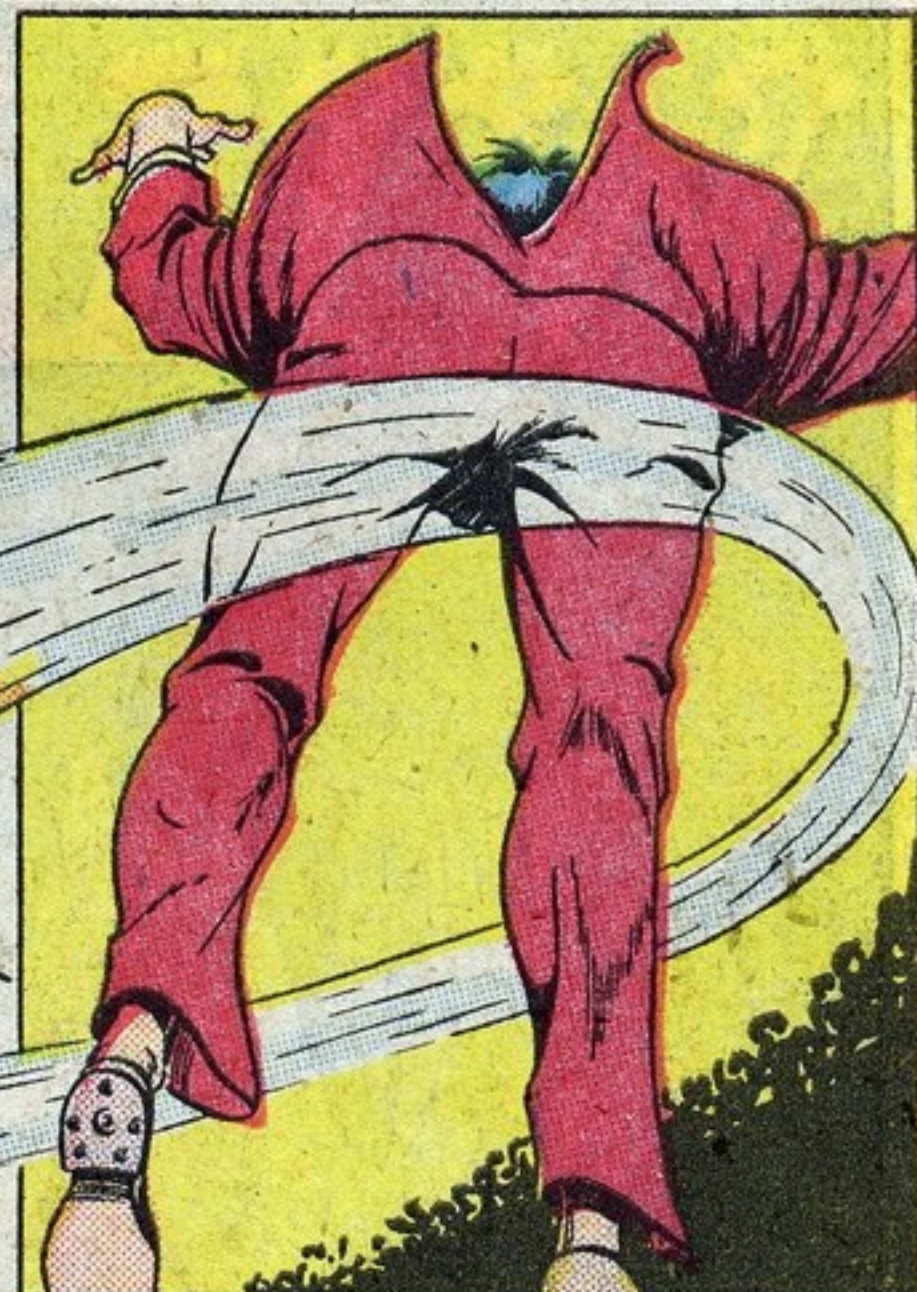
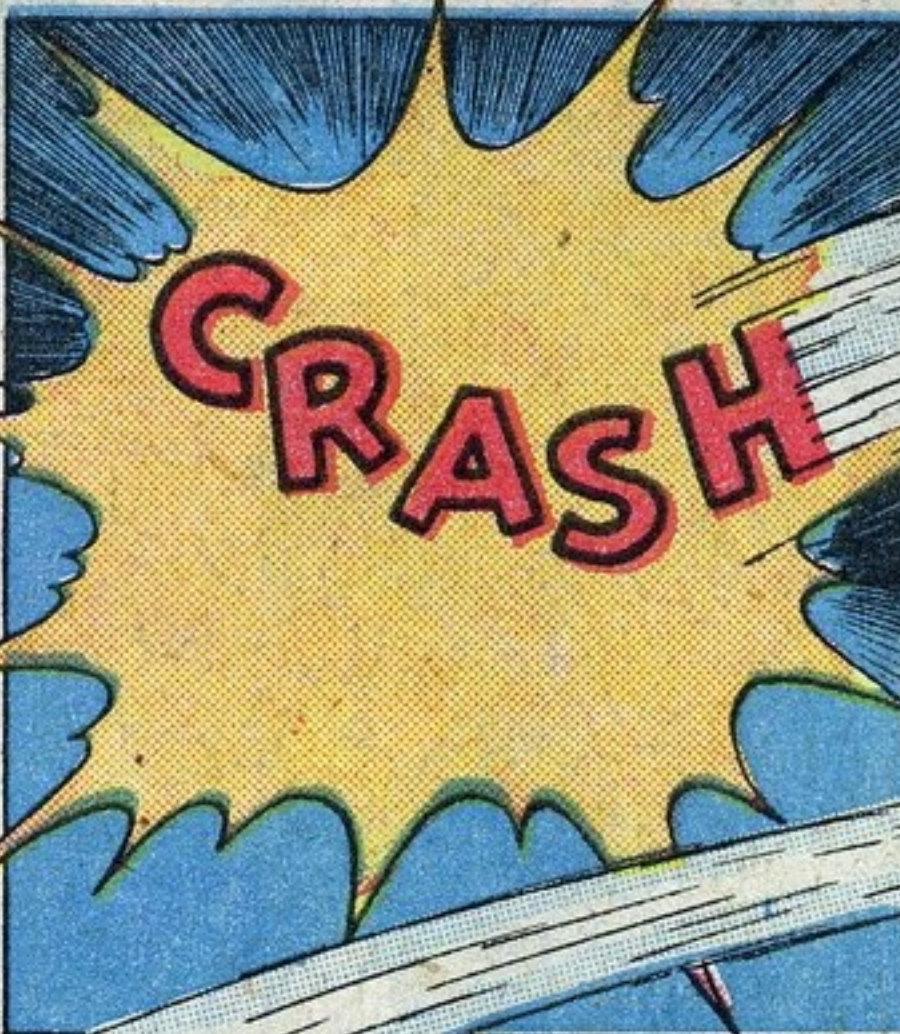
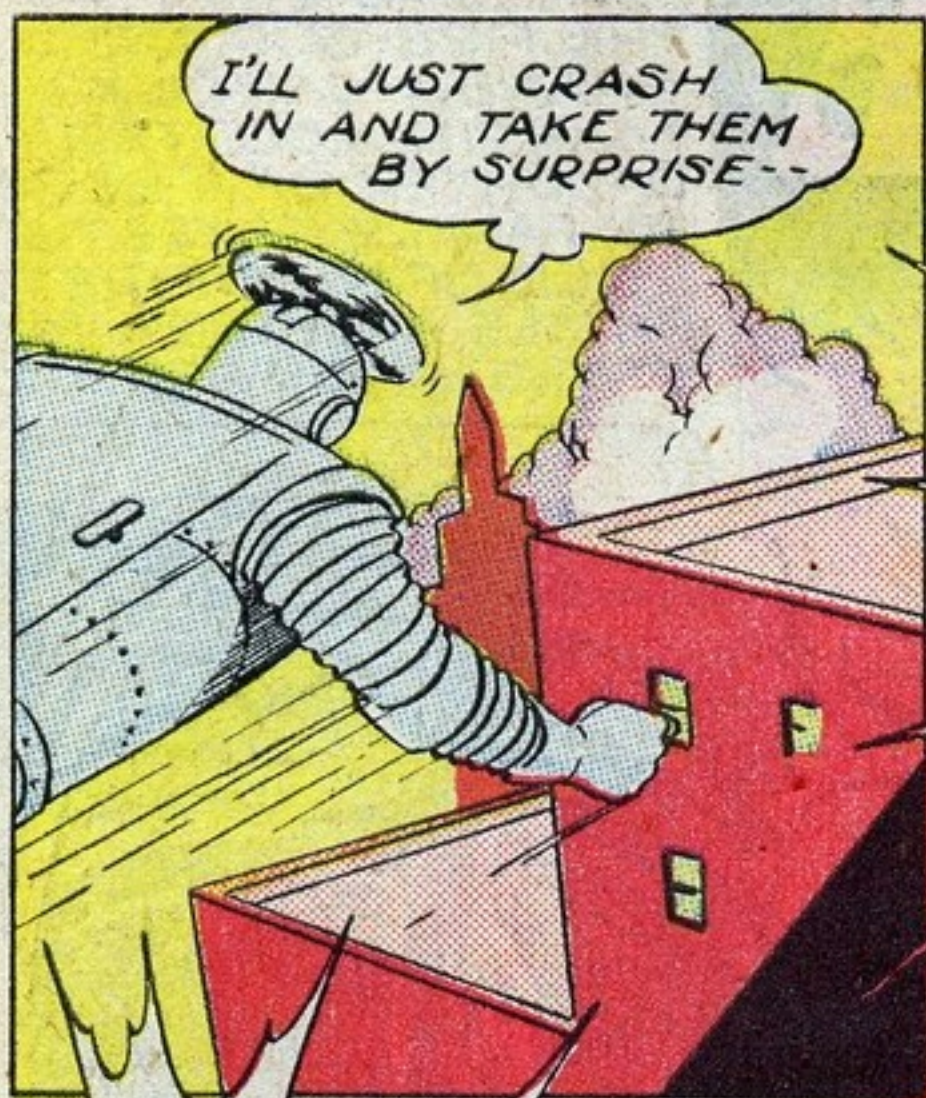


A FEW MINUTES LATER, AND BOZO HOVERS OVER THE SPIES HIDE-OUT AGAIN

SUDDENLY THE BUILDING SEEMS TO HAVE SPLIT WIDE OPEN AS THE IRON MAN GOES ON A MIGHTY RAMPAGE --

I'LL JUST CRASH IN AND TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE--

CRASH

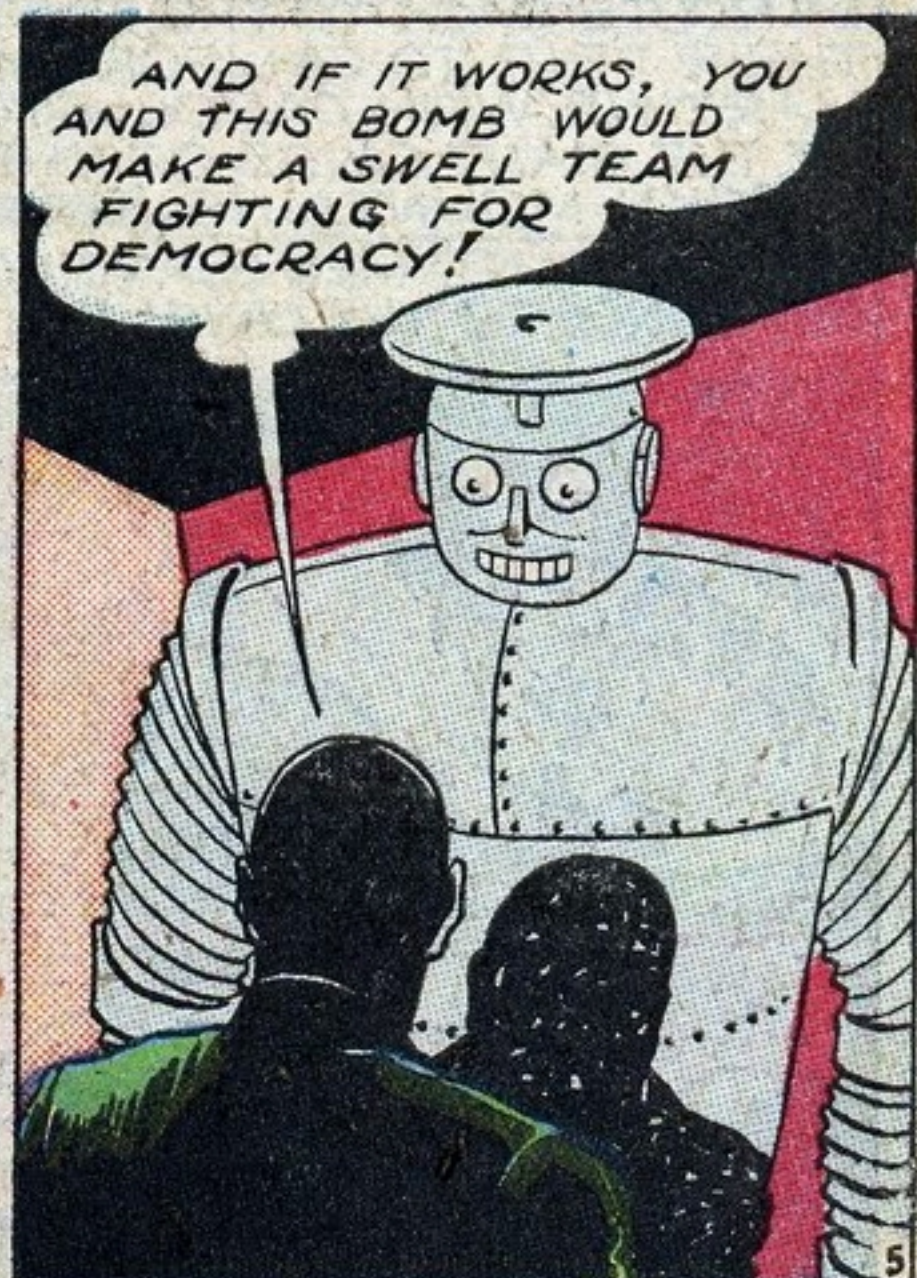
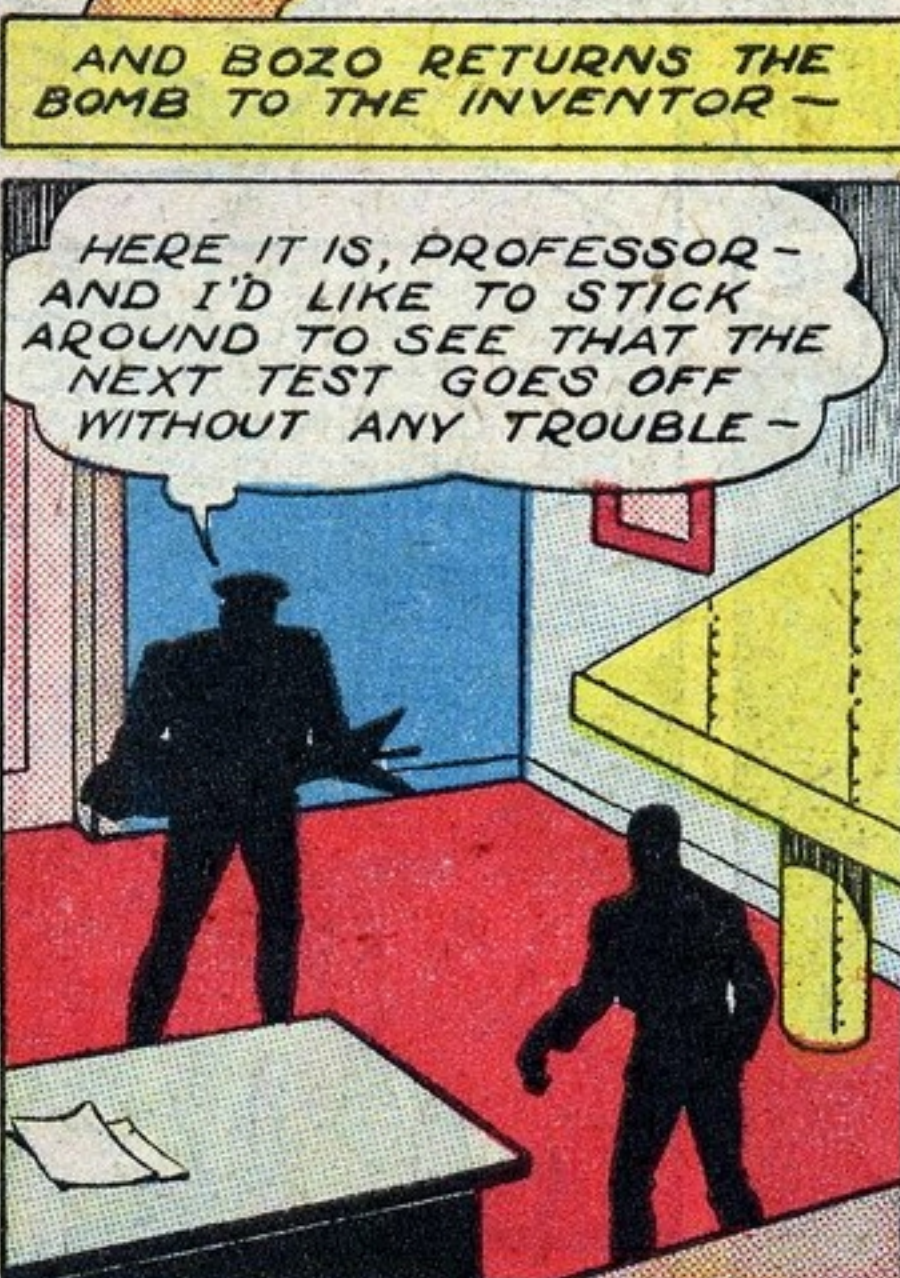


WELL - THAT WAS SHORT AND SWEET -- AND NOW I'LL RETURN THE BOMB TO THE PROFESSOR---

AND BOZO RETURNS THE BOMB TO THE INVENTOR --

HERE IT IS, PROFESSOR - AND I'D LIKE TO STICK AROUND TO SEE THAT THE NEXT TEST GOES OFF WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE -

AND IF IT WORKS, YOU AND THIS BOMB WOULD MAKE A SWELL TEAM FIGHTING FOR DEMOCRACY!





# WILDFIRE

BY  
BOB TURNER  
AND  
TIM MONEY

POSSESSED OF THE POWER TO USE FLAMES FOR ANY PURPOSE SHE DESIRES, AS A GIFT OF THE FIRE-GOD, ORPHANED CAROL MARTIN, ADOPTED DAUGHTER OF A SOCIETY FAMILY, TAKES THE ROLE OF WILDFIRE TO BATTLE ARCH-CRIMINALS OF THE UNDERWORLD!!



EN ROUTE BACK TO THE EAST AFTER THEIR TRIP TO CALIFORNIA, THE MARTINS, WITH CAROL, STOP OFF AT THE GIANT CAVES OF THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS.

LOOK! ARMED MEN GUARDING THE ENTRANCE TO THE CAVE! WHY?



ROCKYLLOYD, THE KILLER, AND A BUNCH OF OTHER CONS ESCAPED FROM THE STATE PEN LAST NIGHT!! THEY ARE HIDING OUT SOMEWHERE IN THE HILLS AND THE LAW IS MAKING SURE THEY DON'T HOLE UP IN THESE CAVES!

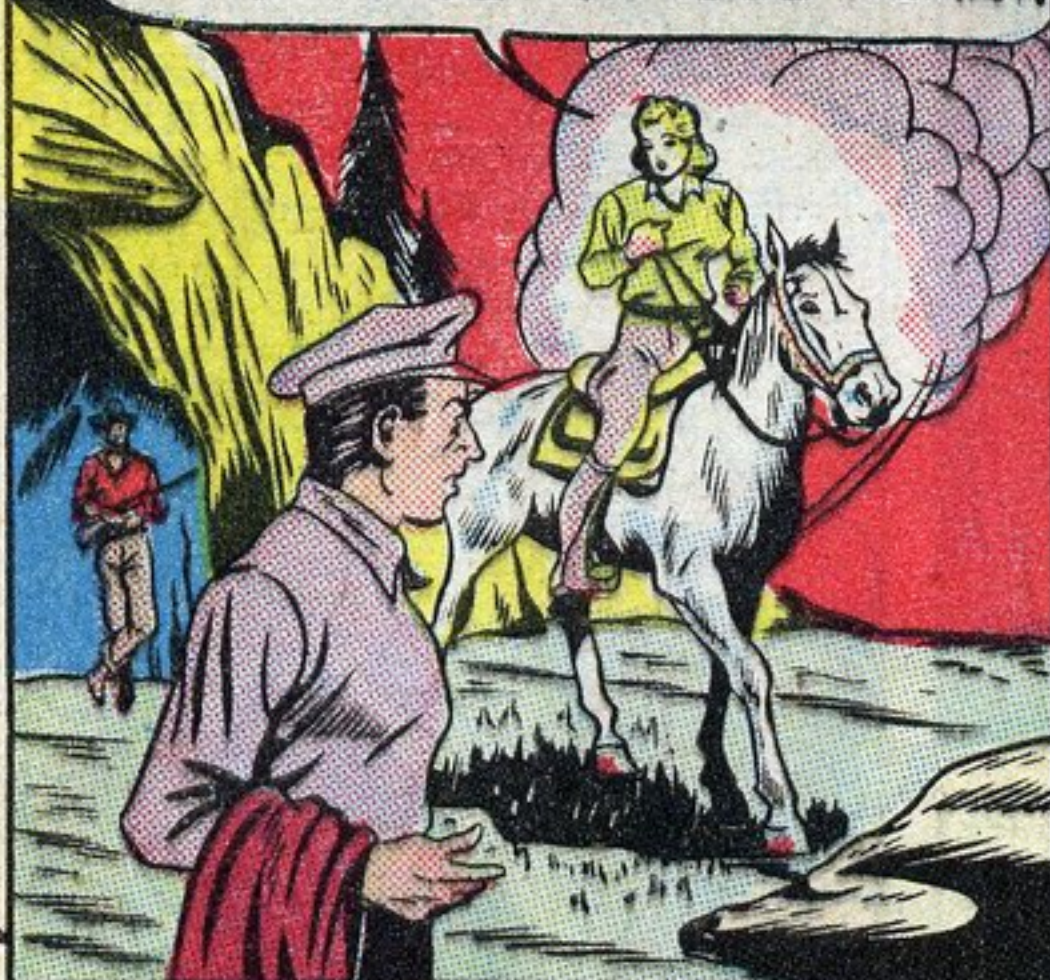
HOW THRILLING!





WE LEAVE THE HORSES HERE, MISS MARTIN, AND PROCEED INTO THE CAVERNS ON FOOT!

GOOD! I WAS JUST BEGINNING TO GET SADDLE-WEARY!



FOLKS, I MUST WARN YOU—AND THIS IS NO JOKE! WE MUST ALL HOLD HANDS FROM NOW ON AND NO MEMBER OF THE PARTY MUST SEPARATE FROM THE OTHERS. MANY HAVE BECOME LOST AND DIED HORRIBLE DEATHS IN THESE CAVES!



AS THE PARTY EXPLORES THE DEPTHS OF THE ANCIENT CAVERNS, UP AHEAD OF THEM...

A PARTY OF TOURISTS! I'D BETTER GO TELL ROCKY!



ROCKY! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO? A WHOLE MOB OF TOURISTS IS COMING THIS WAY! WE'VE GOT TO SCRAM OUT OF HERE!

SHUT UP, YOU SAP! SOUND ECHOES FAR THROUGH THESE CAVES!



THIS IS A PERFECT HIDEOUT AN' WE AIN'T LEAVING FOR NO PACK OF SNOOPING TENDER-FOET GET ME?

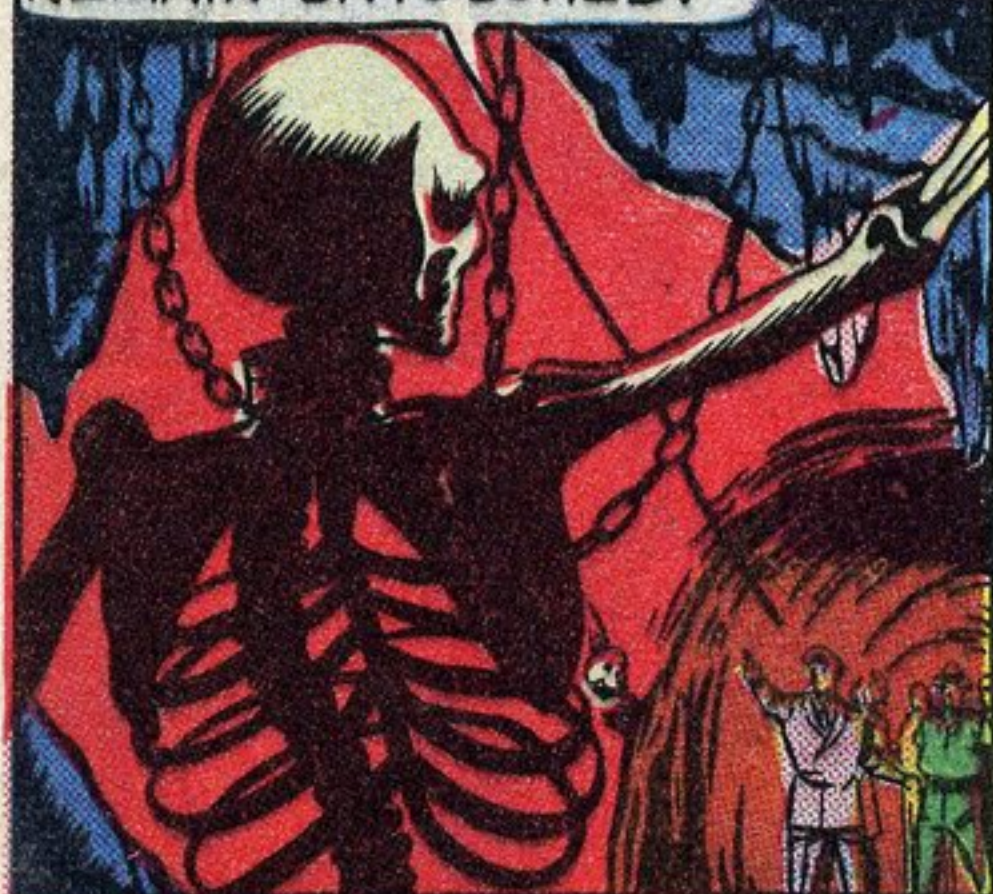


THE LAW DOESN'T HAVE ANY IDEA WE'RE HERE. WE STUMBLED ON A SECRET ENTRANCE AN' WE CAN SLAUGHTER ANY COPS WHO TRY TO COME IN HERE AN' GET US. BUT I GOT A BETTER IDEA! WE'RE GOING TO USE THESE TOURISTS!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

AND THIS, FOLKS, IS CALLED CADAVER CAVE BECAUSE MANY YEARS A GROUP OF PIONEERS WERE TRAPPED AND MASSACRED BY INDIANS! THEIR BONES REMAIN UNTOUCHED!



A-A SPOOKY PLACE, ISN'T IT, CAROL?

WELL IT'S NO PLACE TO LISTEN TO A GHOST STORY!



ABRUPTLY, TORCHES FLARE UP ALL AROUND THE CAVE AND HULKING, GRIM LOOKING MEN, LIKE STRIPED SPOOKS STEP FROM HIDING PLACES.

FREEZE, ALL OF YOU! IF ANYONE EVEN WIGGLES A TOE THEY GET GUNNED DOWN!

WHAT IS THIS? WHO A-ARE..





THE LEADER OF THE ESCAPED CONVICTS MOVES TO BLOCK THE EXIT OF THE CAVE. . .

I'M ROCKY LLOYD, YOU'VE HEARD OF ME. I'D JUST AS SOON KILL ANY OF YOU AS LOOK AT YOU! MY MEN ARE GOING TO TIE YOU ALL UP. DON'T TRY TO GET ROUGH!



HELP! ROCKY LLOYD AND HIS GANG ARE HIDING OUT IN CADAVER CAVE. THEY'VE CAPTURED ALL THE TOURISTS



AT CAROL'S COMMAND, THE FLAMES DRAW TO THE ROPES, BURN THEM THROUGH, THEN. .

SO FAR, SO GOOD! NOW ALL I'VE GOT TO DO IS MAKE THAT CREVICE!



I CAN'T MAKE A BREAK AND BECOME WILDFIRE RIGHT NOW OR MOTHER AND DAD WOULD KNOW ABOUT MY DUAL ROLE! I'LL HAVE TO WAIT!



WE CAN'T LET THOSE CONVICTS GET AWAY WITH THIS! YOU RIDE BACK TO THE VILLAGE AND GET HELP! ME AND EDDIE'LL TRY AND SMOKE 'EM OUT MEANWHILE!

BE CAREFUL! THOSE GUYS ARE DESPERATE!



HIDDEN IN THE CREVICE, CAROL SWIFTLY BECOMES WILDFIRE.

MUST COOK UP SOMETHING TO STARTLE THOSE CONVICTS OUT OF THEIR SKINS BEFORE THEY HAVE A CHANCE TO STOP ME BY THREATENING TO KILL THE OTHERS!



YOU AIN'T GETTIN' ROPED, GUIDE. . YOU'RE GOIN' TO RUN BACK TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE CAVE AN' TELL THOSE COPS THAT WE'VE KIDNAPPED THIS CROWD. THEY'RE TO CALL OFF ALL POSSES AN' GIVE US 48 HOURS TO GET OUT OF THE HILLS OR WE WILL KILL EVERYONE OF THE TOURISTS!



THEY TOSSED ME OFF HERE OUT OF THE WAY! IF I CAN DRAW FLAMES TO BURN THROUGH MY BONDS WITHOUT ANYONE NOTICING



MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE THE CAVE OF CADAVERS.

HEY, LLOYD! YOU'D BETTER GIVE UP! WE'RE GOING TO BLAST YOU OUT OF THERE!

SURRENDER QUICKLY AND WE'LL SEE THAT YOU GET A BREAK! HARM ANY OF THOSE TOURISTS AND IT'LL BE THE CHAIR FOR ALL OF YOU!





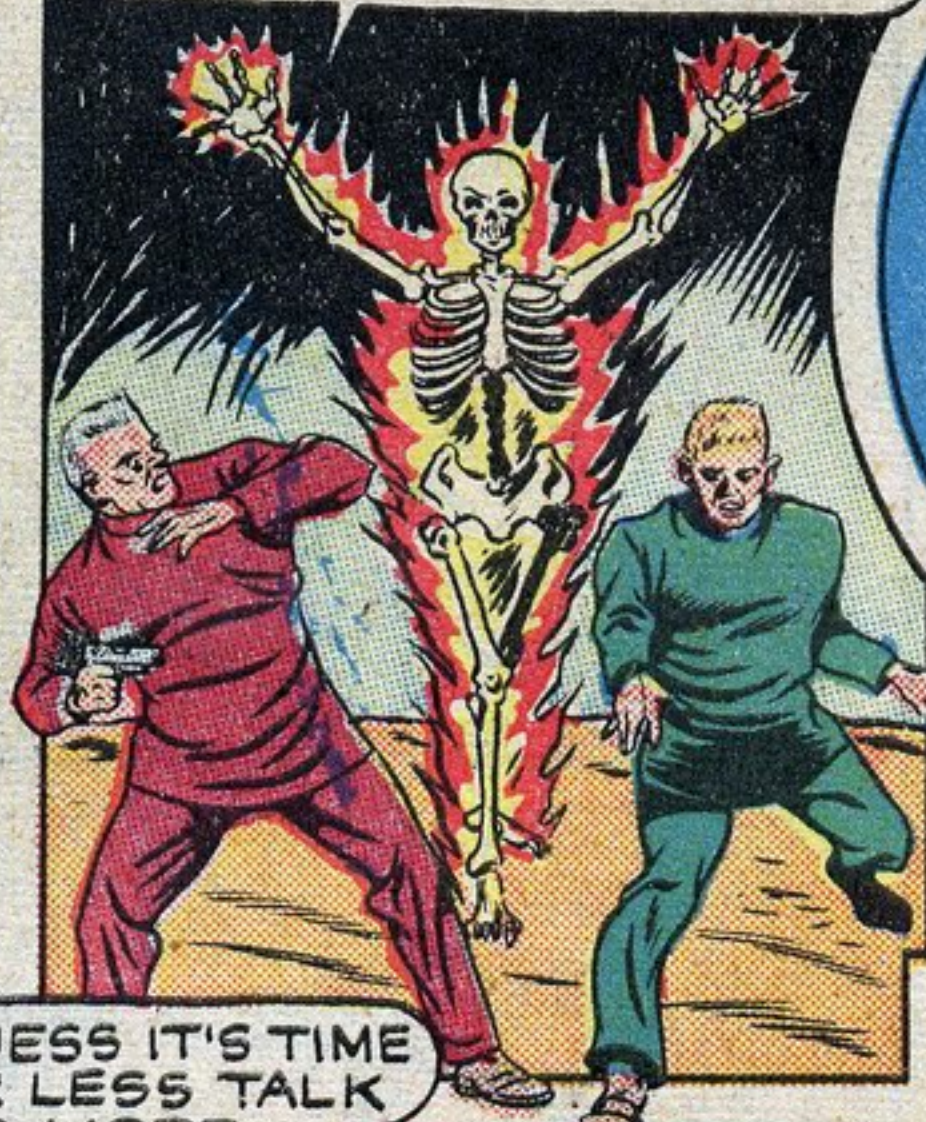
THERE'S YOUR ANSWER TO THAT COPPERS! GET WISE!! YOU CAN'T BLUFF US AND YOU CAN'T GET US OUT OF HERE!

HE-HE GOT ME!



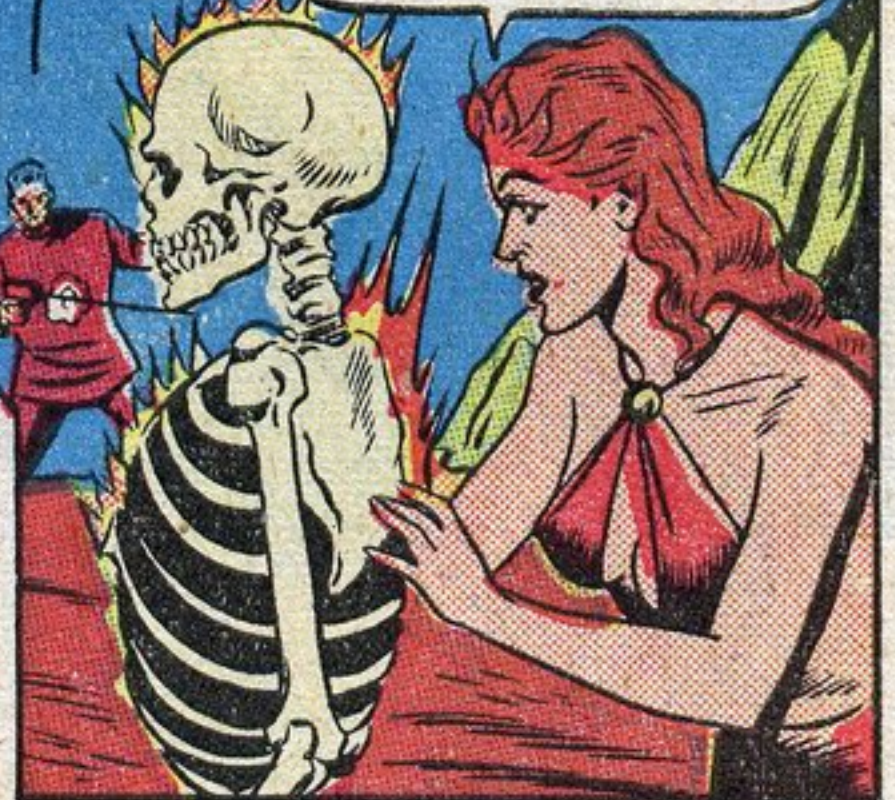
BUT SUDDENLY, THE CONVICTS ARE CONFRONTED WITH A TERRIFYING SIGHT.

A FLAMING SKELETON! IT'S COMING AFTER ME!



I'LL EMPTY MY GUN AT IT! IT CAN'T BE REAL!

I AM THE FIERY GHOST OF CADAVER CAVE, ROCKY LLOYD.. SURRENDER TO THE LAW AND LET THESE INNOCENT PEOPLE FREE AT ONCE!



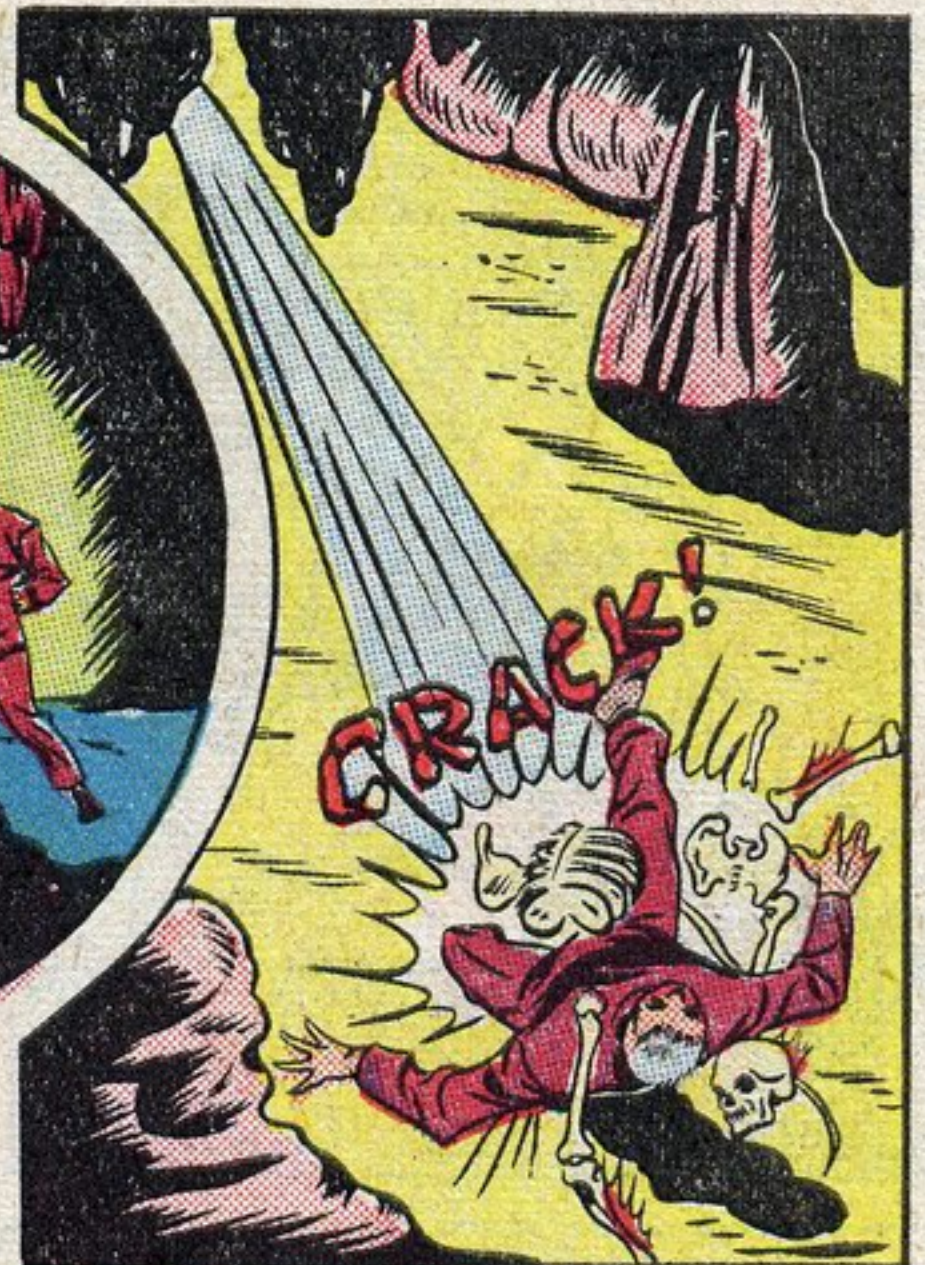
SURRENDER NOTHING! GET OUT OF HERE OR I'LL KILL THESE PEOPLE RIGHT IN FRONT OF YOU!



I GUESS IT'S TIME FOR LESS TALK AND MORE ACTION!



CRACK!



FIRST I'LL DISARM YOU ALL!

SHE'S EXPLODING THE BULLETS!..

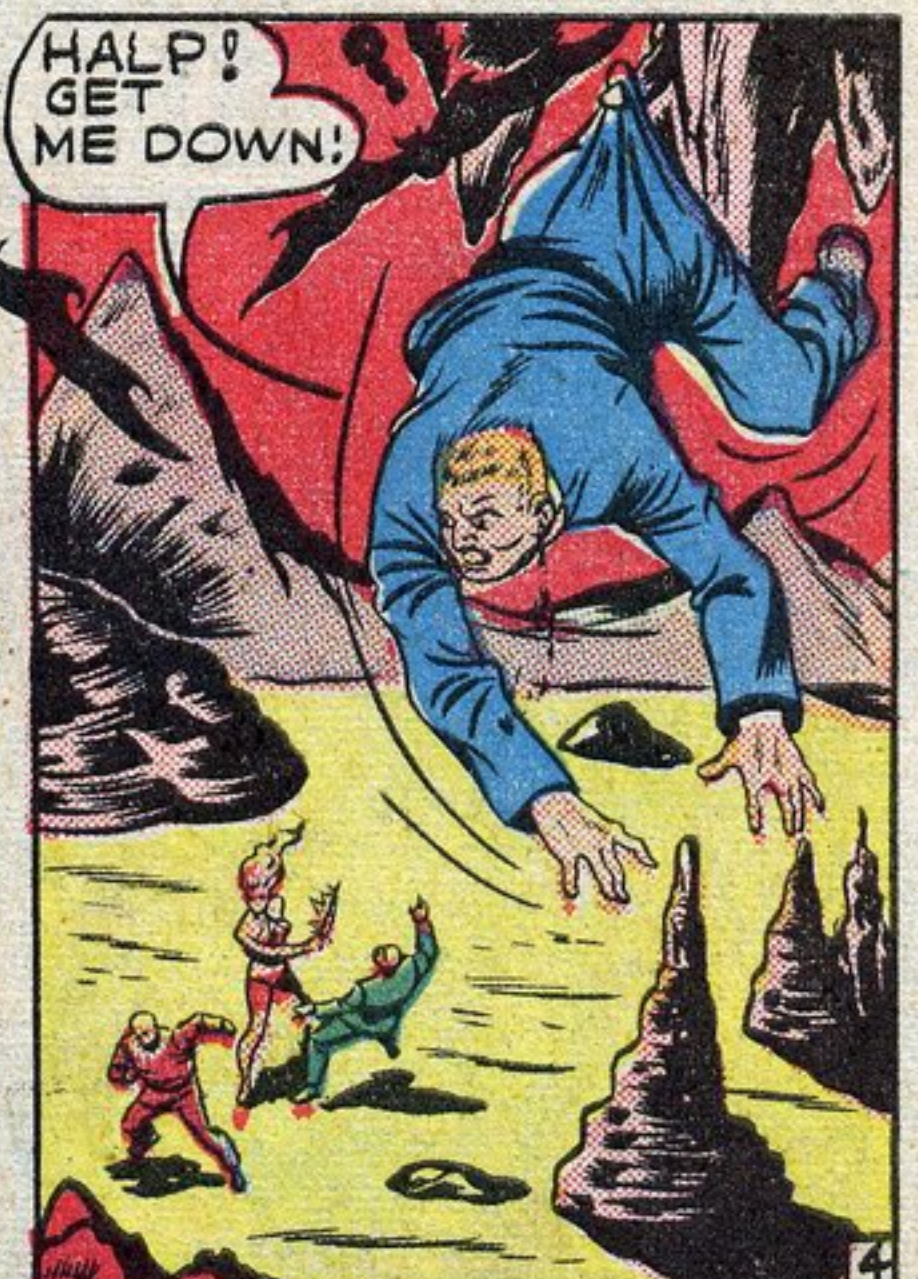
..IN THE GUNS..

WITH THAT TORCH!

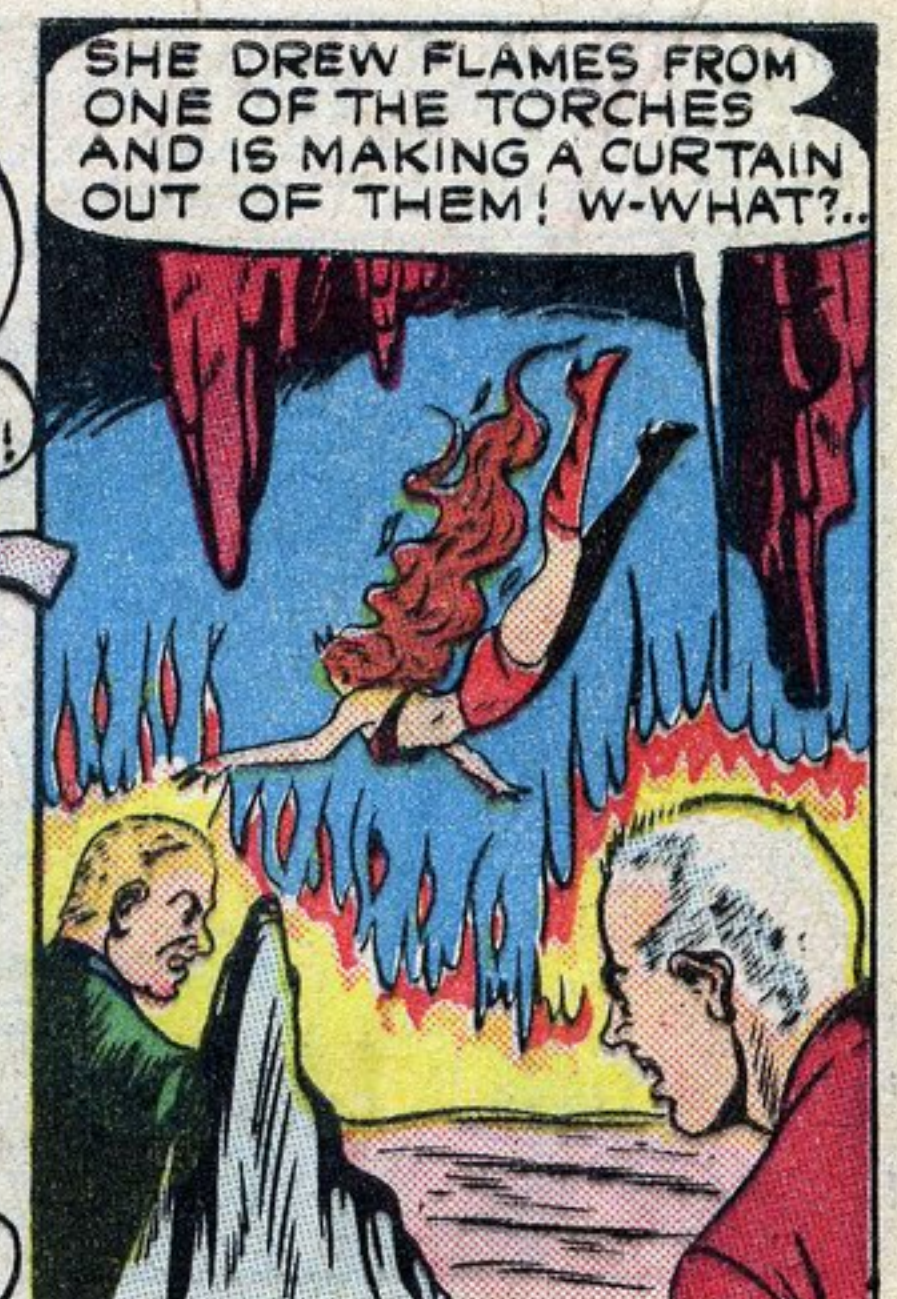
HIT THE ROOF, YOU GOOF!



HALP! GET ME DOWN!









# The JESTER

By PAUL GUSTAVSON



CHUCK LANE, ROOKIE, AS THE JESTER METES OUT JUST PUNISHMENT TO ALL CRIMINALS... BUT CHUCK'S DUAL PERSONALITY IS NEVER SUSPECTED BY HIS FELLOW POLICEMEN....

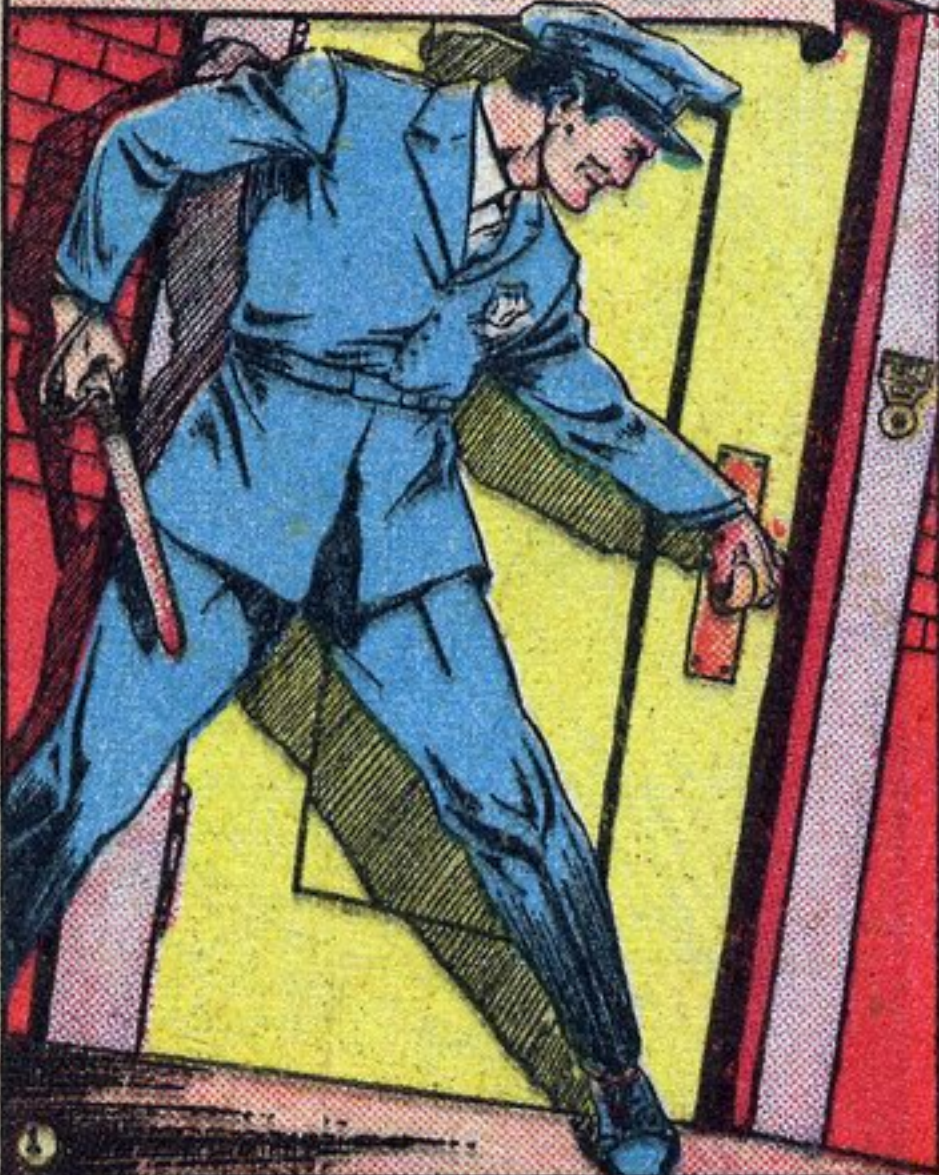
ONE NIGHT WHILE ON HIS BEAT, CHUCK LANE SEES SOMETHING THAT MEANS ACTION...



CHUCK LANE, DO YOUR DUTY.. SOMEONE'S TRYING TO PULL A HOLD-UP JOB IN THERE!!



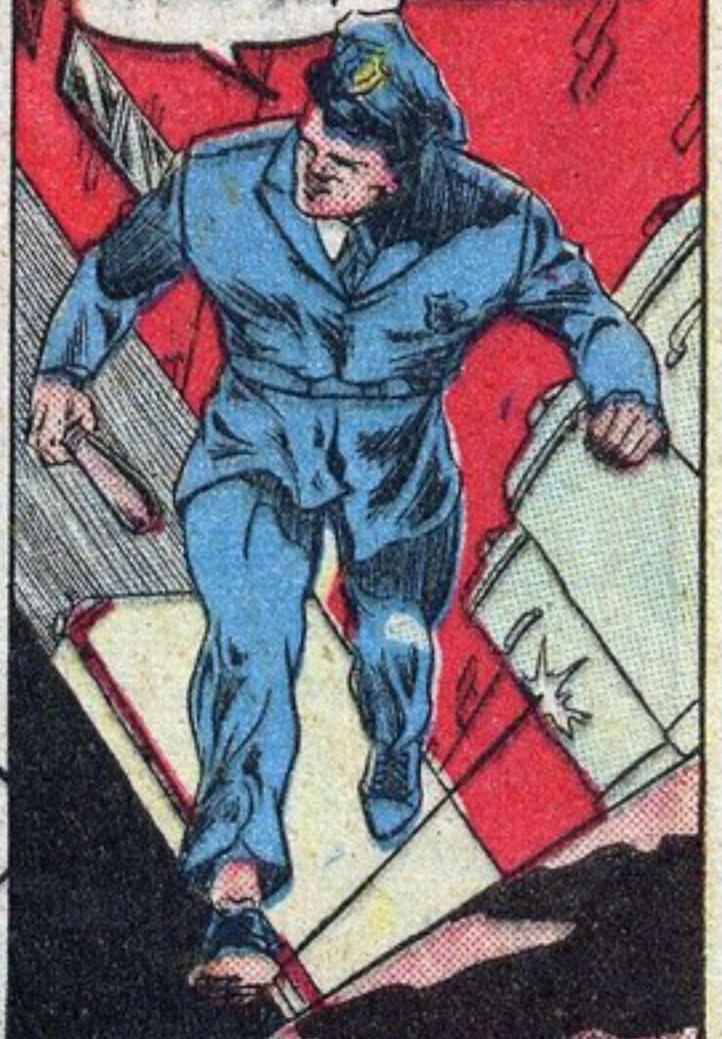
SLOWLY, CHUCK LANE OPENS THE DOOR TO THE GARAGE..



AND



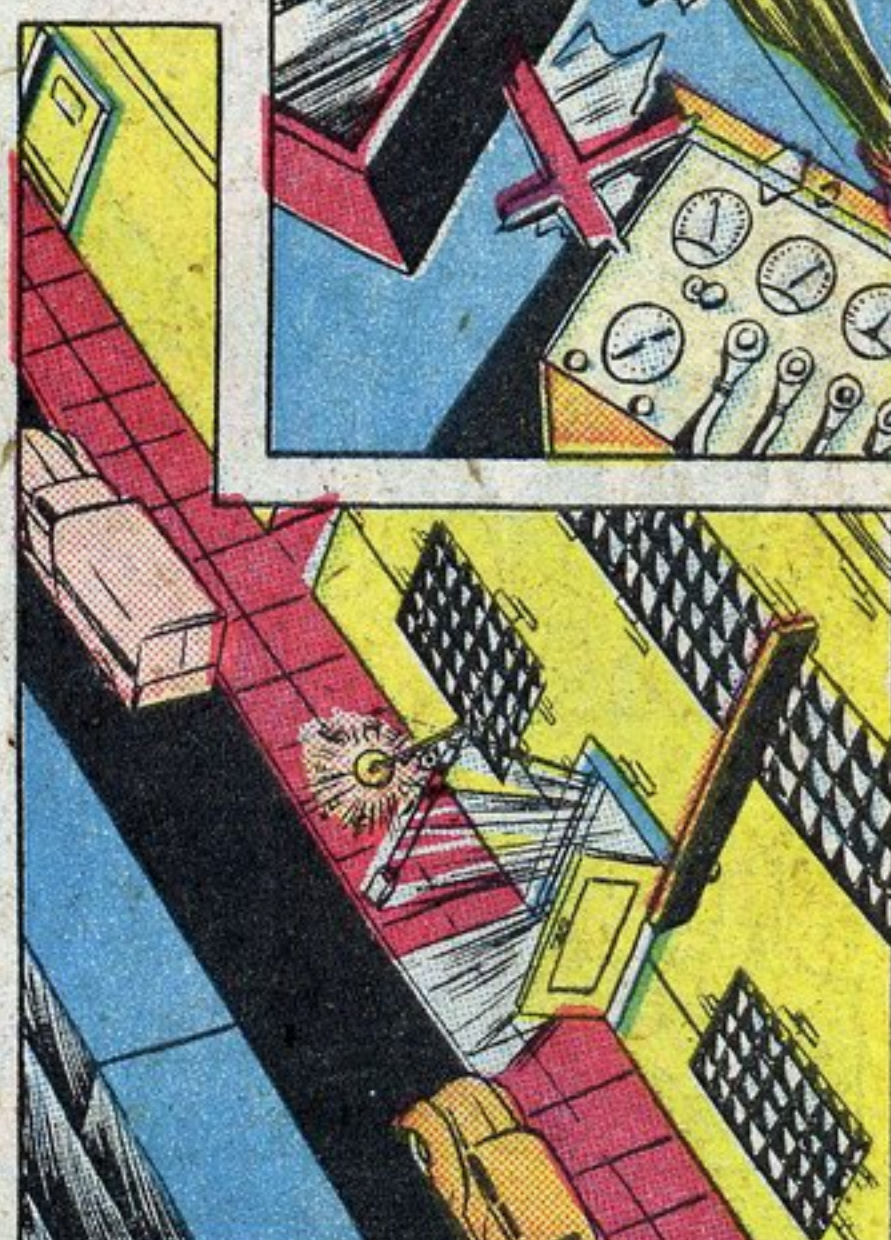
OH-OH.. THEY'RE AFTER ME.. I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST AND TRY A LITTLE SURPRISE ON THESE YEGGS!



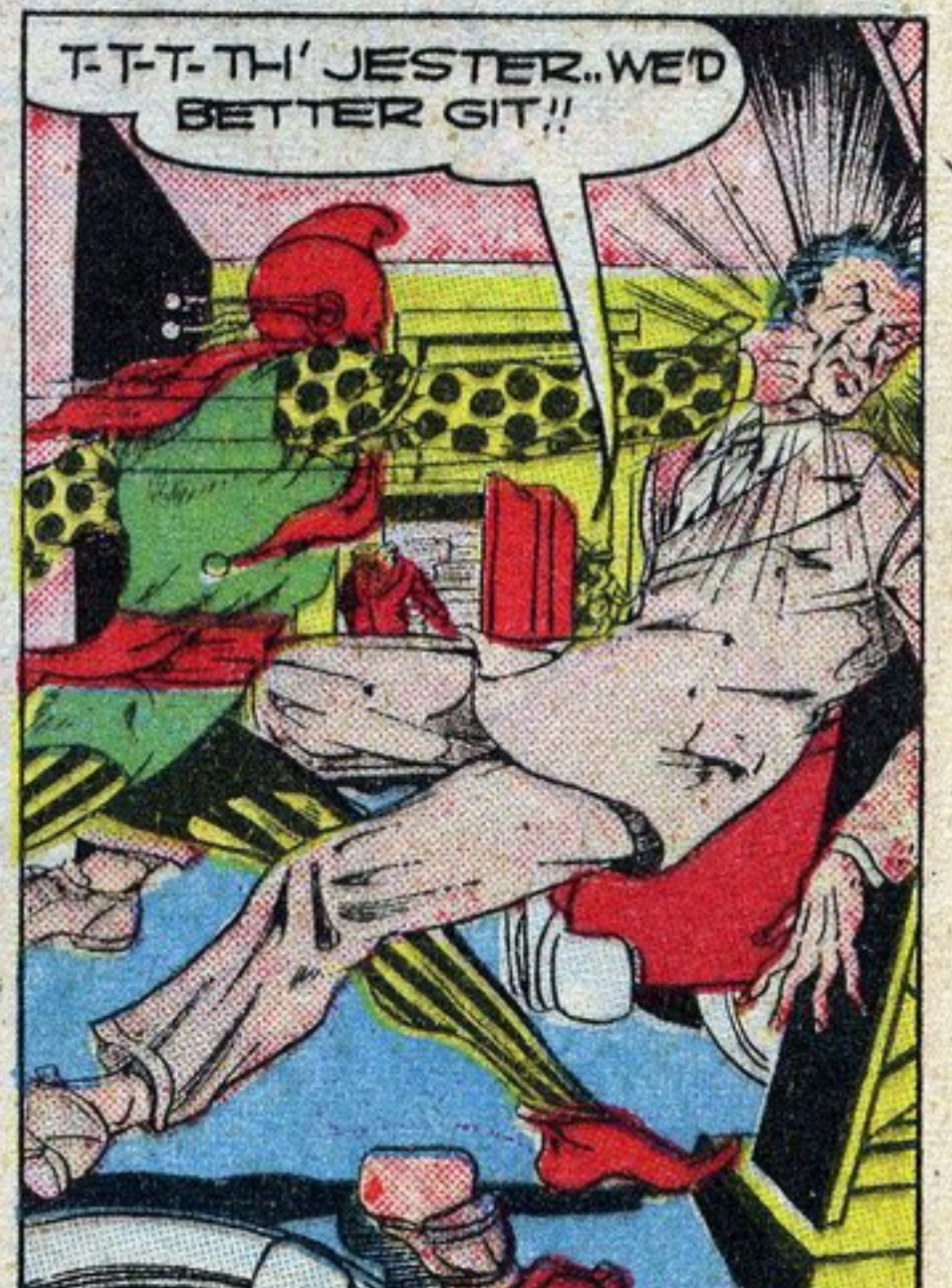
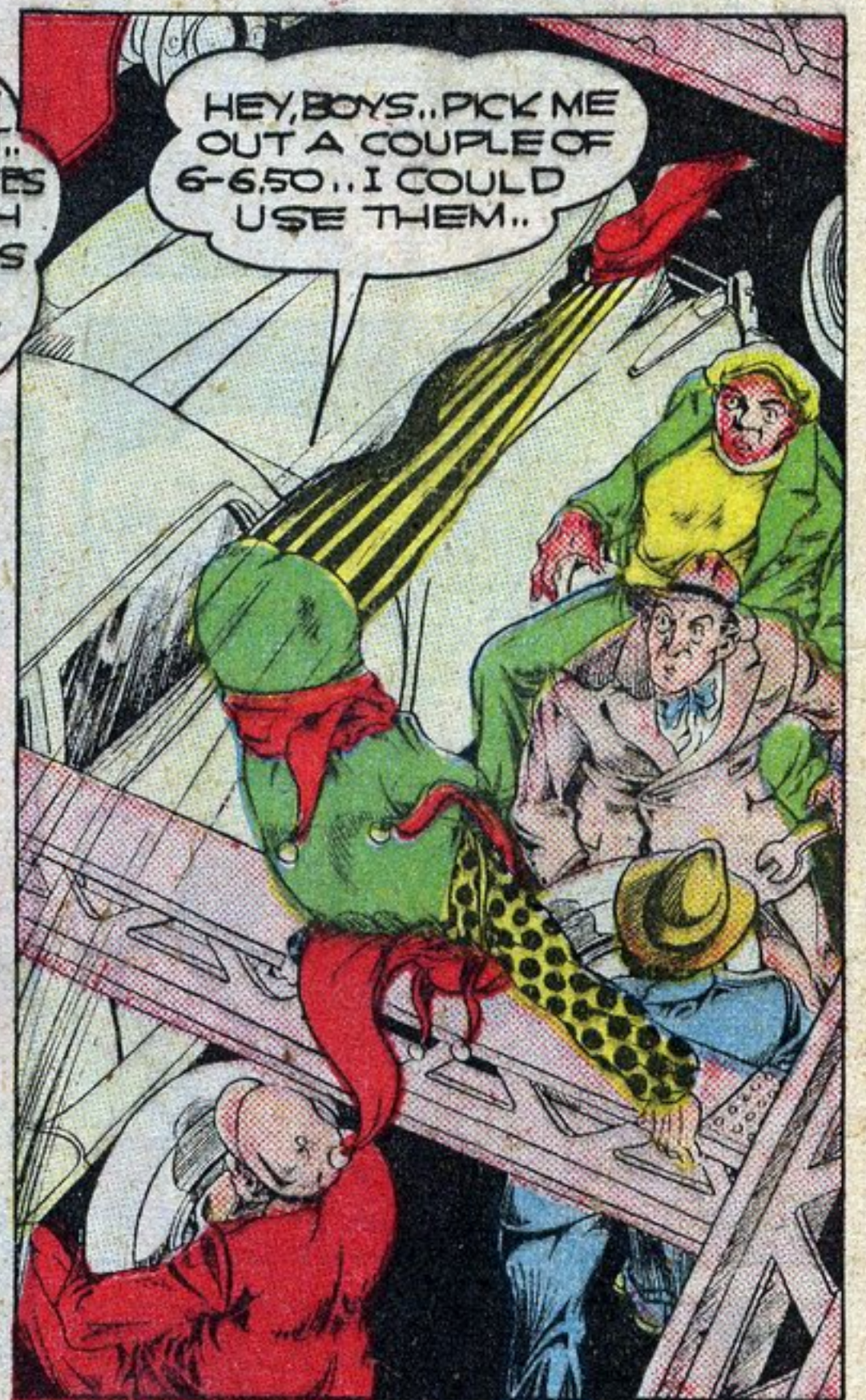
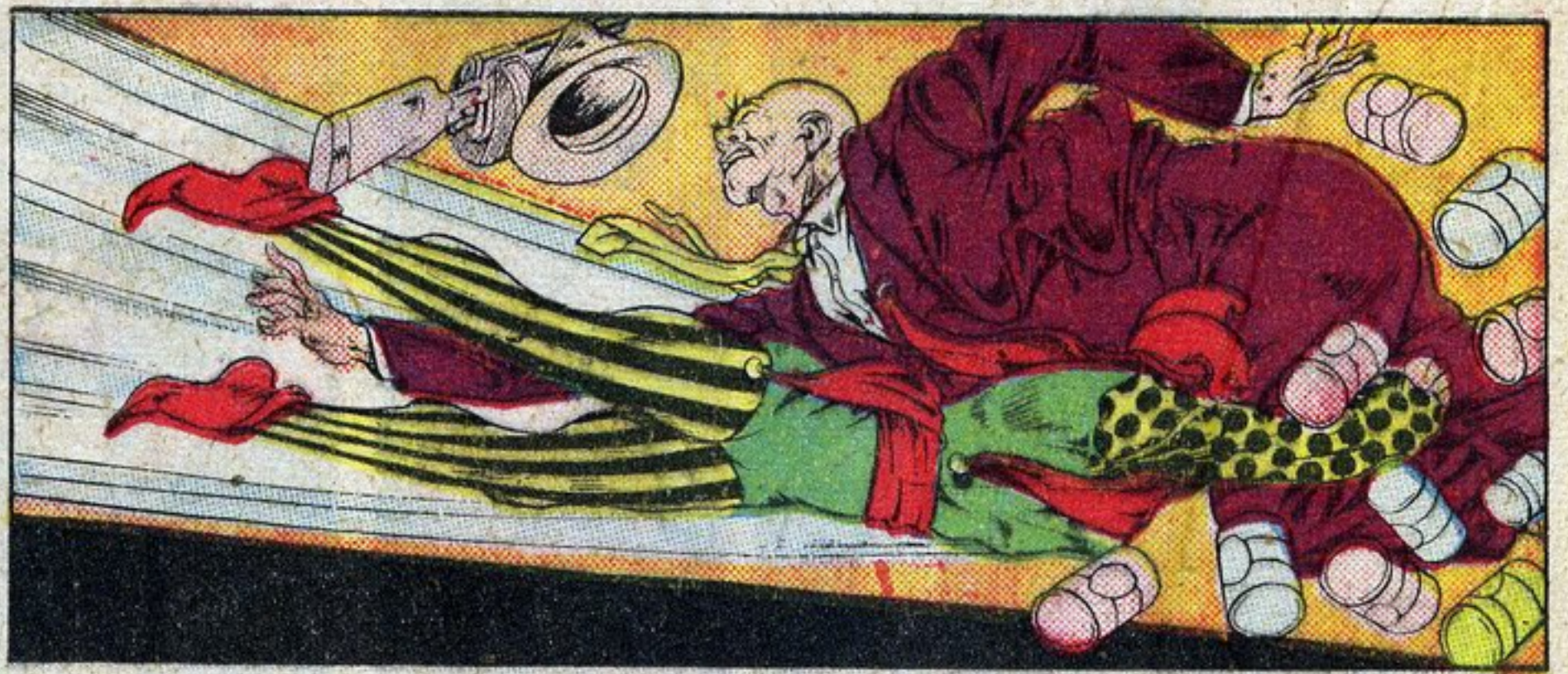






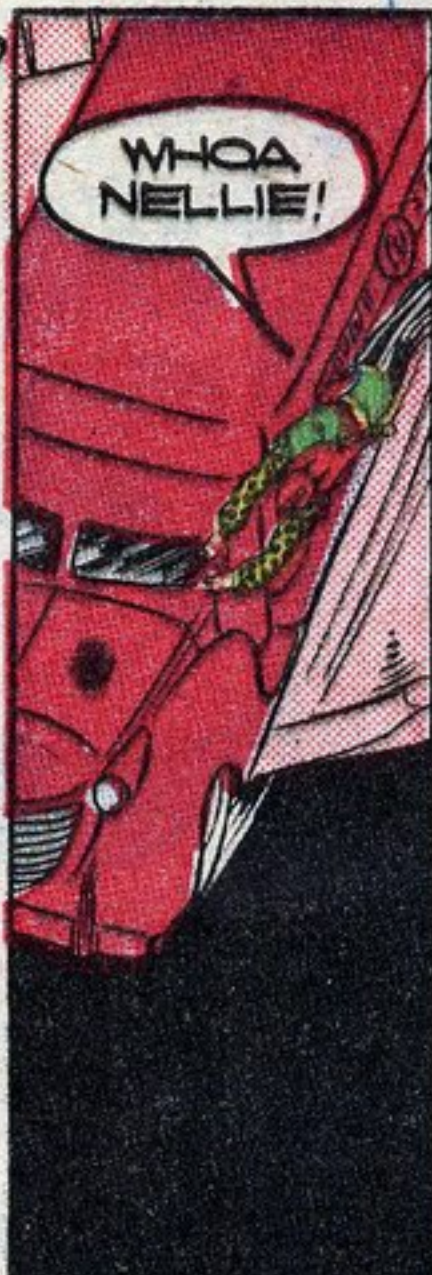
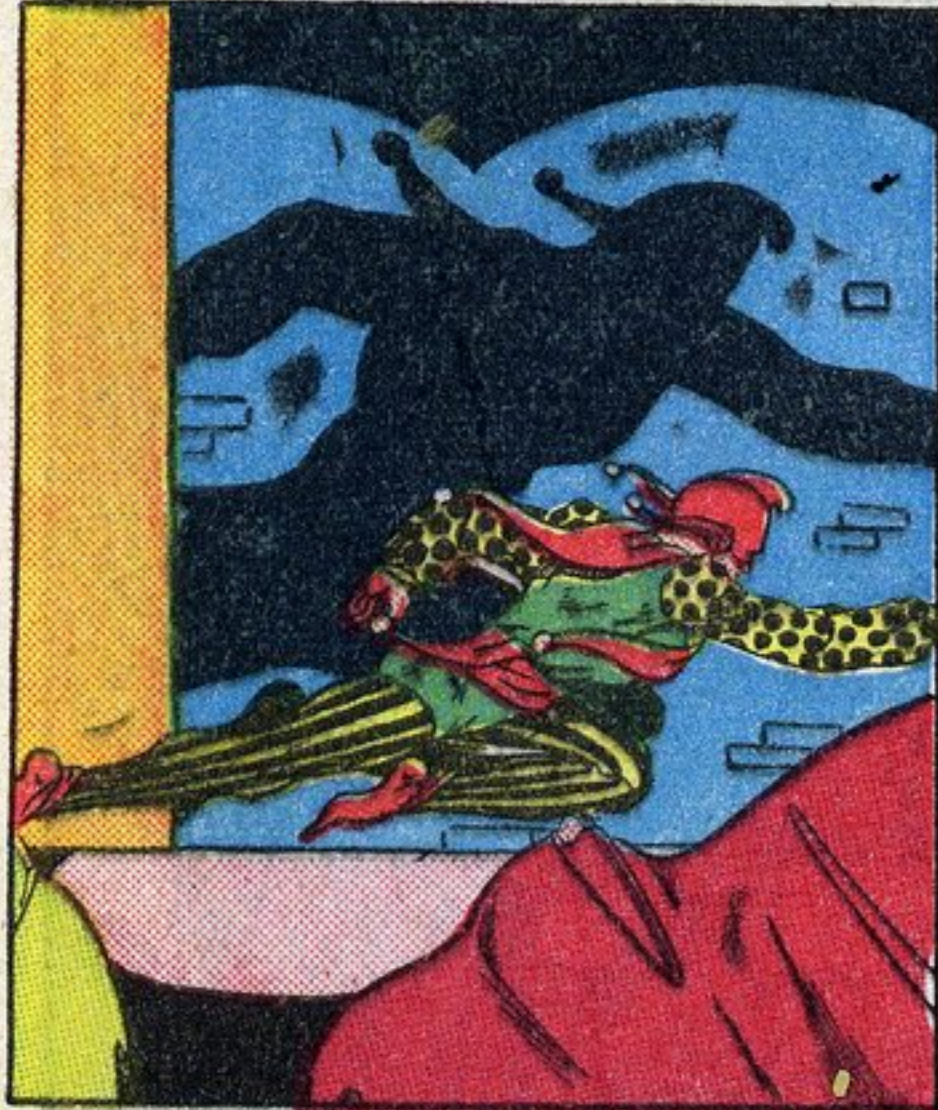








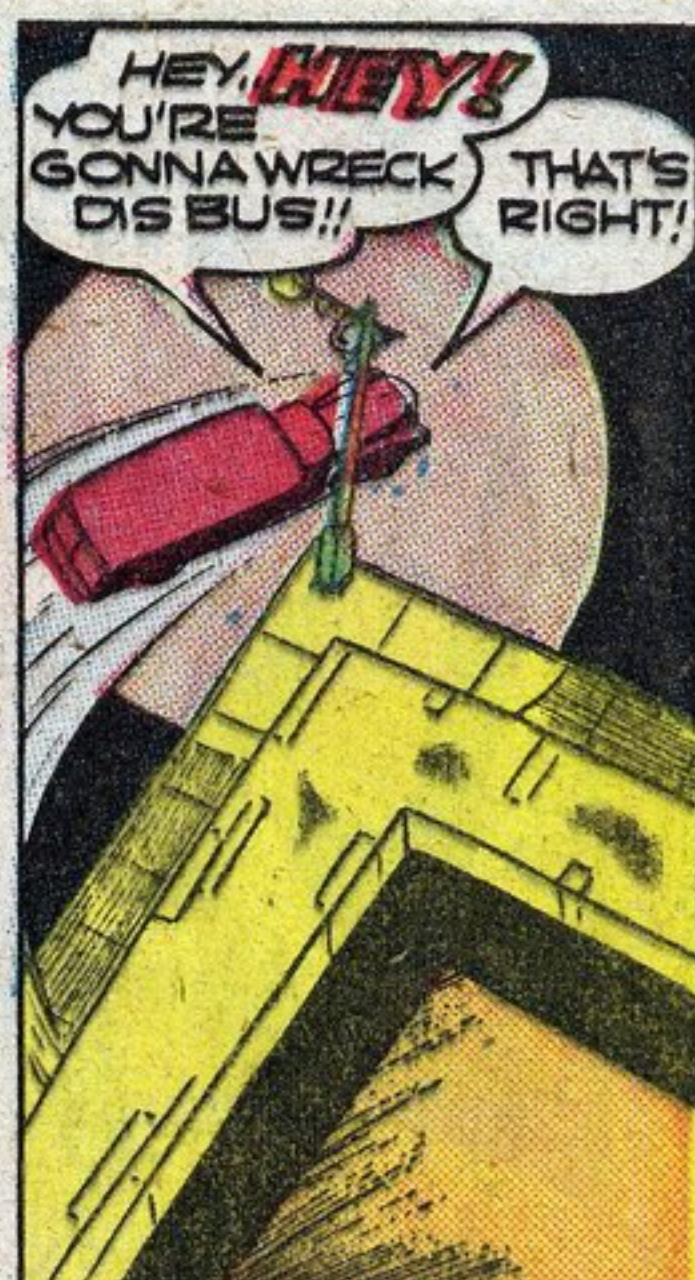
SEEING THE MOVING VAN, LOADED WITH STOLEN TIRES START OUT, THE JESTER FOLLOWS..



WHOA NELLIE!

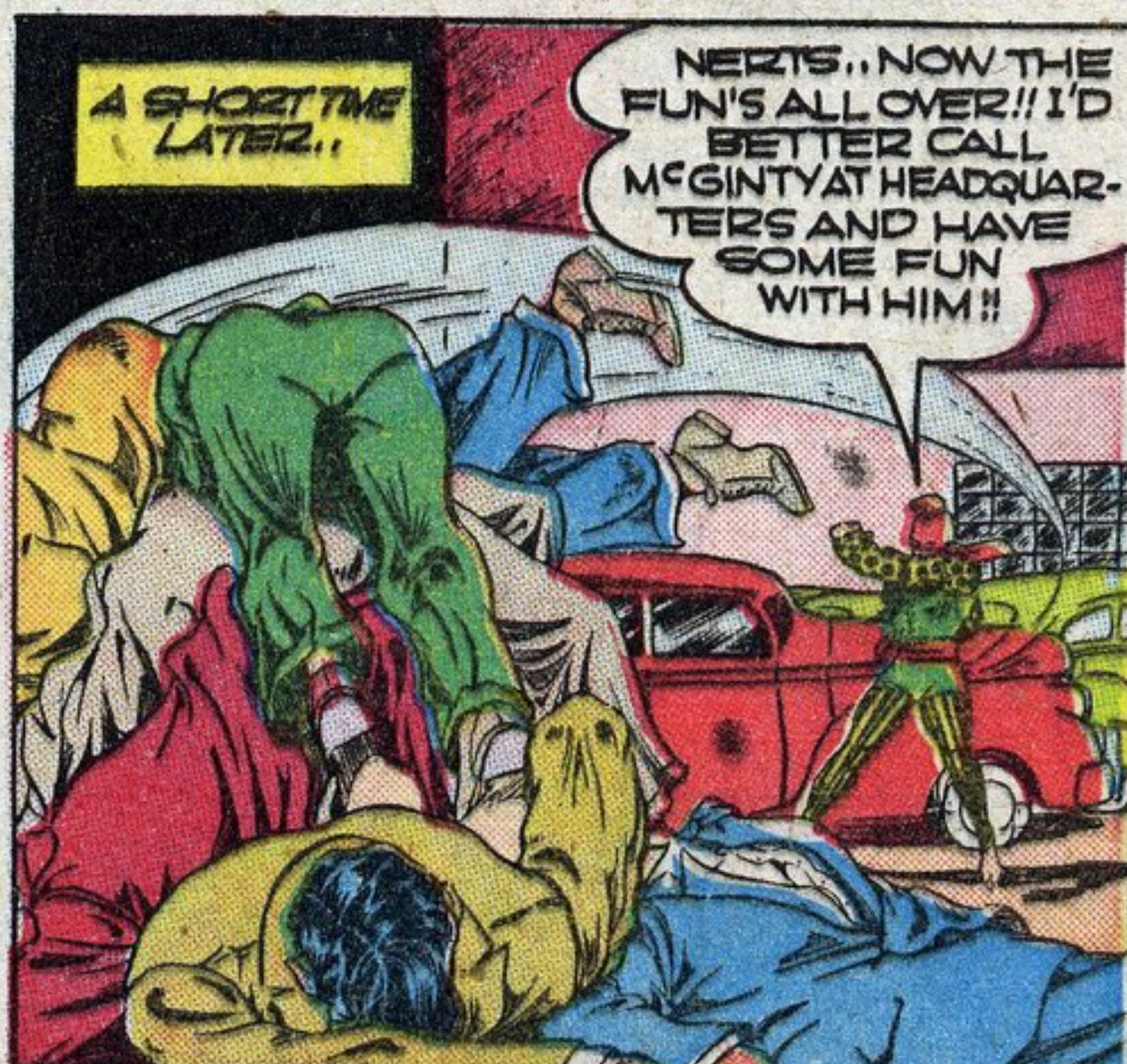
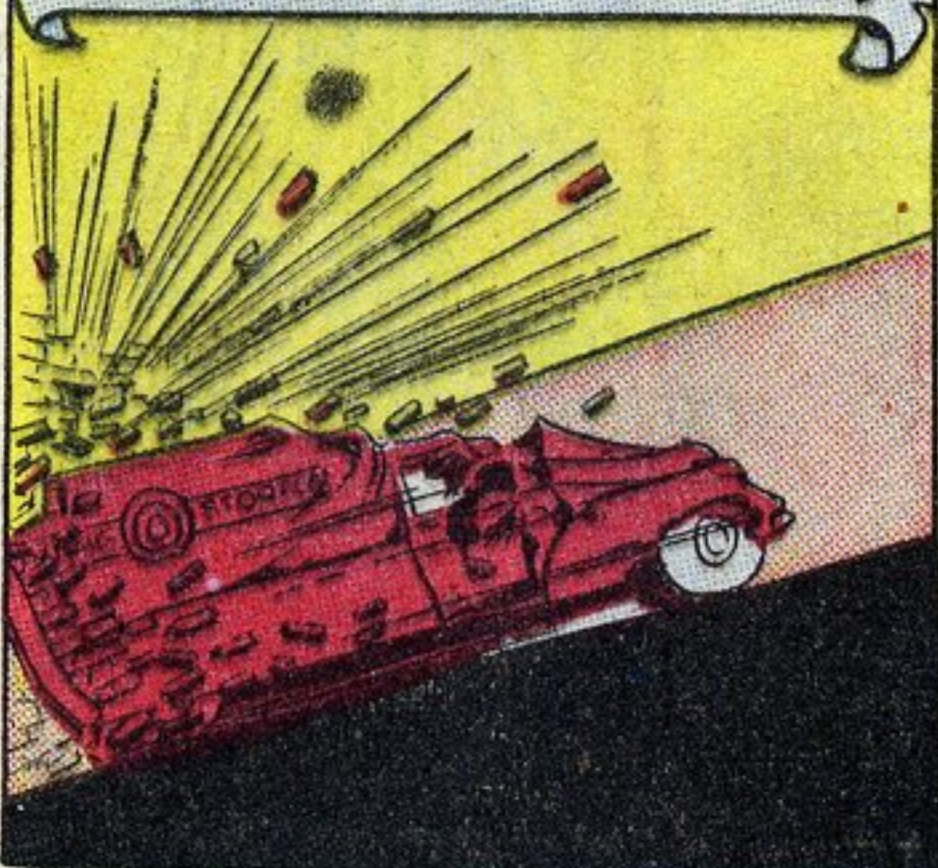


SHOVE OVER, BOYS.. I'M TAKING THE WHEEL!!



HEY, HEY! YOU'RE GONNA WRECK DIS BUS!! THAT'S RIGHT!

ZINGO.. AROUND THE CORNER THE MOVING VAN STREAKS, AND INTO THE GARAGE AGAIN (WITH APOLOGIES TO THE OWNER)..



A SHORT TIME LATER..

NERZTS.. NOW THE FUN'S ALL OVER!! I'D BETTER CALL MCGINTY AT HEADQUARTERS AND HAVE SOME FUN WITH HIM!!

AFTER THE POLICE ROUND-UP MCGINTY FINDS CHUCK LANE IN THE ALLEY BEHIND THE GARAGE..



SO HERE YOU.. WHAT IN SAM-HILL ARE YOU UP TO???

SHHHHH.. THERE'S A GANG OF CROOKS HOLDING UP THE GARAGE IN THERE.. I'M GOING TO DIG UNDER, COME UP THROUGH THE FLOOR, AND TAKE THEM BY SURPRISE..



!GULP! WHEW,.. OH... ER.. N-NEVER MIND LANE, I... ER.. CAPTURED 'EM MYSELF,.. ER.. YOUR IDEA WAS A GOOD ONE... KEEP IT UP AND YOU'LL BE A DETECTIVE LIKE ME SOME DAY..

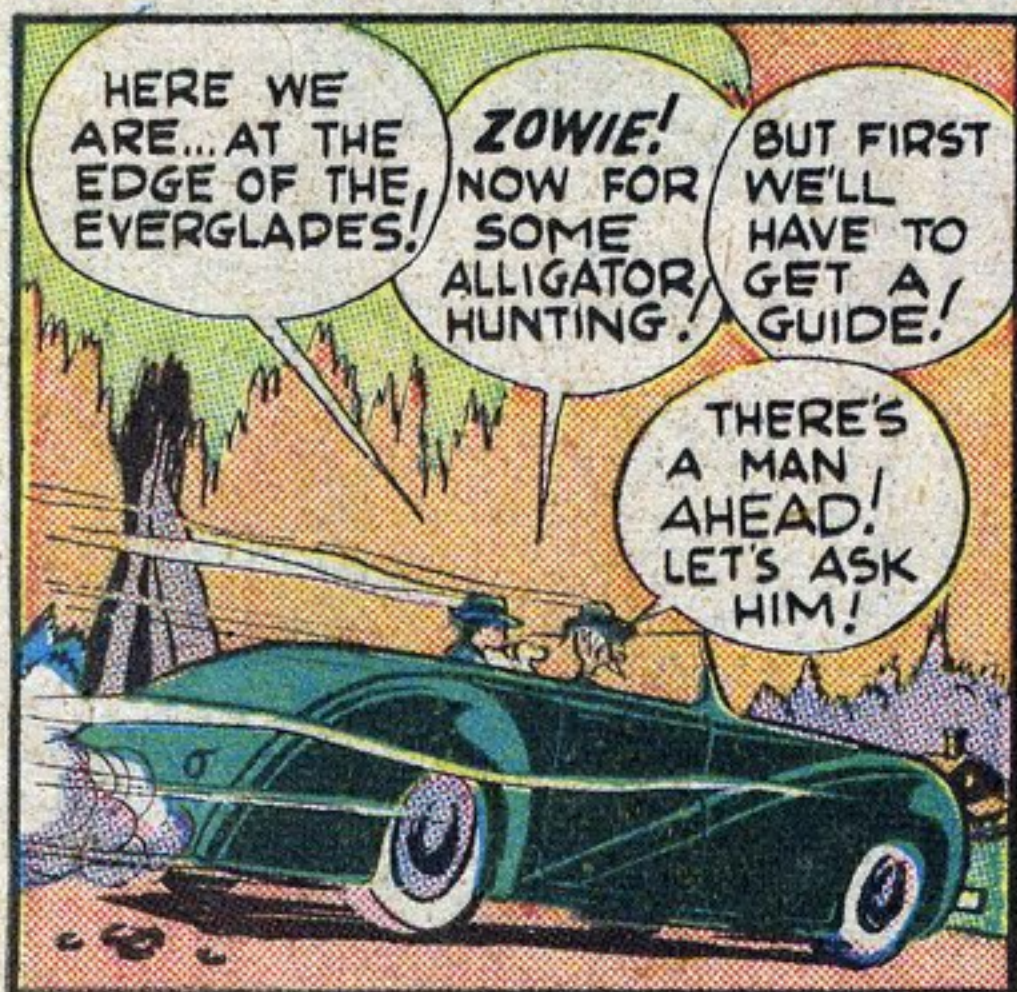


SAY.. WAS HE KIDDING.. OR IS HE REALLY THAT DUMB???

IS HE THAT DUMB ???

Watch for the next episode of The Jester.







PUZZLED, THEY INQUIRE FURTHER:

ANY OF YOU GENTLEMEN LIKE TO HIRE OUT AS A SWAMP GUIDE?

???

THEM TOO??

WHAT'S WRONG WITH US? - B.O. OR HALITOSIS?

AT THE MERE MENTION OF THE SWAMPS, THEY RUN LIKE RABBITS!

THE NEXT TIME, WE'LL GRAB FIRST, AND ASK LATER!!

THERE'S A SPECIMEN ON TH' DOCK!

HOW'D YOU LIKE TO EARN TWENTY BUCKS A DAY AS OUR GUIDE IN THE EVERGLADES, NEIGHBOR?

HUH?? WHUZZAT? ULP!!

LEGGO ME!!

NOT UNTIL YOU TELL US WHY EVERYONE RUNS WHEN WE ASK FOR A GUIDE.

TH' SWAMPS IS HAUNTED! NO ONE HEZ EVER WENT IN AND COME OUT ALIVE! YUH COULDN'T GET A GUIDE 'ROUND HYAR FER A MILLION!

FOLKS IS MIGHTY LEARY O' MAKIN' TALK WITH FUTURE CORPSES - WHICH IS WHAT YOU ARE, IF YUH GO INTO THUH SWAMPS!

GUESS WE GO ALONE, THEN - IS YOUR BOAT FOR RENT?

YUH'LL BUY IT, SON, 'CAUSE YUH WONT RETURN. HOWEVER, I'LL TOSS OLE FIDO IN TH' BARGIN - HE KIN FIND HIS WAY BACK FROM ENNYWHERE! NOT THAT YOU'LL BE COMIN' BACK - JEST WANNA GIVE YUH A FIGHTIN' CHANC'T

CHANGING DUDS, THEY SET OUT:

GOLLY, D'YA THINK THERE'S ANY TRUTH IN WHAT THE OLD DUCK SAID?

SHEER!! FANCY!! HE'S A VICTIM OF HIS OWN IMAGINATION!

WE'RE SAFER HERE THAN IN TIMES SQUARE!!

BUT ARE THEY SAFE??

YOW! THERE'S A 'GATOR!

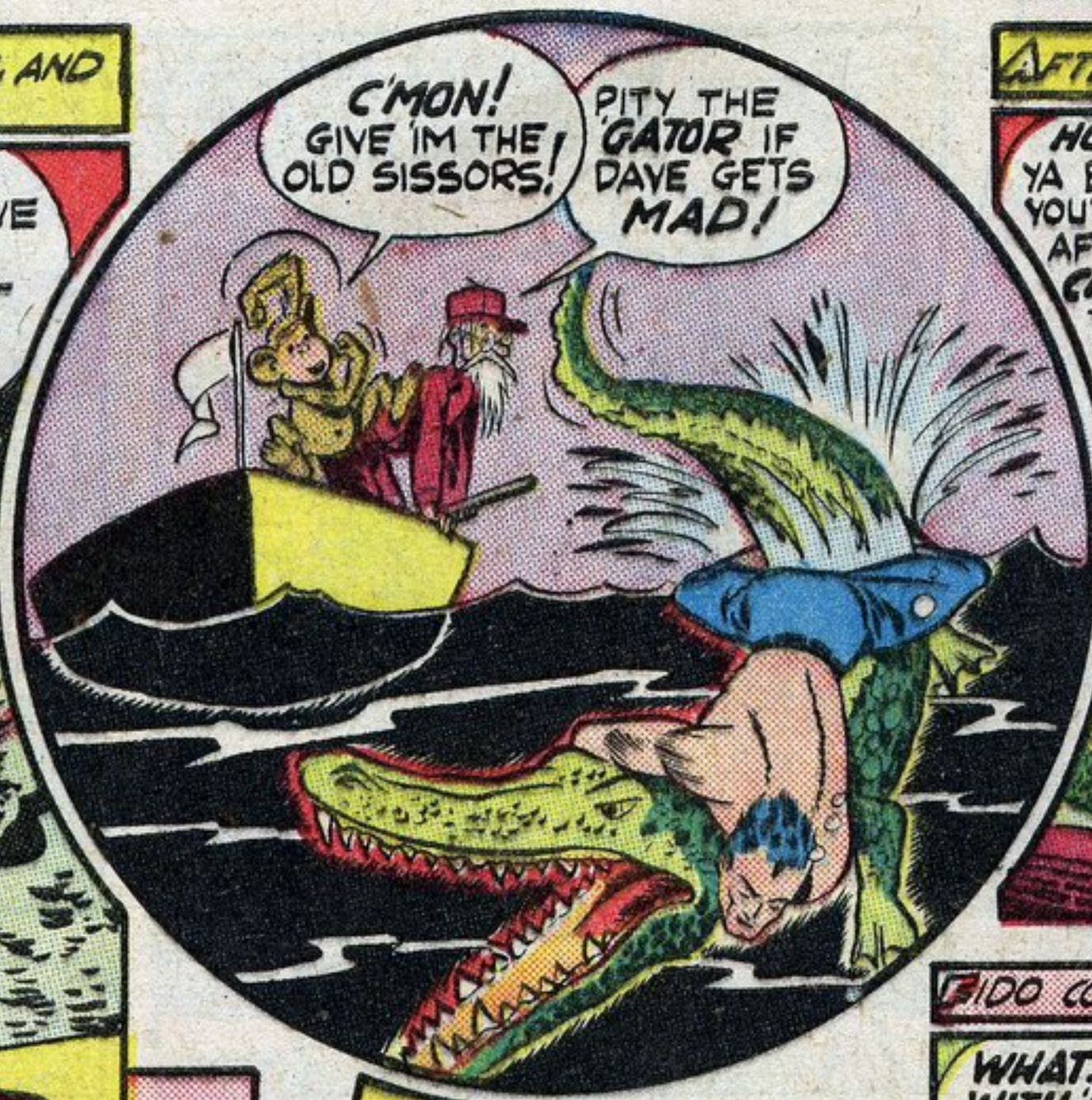
SEVERAL HOURS LATER, BIG GAME IS SIGHTED!!!

STOP TH' BOAT! HERE'S WHERE THE FUN BEGINS!

WHATTA TAIL!!



DAVE STRIPS TO HIS WAIST, AND DIVES AT THE REPTILE!



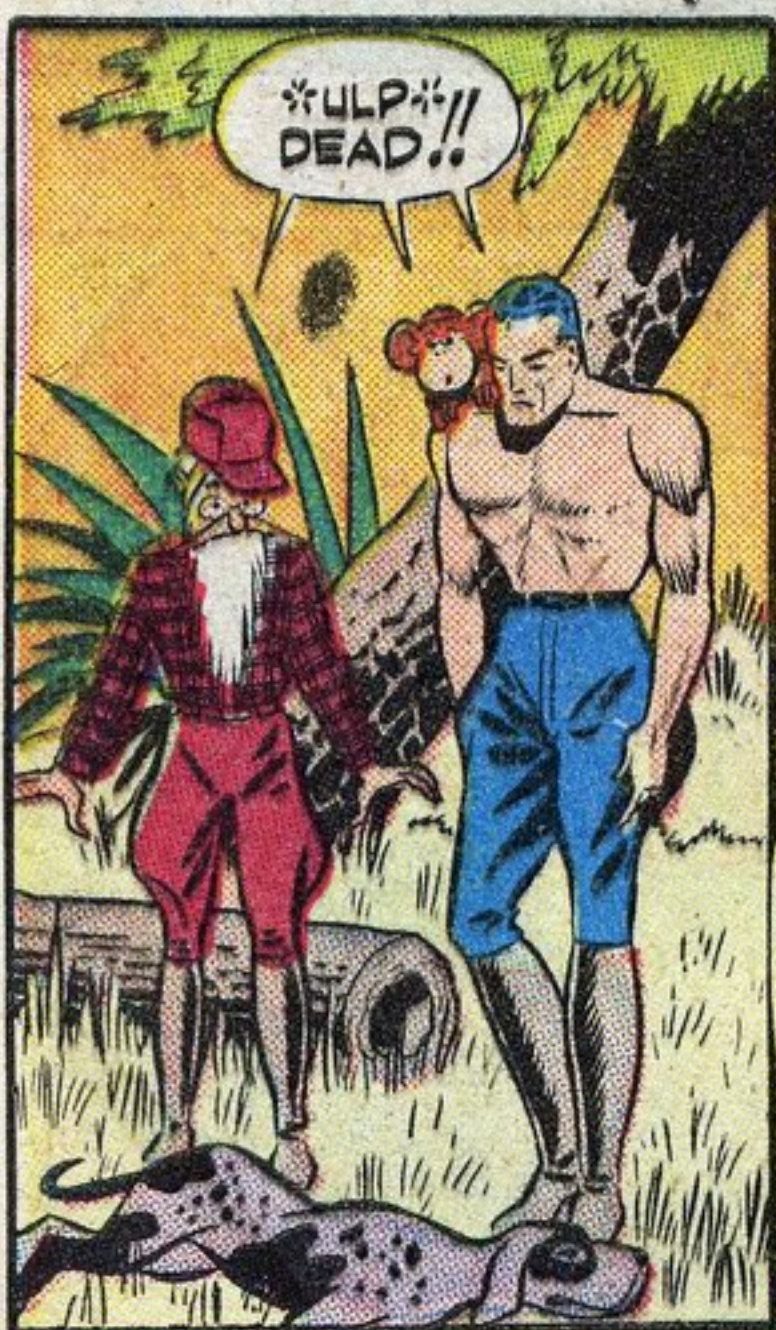
AFTER A HALF-HOUR OF BATTLE,



FIDO CONVULSES ABOUT, MADLY!!



SUDDENLY...



THIS IS NO ACCIDENT!! THAT HAWK HAD LEATHER STRAPS KNOWN AS JESSES ATTACHED TO HIS FEET! — WHICH MEANS HE'S A TRAINED FALCON!! PROBABLY HAD POISON-TIPPED CLAWS!!





DAVE CALLS IN VAIN....

DOC!  
HEY!  
DOC!  
DOC!

WHERE ARE YOU?

I DON'T LIKE IT! - NOT ONE BIT!! HE'S IN TROUBLE!!! WE JUS' GOTTA FIND 'IM!!

NOT FAR AWAY, DOC STRUGGLES WITH

CAN'T YELL, SO I'LL TURN ON THE WRIST RADIO AND HOPE THEY TUNE IN!!

UG!  
THUD!

THE WHITE QUEEN SPEAKS!

SILENCE!!

THEN BLACKNESS.....

HOURS LATER, HE REVIVES.....

W-WHERE AM I??

GOOD GRIEF!!  
I'M IN AFRICA!

LITTLE DOES DOC KNOW HOW SOON HIS WISHES ARE TO BE FULFILLED!

THE WHITE DOG HAS TRESPASSED ON SACRED GROUND! MAY HE BE SACRIFICED TO THE GOD OF PLENTY, AS HAVE ALL WHITE SWINE BEFORE HIM!

AT THE QUEEN'S COMMAND THE TRIBESMEN DANCE ABOUT DOC, IN THE DEATH RITUAL.

IF-IF ONLY MIDNIGHT WERE HERE.

AN AFRICAN VILLAGE IN THE HEART OF FLORIDA! IT'S FANTASTIC! STAND BY FOR YOUR CUE - I'M GOING IN!!

I'LL BE HERE WHEN YOU NEED ME.



JUST AS THE FIRST SPEAR IS POISED FOR DESTRUCTION.....

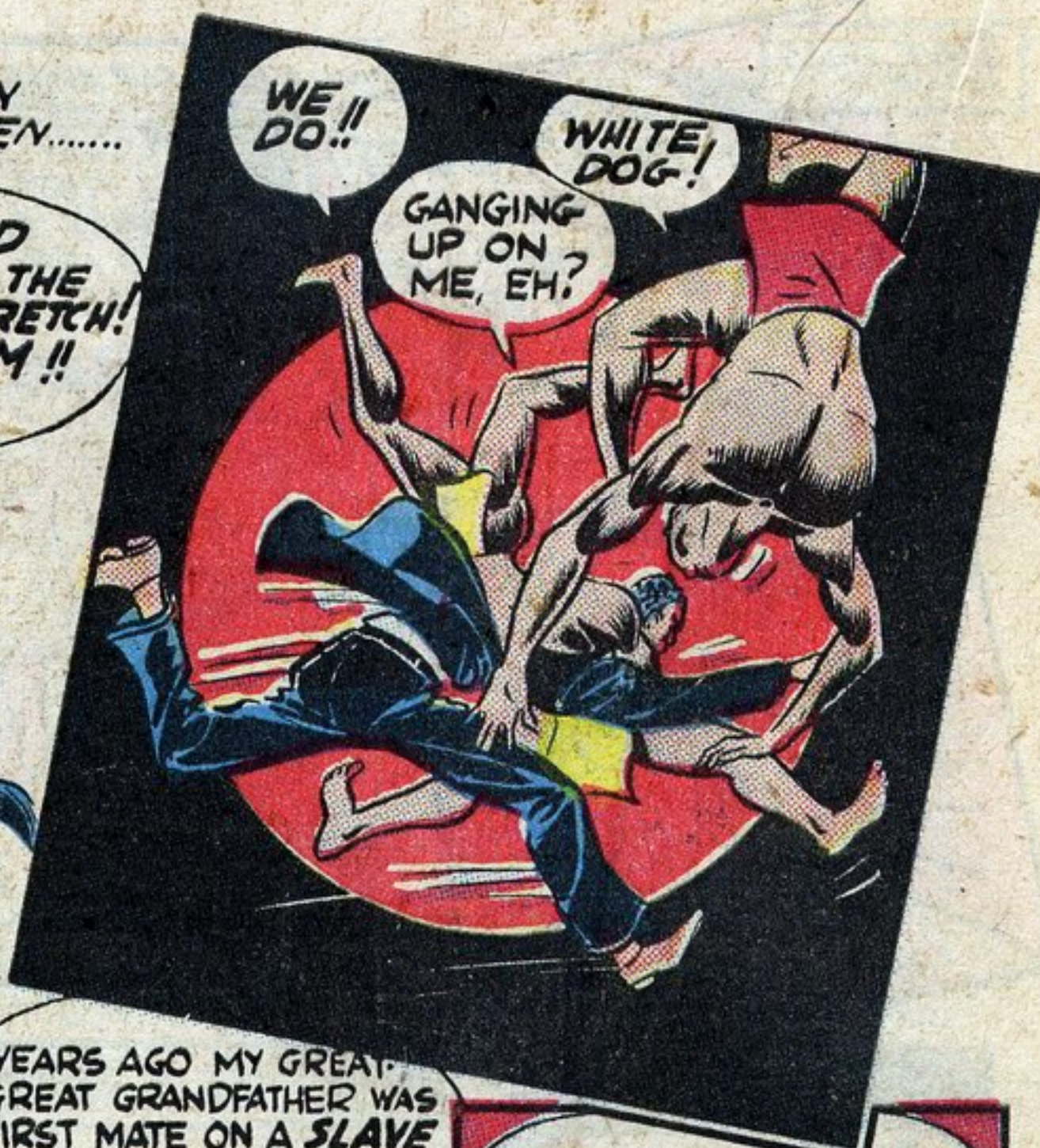


OLD FAITHFUL!!

HOWDY! GOT YOUR INVITATION BY RADIO!

THE ENRAGED QUEEN BELLOWS AT HER MEN.....

DON'T STAND THERE—SEIZE THE FOOLHARDY WRETCH! SUBDUE HIM!!



WE!! DO!!

WHITE DOG!

GANGING UP ON ME, EH?

STRENGTH OF NUMBERS OVERPOWERS MIDNIGHT!



HOW DARE YOU INTERRUPT THE SANCTITY OF THE SPEAR DANCE?

PARDON MY IGNORANCE, BUT WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT??

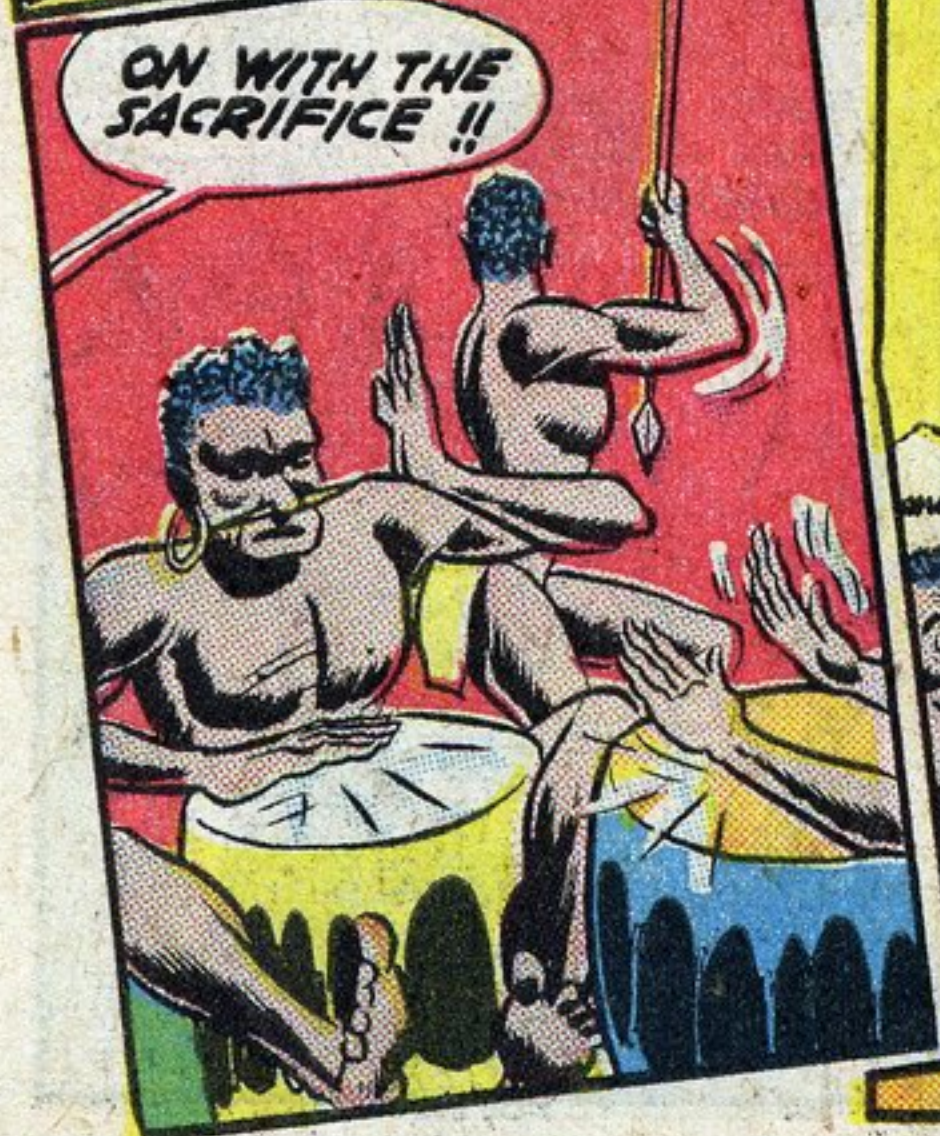
SINCE YOU ARE TO DIE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL KNOW WHY! LISTEN:—

YEARS AGO MY GREAT-GREAT GRANDFATHER WAS FIRST MATE ON A SLAVE SHIP BUT HE DETESTED SLAVERY, SO HE REVOLTED WITH SOME SLAVES AND LED THEM INTO THESE SWAMPS, WHERE THEY HAVE BEEN HIDING—EVER SINCE—

HERE, OUR FAMILY HAS LIVED WITH THE FUGITIVES THROUGH THE YEARS, AND HAS VOWED THAT NO ONE WILL EVER ENSLAVE THESE FOLKS! AND AS THE LAST SURVIVING MEMBER OF OUR FAMILY I INTEND TO KEEP THAT VOW!!



SO SAYING, THE DANCE RESUMES:



ON WITH THE SACRIFICE!!



WAIT!!

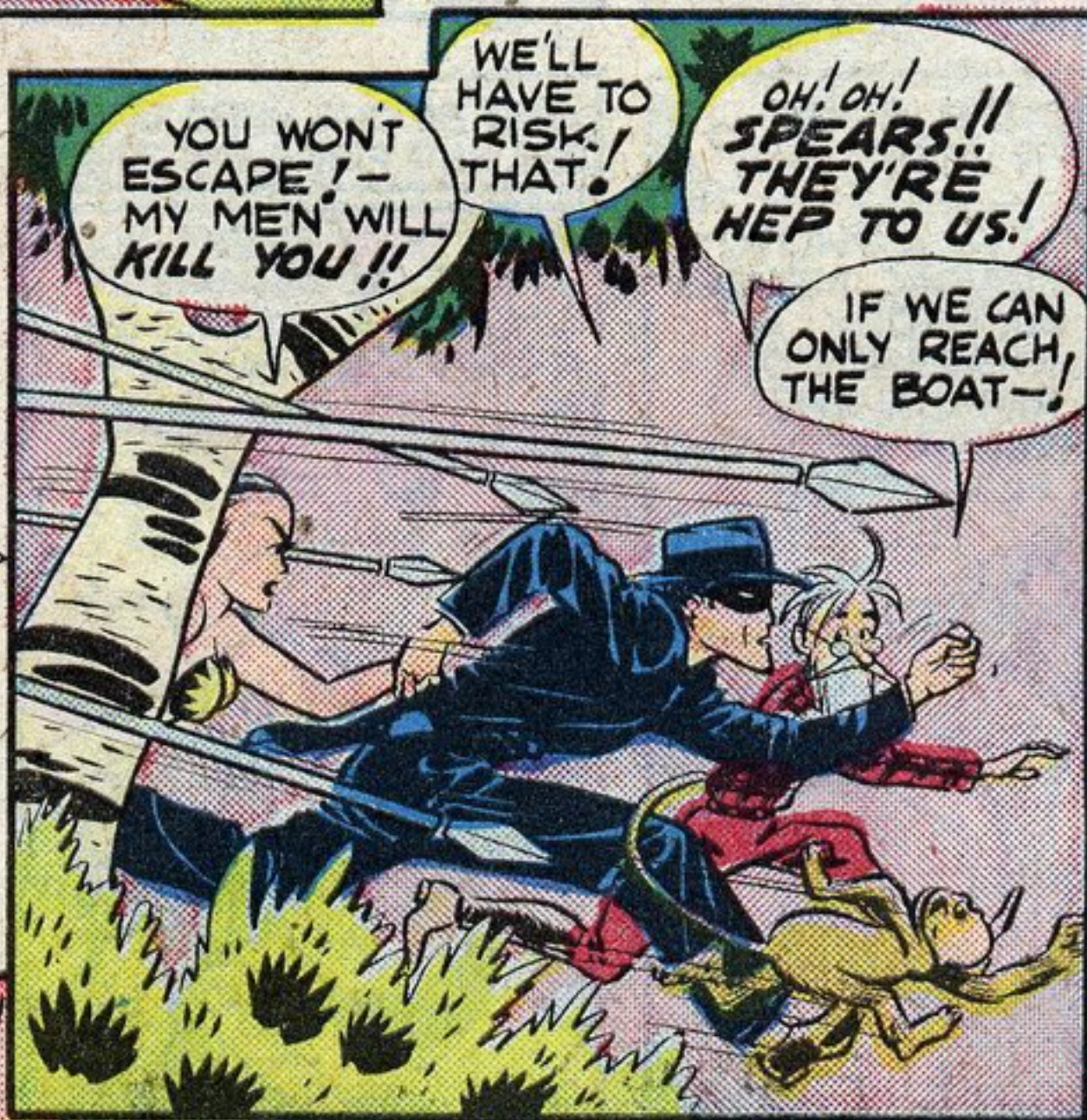
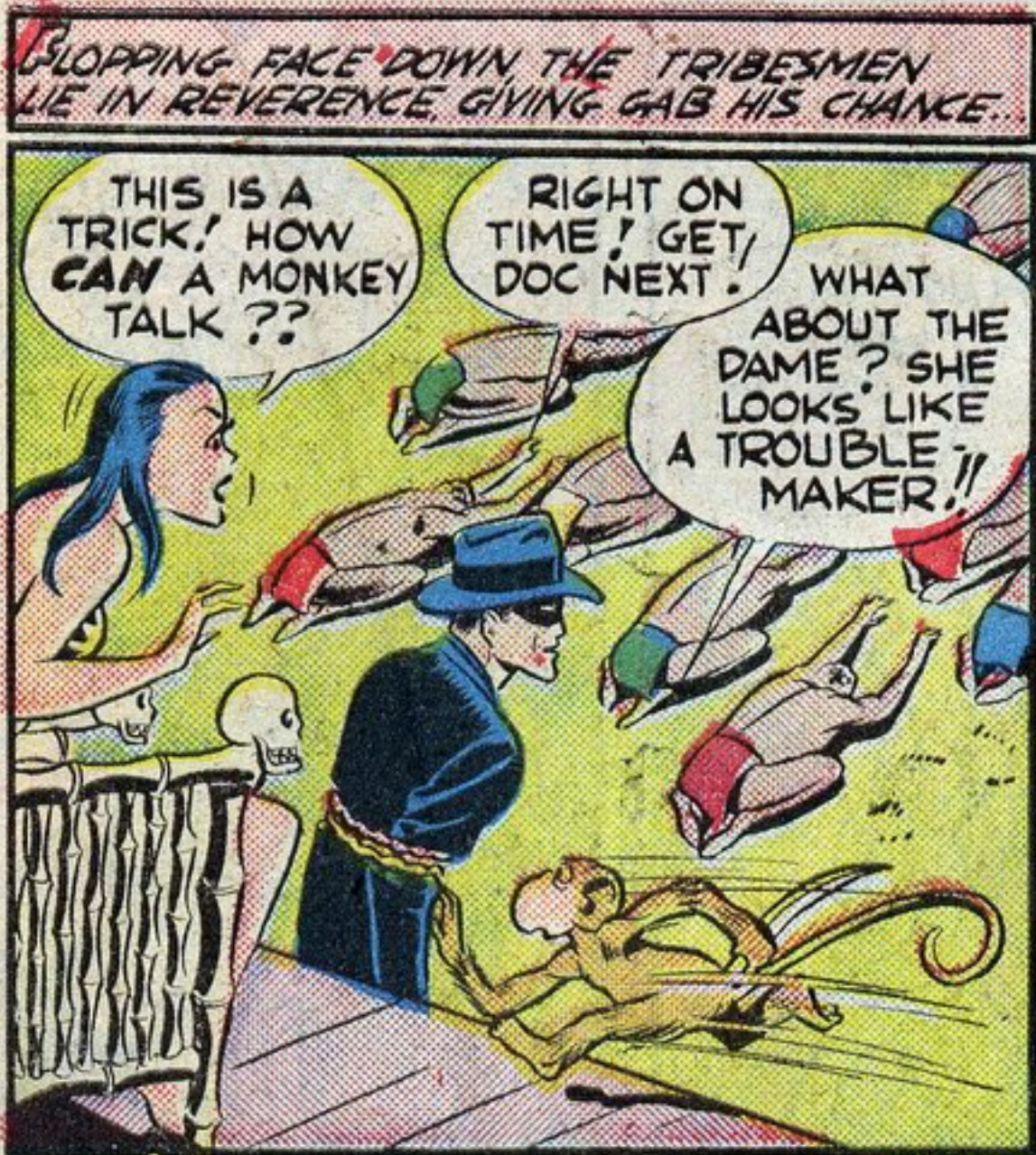


I AM THE VOICE OF YOUR ANCESTORS!! LAY DOWN YOUR SPEARS!!

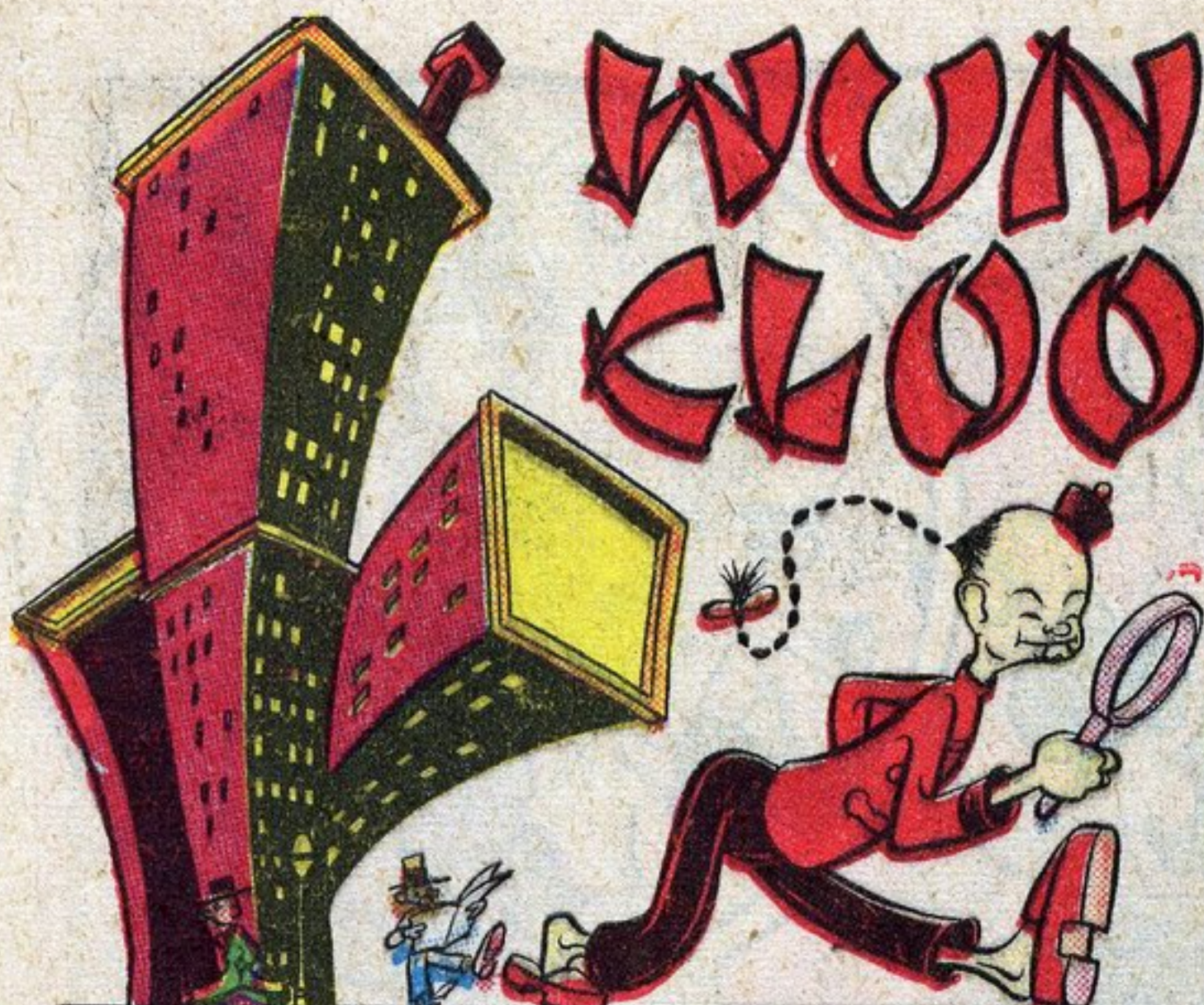
HE-HE TALKS!!

A GHOST!









# WUN CLOO

—THE DEFECTIVE DETECTIVE—



**HALP!** WITH A CAPITAL HAL! I'VE BEEN ROBBED!!

OHO! WHAT DID CROOK STEAL?



I'LL GIVE YOU A HINT — HE DIDN'T STEAL MY COAT!!

HMM!! SILK!! WUN CLOO WILL NOT HANDLE CASE! IT WOULD BE HELPING JAPAN INDIRECTLY!



WELL CAN'T YOU HELP ME FROM THE WAIST UP? — LOOK! PATRIOTIC SEARS-SAWBUCK SEERSUCKER!

WUN CLOO WILL GET PANTS BACK ... BUT ONLY TO COVER UP LOWLY SILK!



WHAT DOES PANTS-PINCHER LOOK LIKE?

I'VE A PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY SO I TOOK A SNAPSHOT OF HIM ON THE SUPER SENSITIVE FILM OF MY TEETH!

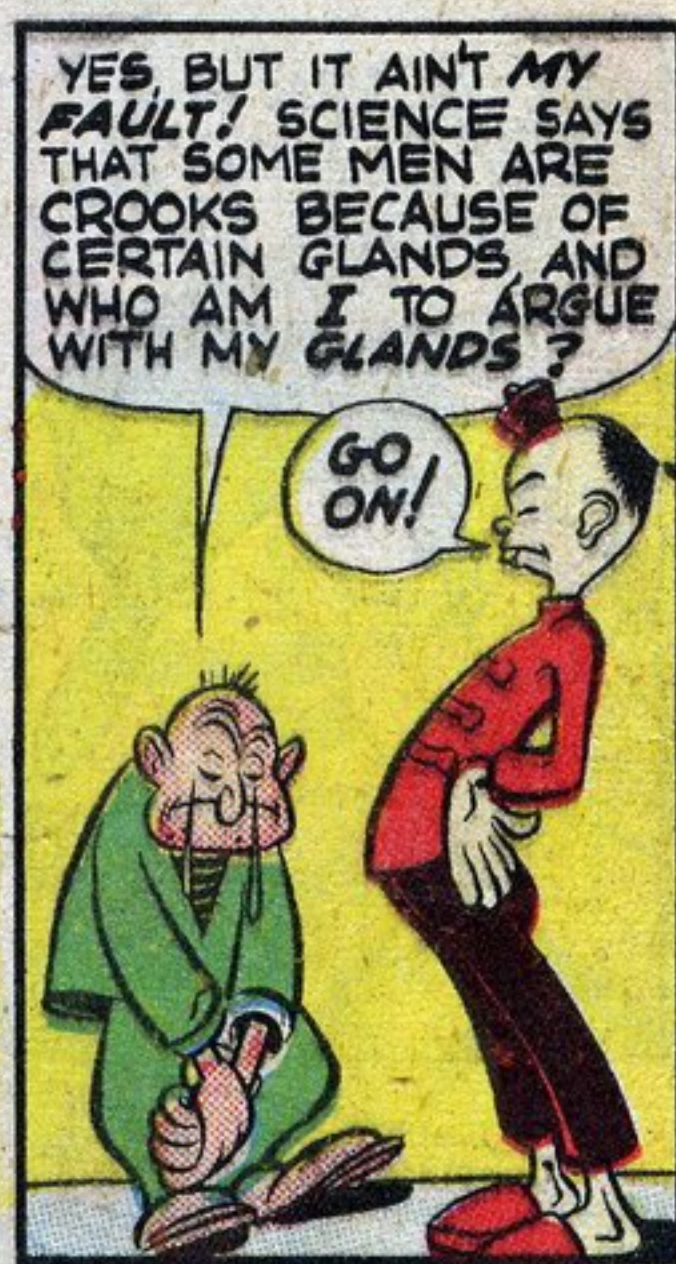


AND SO OUR HERO LOOKS FOR, AND FINDS THE THIEF

YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

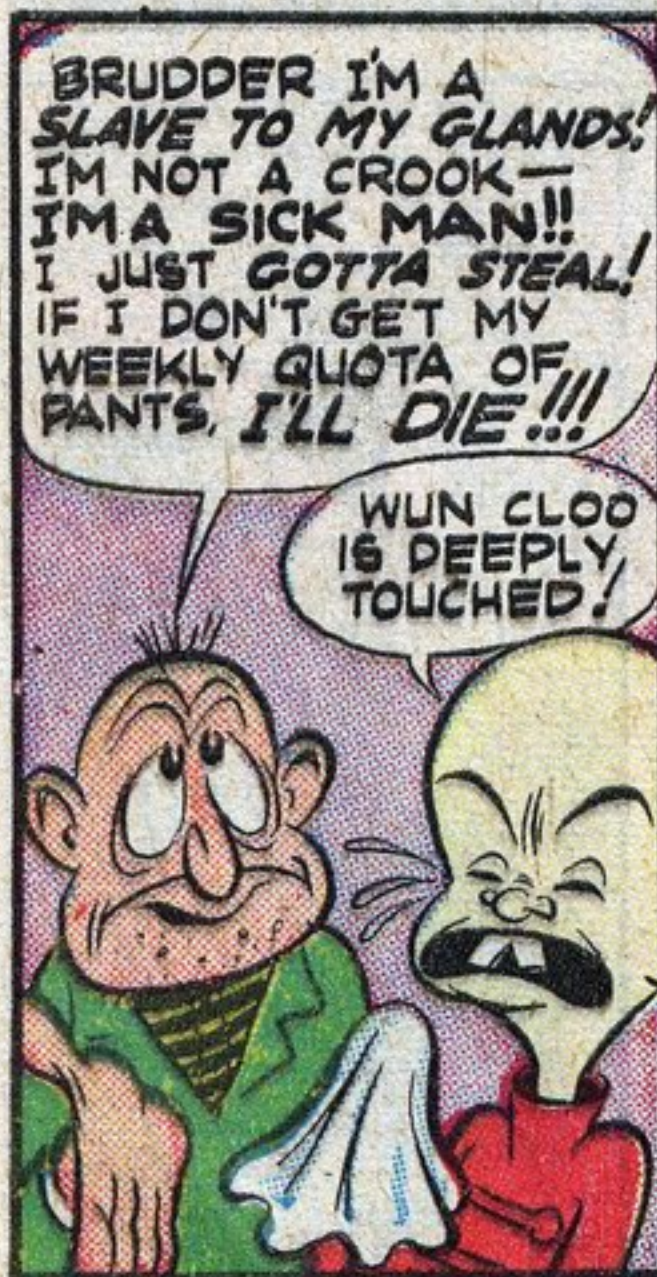
AREN'T YOU ASHAMED — STEALING PANTS?

WHO? ME?



YES BUT IT AIN'T MY FAULT! SCIENCE SAYS THAT SOME MEN ARE CROOKS BECAUSE OF CERTAIN GLANDS, AND WHO AM I TO ARGUE WITH MY GLANDS?

GO ON!



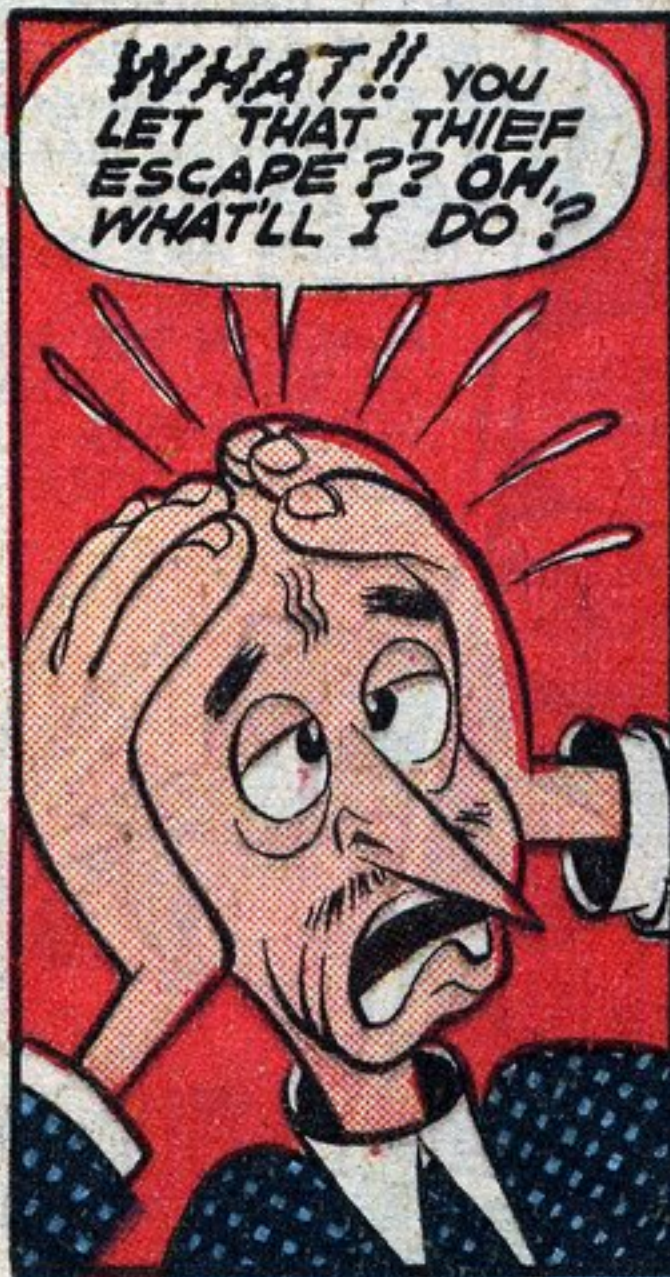
BRUDDER I'M A SLAVE TO MY GLANDS! I'M NOT A CROOK — I'M A SICK MAN!! I JUST GOTTA STEAL! IF I DON'T GET MY WEEKLY QUOTA OF PANTS, I'LL DIE!!!

WUN CLOO IS DEEPLY TOUCHED!

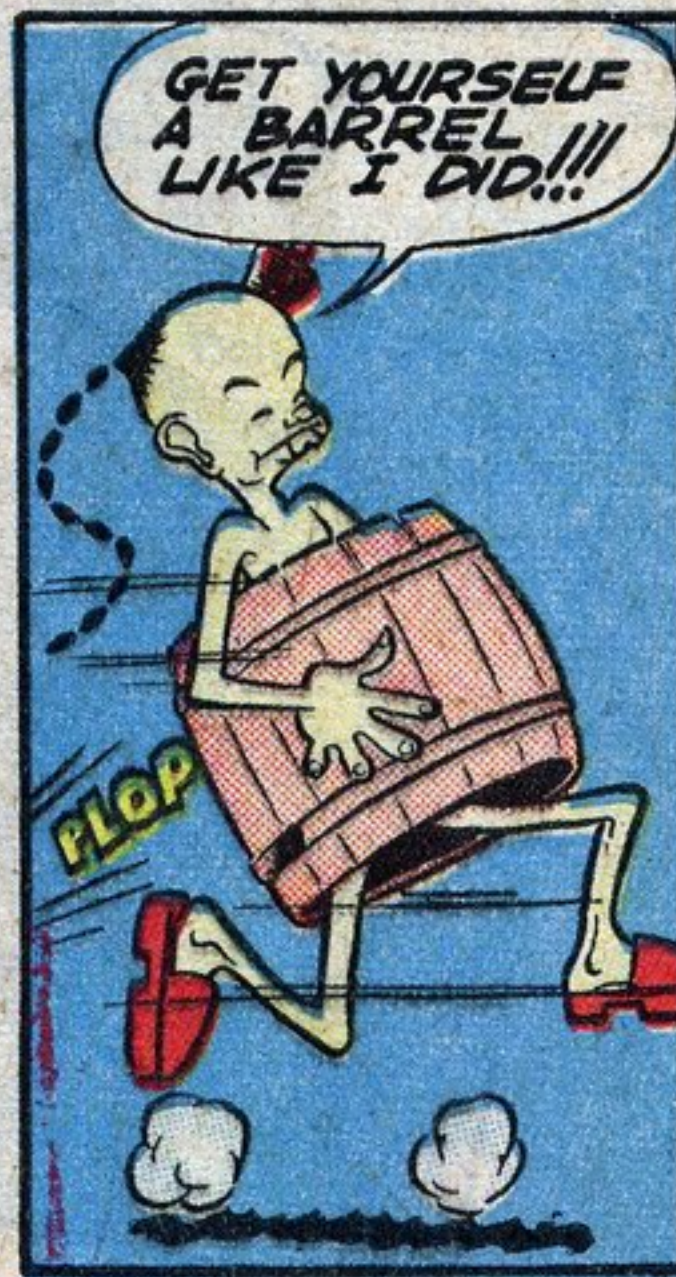


WUN CLOO! DID YOU GET MY PANTS?

VELLY GOLLY! DID NOT GET 'EM!



WHAT!! YOU LET THAT THIEF ESCAPE?? OH, WHAT'LL I DO?



GET YOURSELF A BARREL!!! LIKE I DID!!!

Enjoy Wun Cloo in each and every issue of SMASH COMICS.



# The Purple TRIO

BY  
S.M. Regi

The adventurous and renowned vaudeville artists, Warren the ventriloquist, Rocky the man of strength and Tiny the singing midget, battle the forces of evil between engagements.



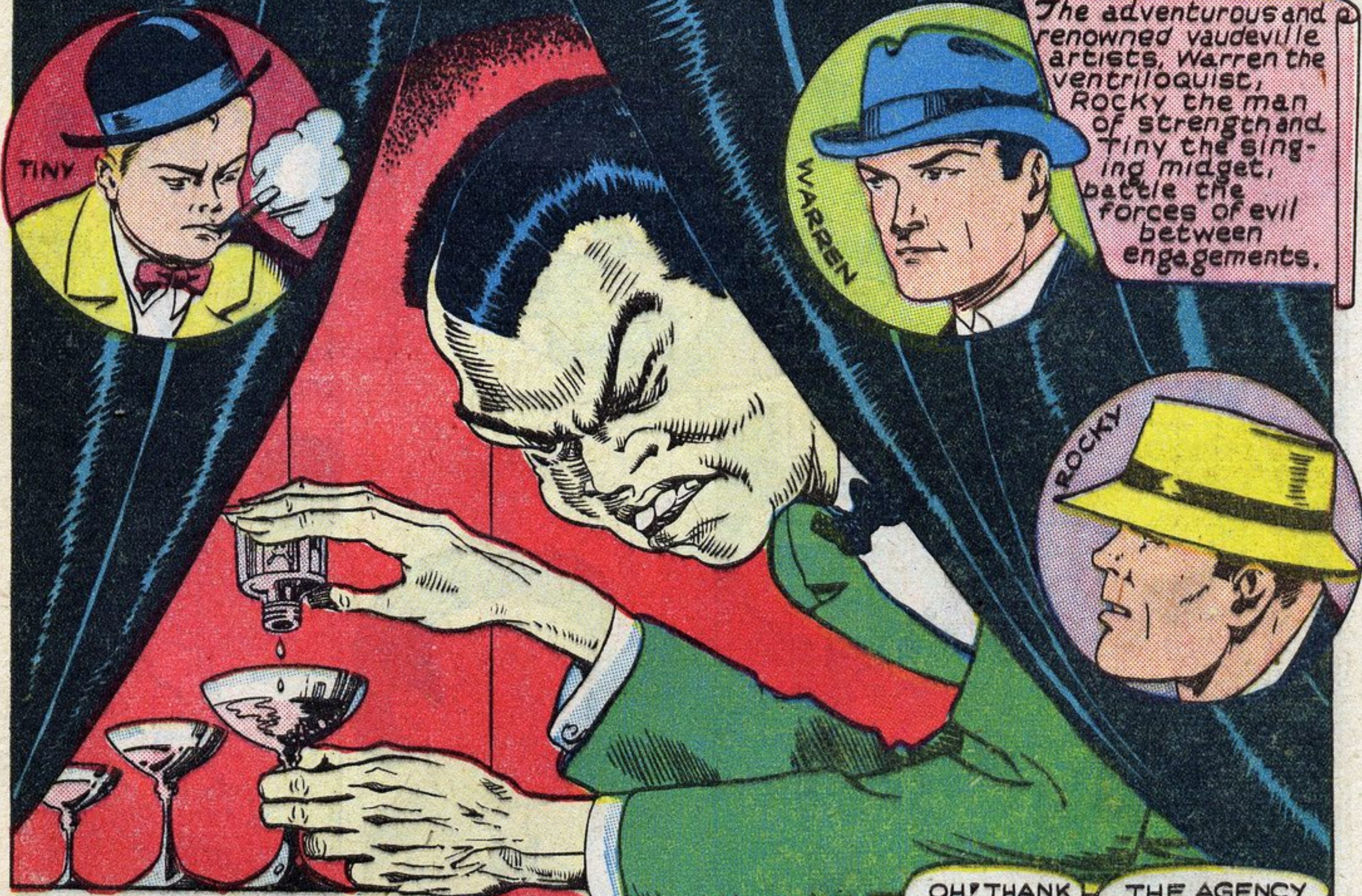
TINY



WARREN



ROCKY



WE FIND THE PURPLE TRIO, NONCHALANTLY STANDING ON BROADWAY.

LOOKS LIKE WE CAN'T GET A BREAK. OUT OF WORK AGAIN!

WE NEVER HAVE ANY LUCK!

PARDON ME! COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO THE BROADWAY THEATRICAL AGENCY?

CERTAINLY, MADAM... IT'S RIGHT ACROSS THE STREET!

OH! THANK YOU!

THE AGENCY DIRECTOR IS A VERY GOOD FRIEND OF MINE! ARE YOU LOOKING FOR ENTERTAINERS PERHAPS?







WHY, YES I AM...  
I NEED SEVERAL  
ARTISTS FOR MY  
AFFAIR!



MADAM, YOUR  
SEARCH HAS ENDED!  
ALLOW ME TO IN-  
TRODUCE MYSELF  
AND MY FRIENDS!  
WE ARE THE  
"PURPLE TRIO"!

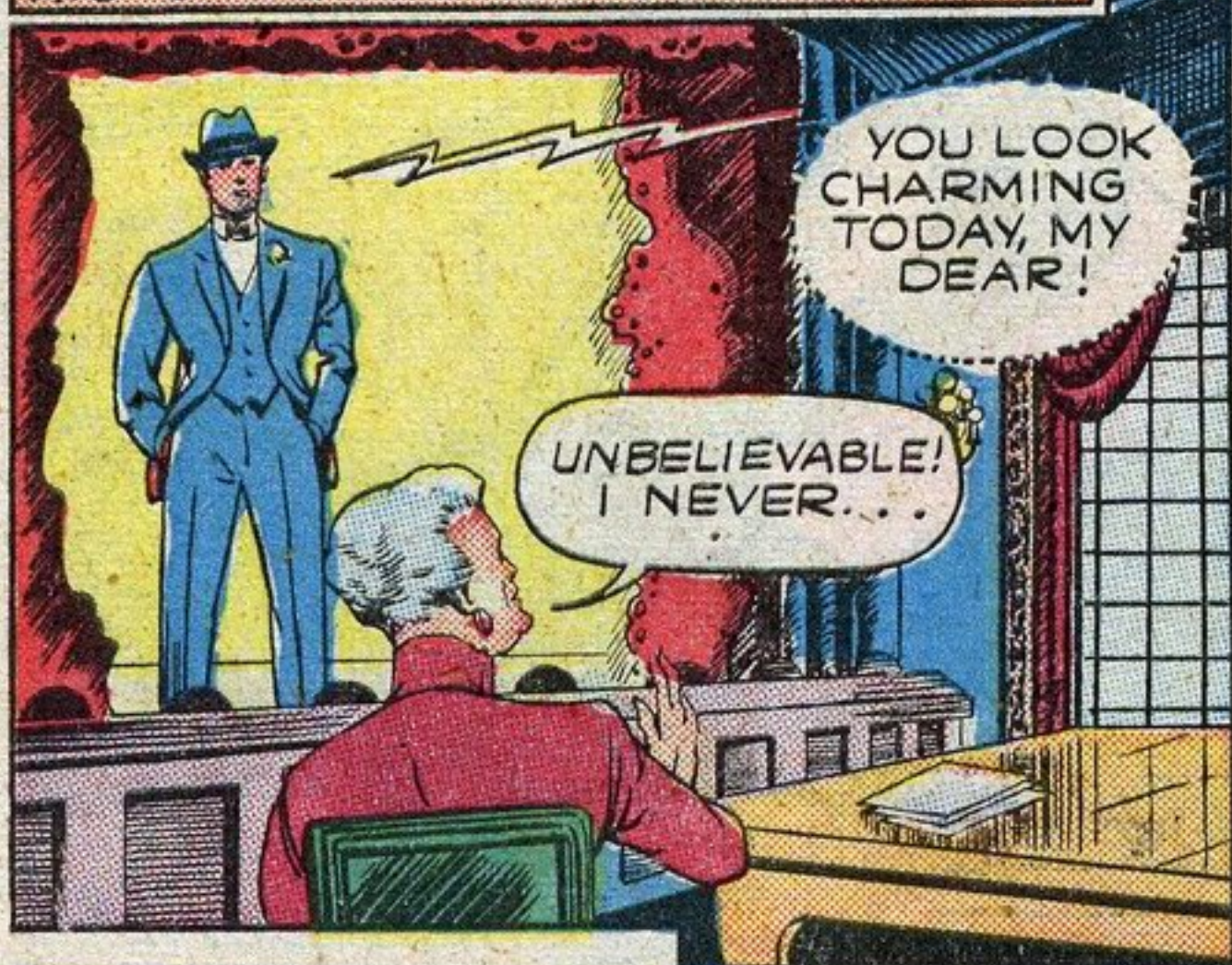
THE WEALTHY MRS. VAN  
NORTON DECIDES TO  
GIVE THE BOYS AN  
AUDITION.



WHAT A  
DUMP!

THIS IS  
MY HOME!  
IF YOU ARE  
SATISFAC-  
TORY, YOU  
WILL BE  
HIRED!

ON A MINIATURE STAGE IN THE  
MANSION, WARREN DEMONSTRATES  
HIS UNCANNY VENTRILOQUISM...



YOU LOOK  
CHARMING  
TODAY, MY  
DEAR!

UNBELIEVABLE!  
I NEVER...

NEXT... TINY...



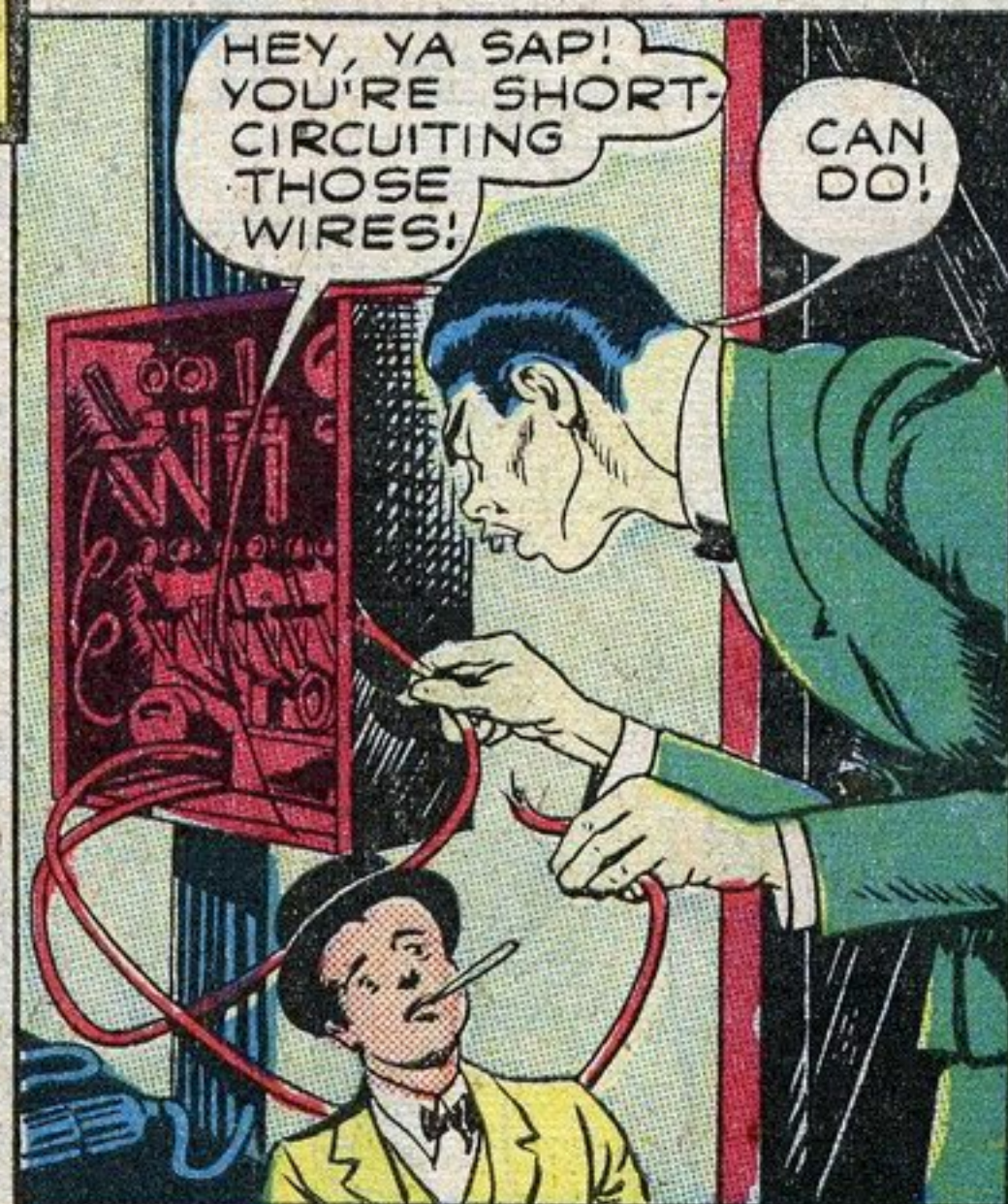
WHEN IRISH EYES  
ARE SMILIN'!



WITH  
ONE  
ARM!

THE AUDITION IS A  
SUCCESS AND THE  
BOYS ARE PROMPTLY  
HIRED.

THINK I'LL  
TAKE A LOOK AT  
THE STAGE  
LIGHT  
SWITCHES!



HEY, YA SAPI!  
YOU'RE SHORT-  
CIRCUITING  
THOSE  
WIRES!

CAN  
DO!



STAY WAY, PIDGET!  
ME TAKE CARE  
OF WIRE BOX!

WHO YA  
SHOVIN'!?

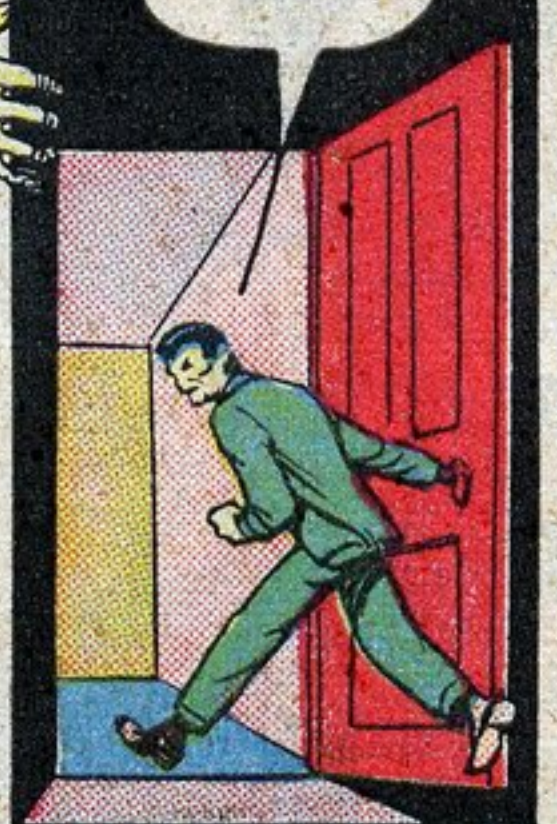




AS THE VICIOUS JAP IS ABOUT TO ATTACK TINY, WARREN STEPS IN WITH FISTS FLYING.



... GET THEM LATER! ... GOT TO FINISH MY PLANS FIRST!



THAT NIGHT, MRS. VAN NORTON ENTERTAINS HER GUEST OF HONOR AT A LAVISH AFFAIR.





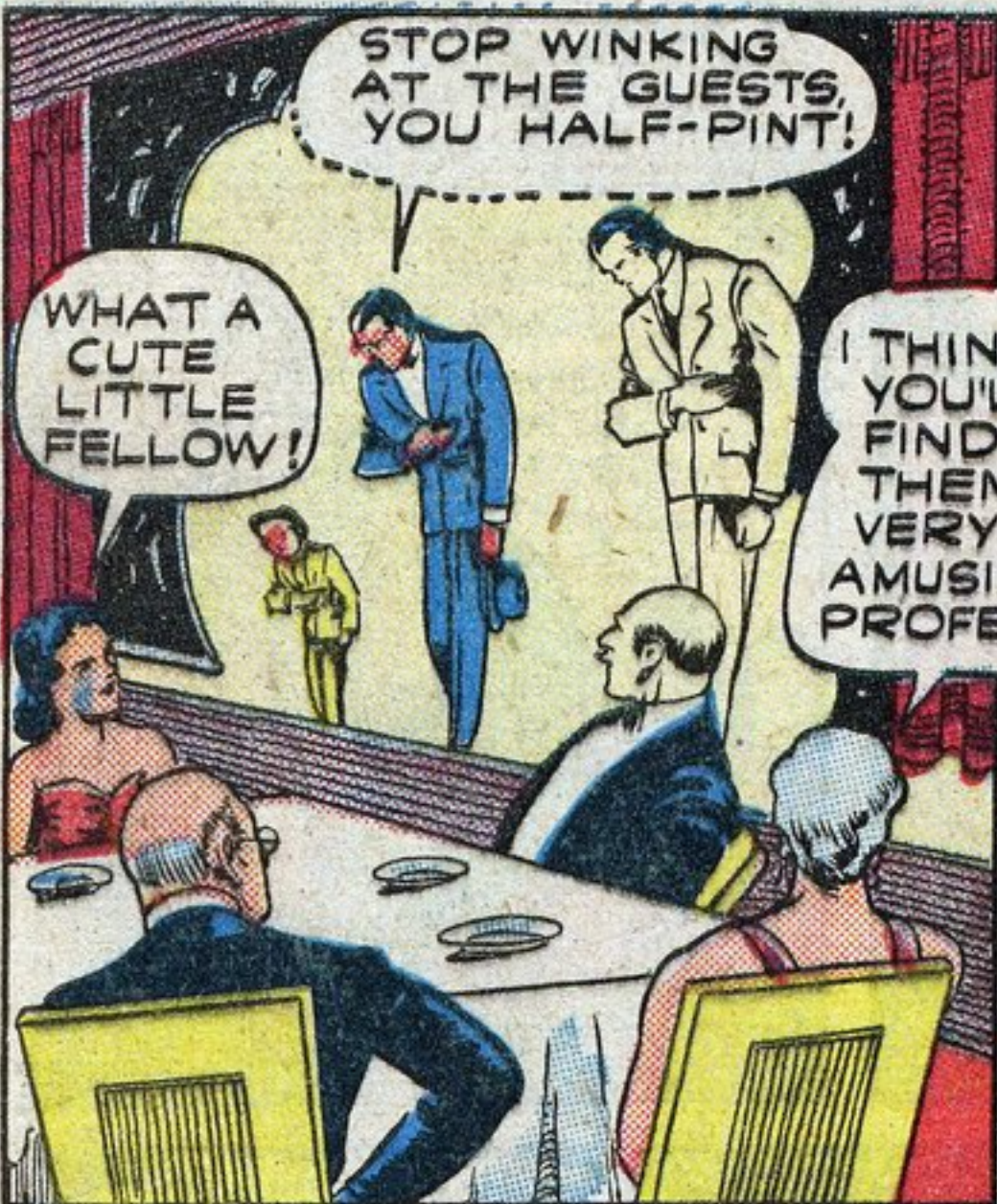
THE PURPLE TRIO IS FINALLY CALLED UPON TO PERFORM.



MEANWHILE, THE JAPANESE BUTLER HAS DARTED DOWN THE CELLAR.



NOW I CUT WIRES!



SUDDENLY...



BUT THE JAPS ARE TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE DARKNESS TO CARRY OUT THEIR PLANS...



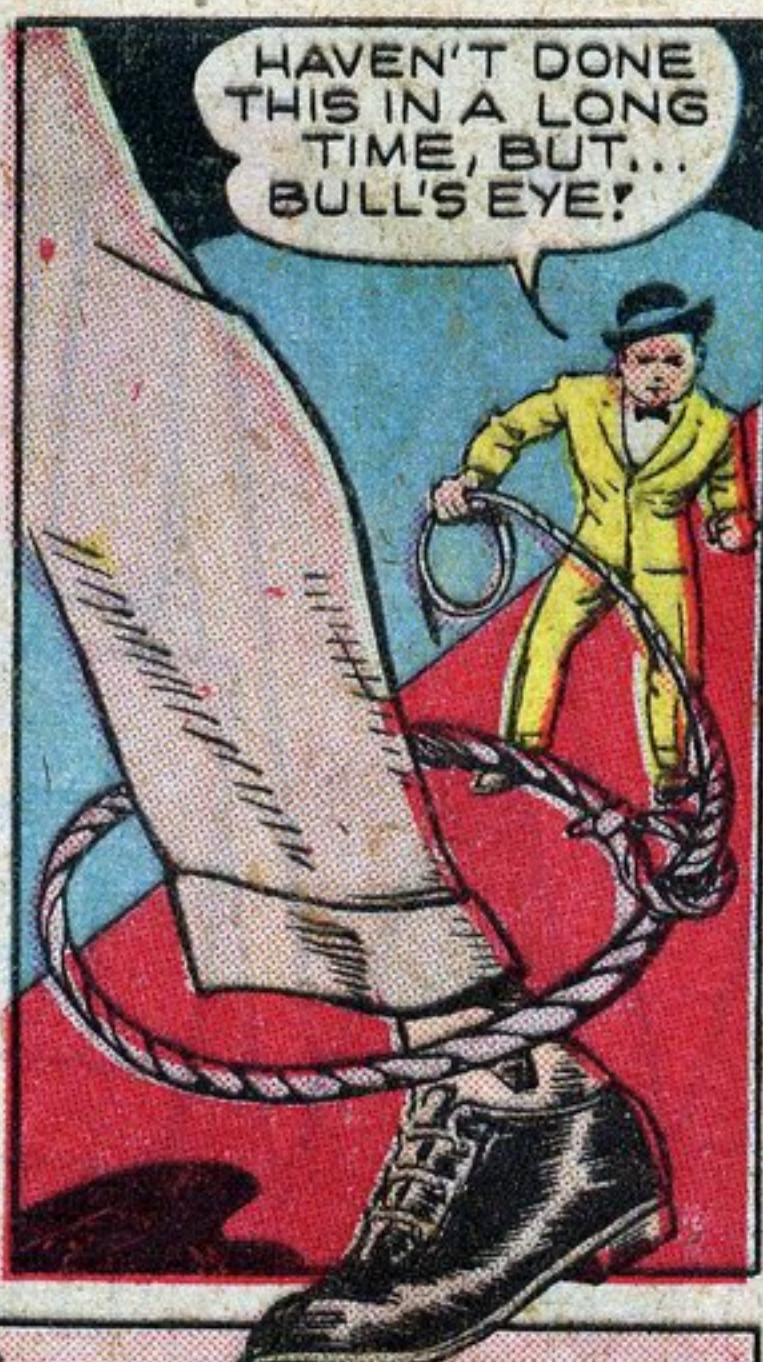
AN UNSEEN VOICE SUDDENLY CALLS FUGI'S NAME.



HE WHO TRIES TO STOP DESTINY OF JAPAN... **DIE!**



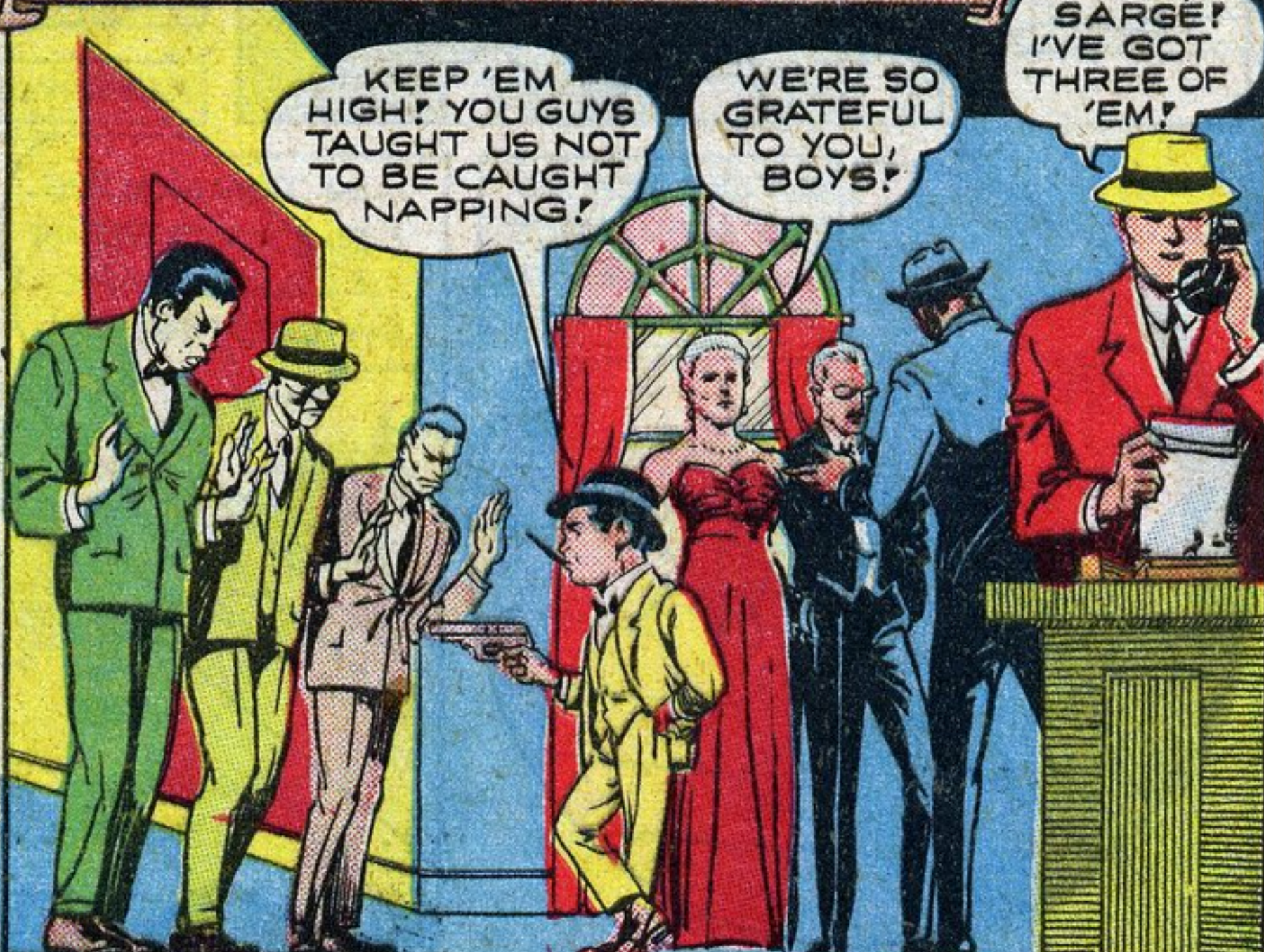




BUT BEFORE HE CAN PULL THE TRIGGER, A VOICE CREEPS OUT OF THE GUN...

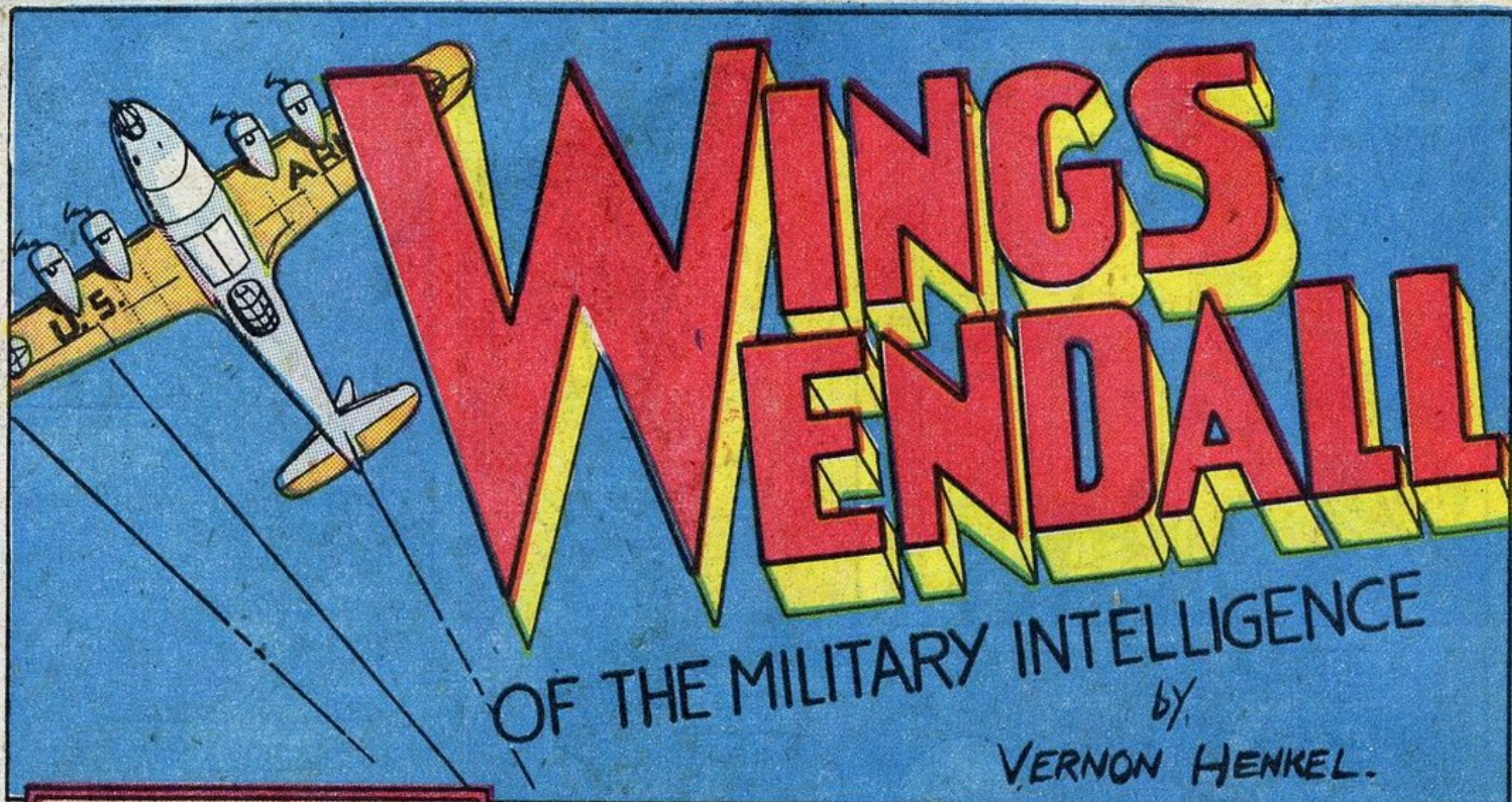


STARTLED BY WARREN'S TRICK, FUGI AND HIS CONFEDERATES ARE SOON OVERPOWERED.



Follow the hilarious adventures of The Purple Trio each month in SMASH COMICS.





# WINGS WENDALL

OF THE MILITARY INTELLIGENCE  
by  
VERNON HENKEL.

AT THE U.S. ARMY AIR BASE  
IN SEATTLE WASHINGTON..

A FAST  
PURSUIT  
PLANE  
ROARS  
IN FROM  
THE  
EAST  
TO MAKE  
A  
HURRIED  
LANDING,...

REFUEL MY  
SHIP AND CHECK  
THE GUNS.. ARE  
THERE ANY NEW  
ORDERS FROM  
WASHINGTON?

NO, CAPTAIN  
WENDALL.. YOU  
ARE TO PROCEED  
AS INSTRUCTED

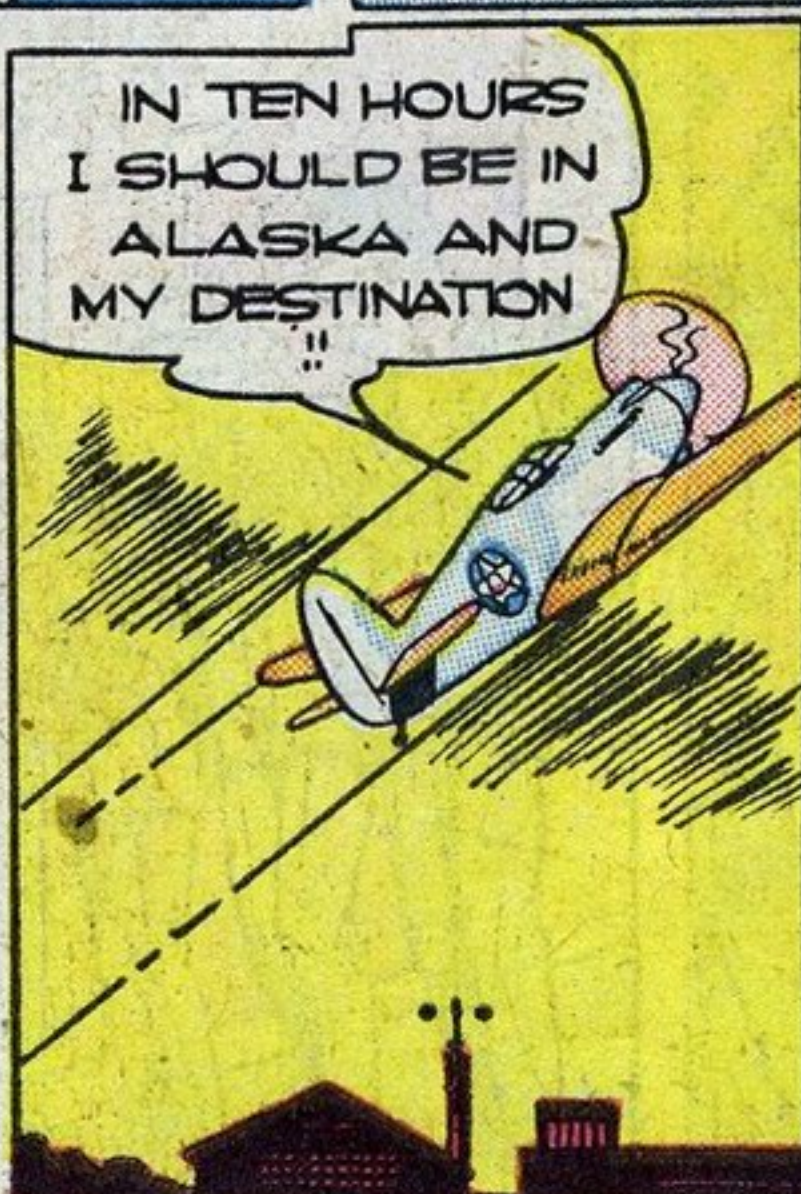
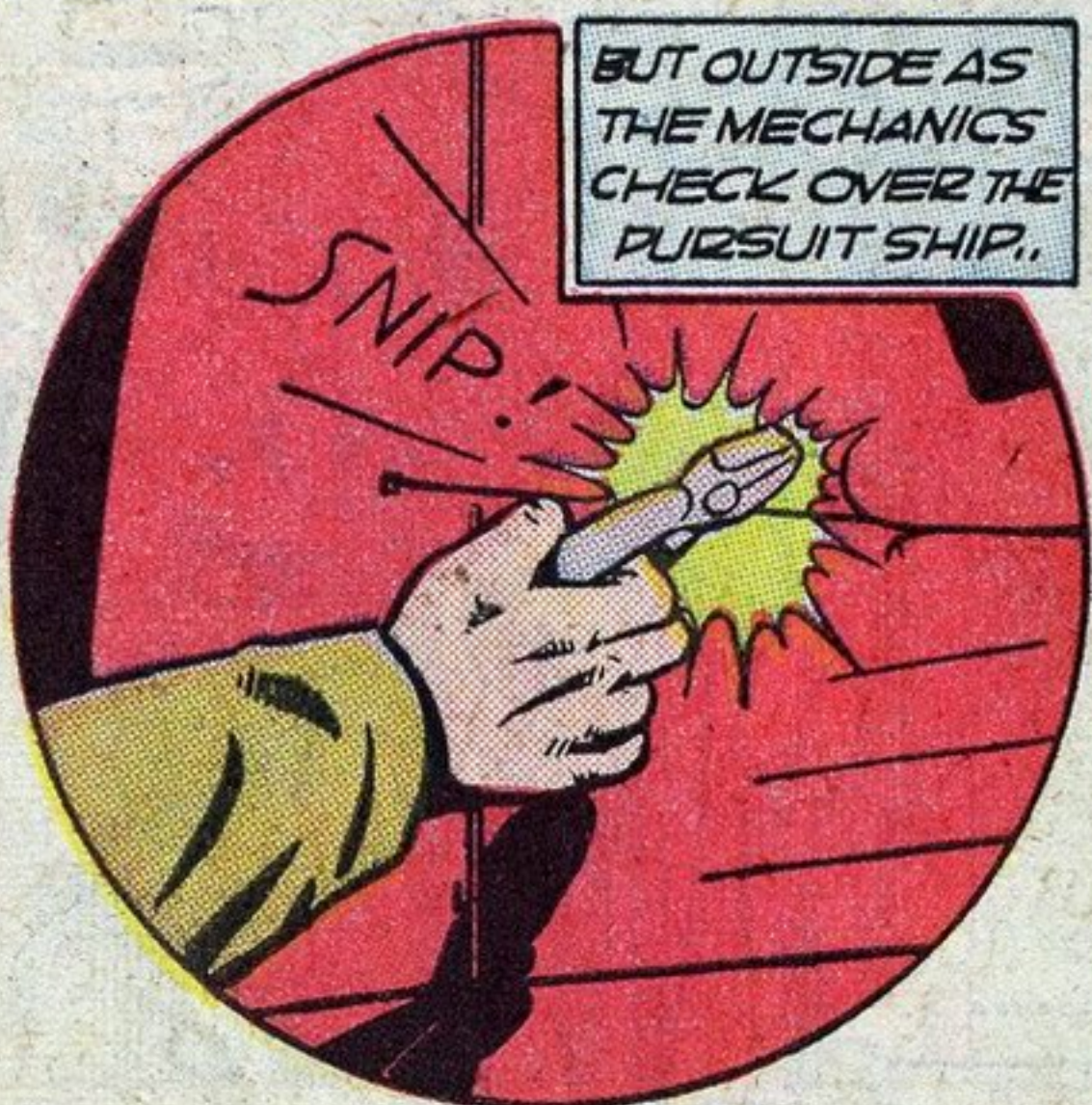
GOOD! THEN I  
WILL LEAVE FOR  
ALASKA AS SOON  
AS MY PLANE  
IS READY!!

IN A FEW MINUTES

BUT OUTSIDE AS  
THE MECHANICS  
CHECK OVER THE  
PURSUIT SHIP..

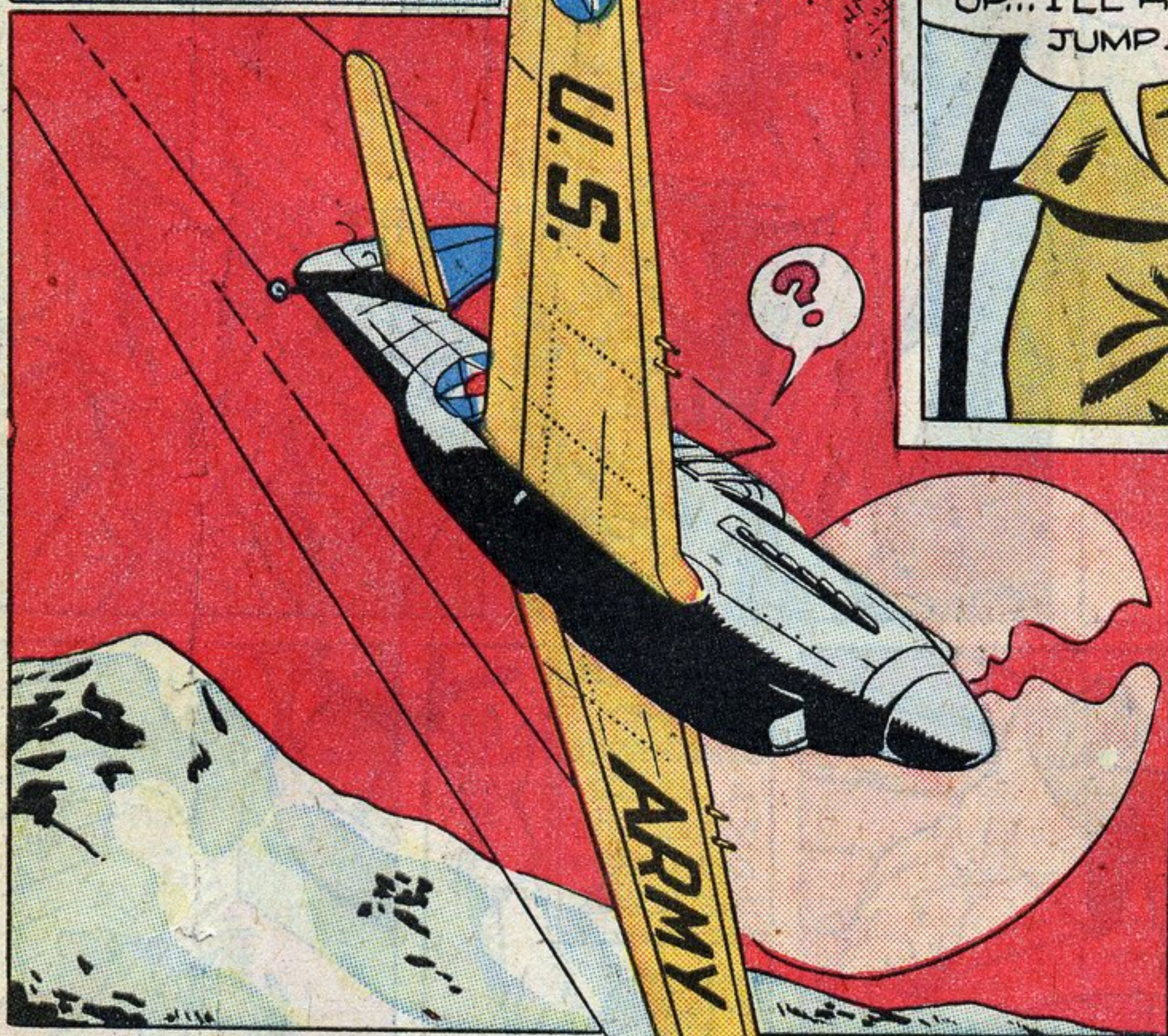
IN TEN HOURS  
I SHOULD BE IN  
ALASKA AND  
MY DESTINATION  
!!

AND THEN TO FIND  
OUT IF THE REPORTS  
FROM AGENT 17 IN TOKYO  
OF AN INVASION ARE  
TRUE!!





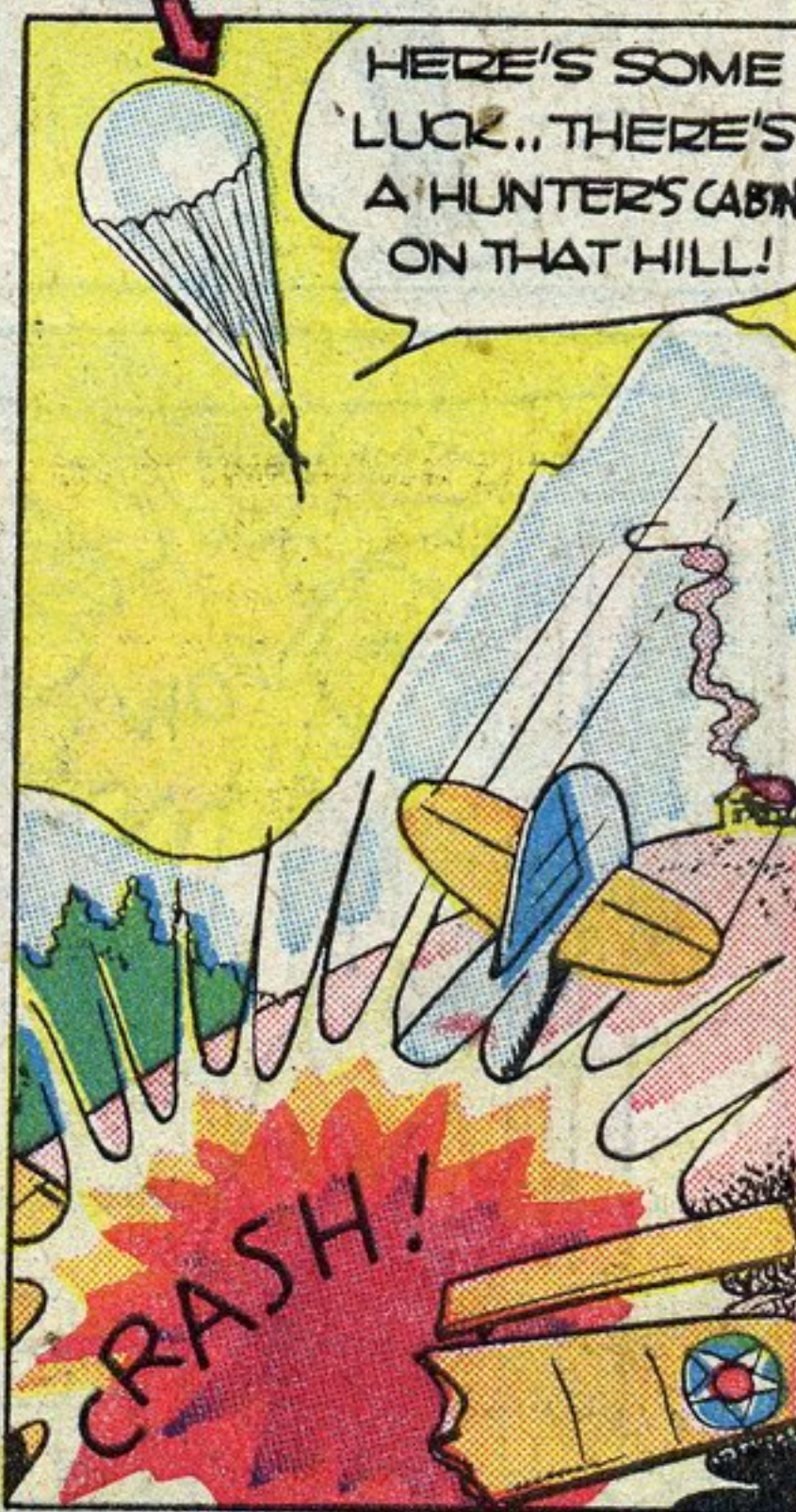
BUT BEFORE WINGS REACHES HIS DESTINATION, HALF-CUT WIRES SNAP AND HIS PLANE LURCHES OUT OF CONTROL!!



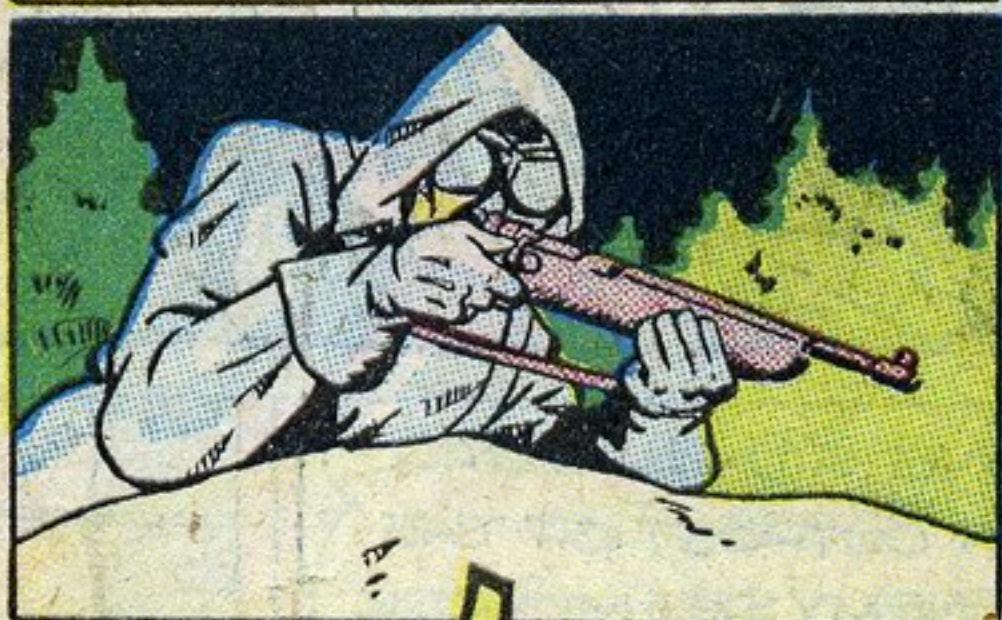
BLAZES!! MY PLANE'S BEEN SABOTAGED.. THE WINGS ARE BREAKING UP... I'LL HAVE TO JUMP!!



HERE'S SOME LUCK.. THERE'S A HUNTER'S CABIN ON THAT HILL!



AS WINGS DROPS ON THE SNOW-COVERED SLOPE HE FAILS TO SEE A CAMOUFLAGED FIGURE AIMING..



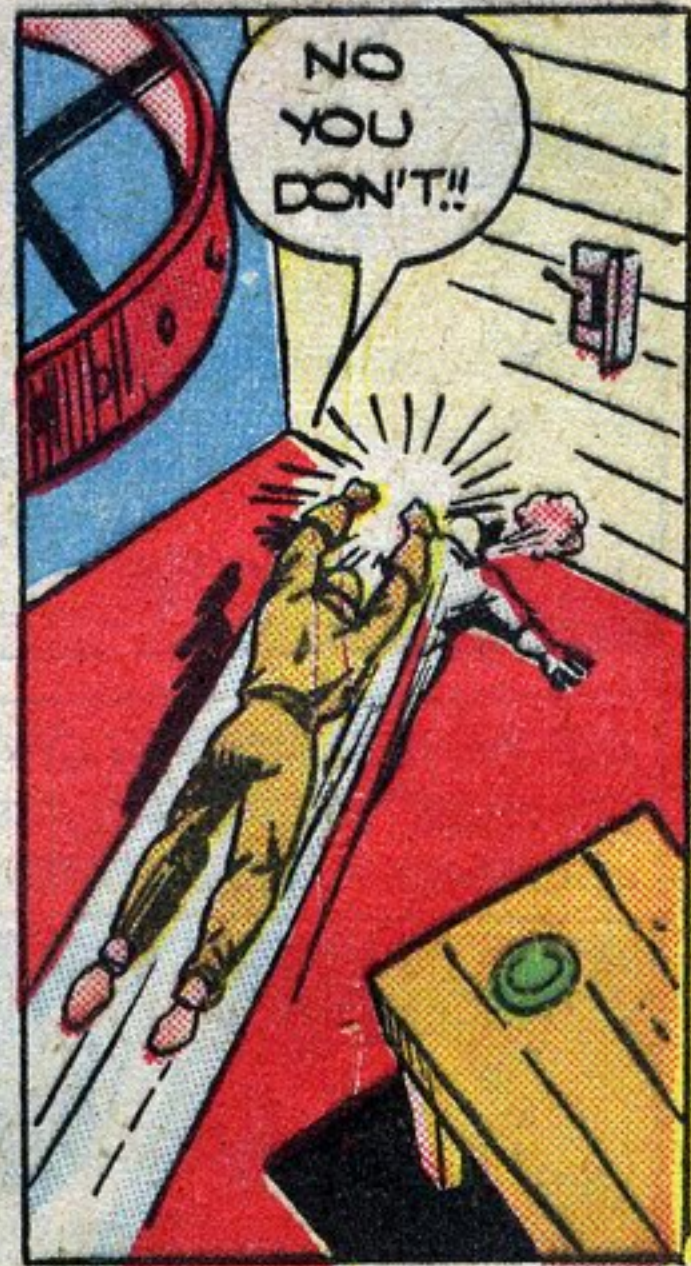
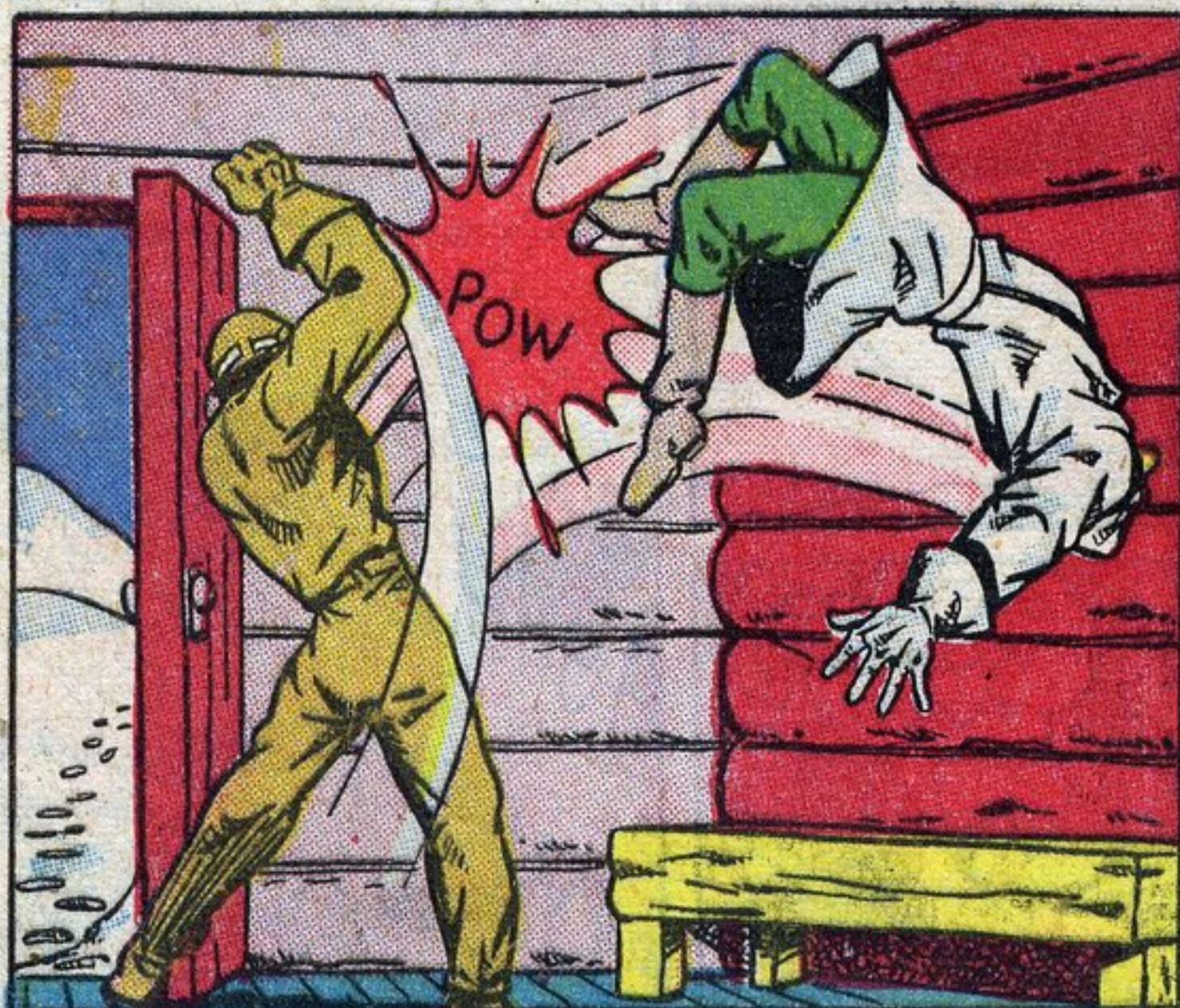
O.K. BUDDY, YOU ASKED FOR IT!!



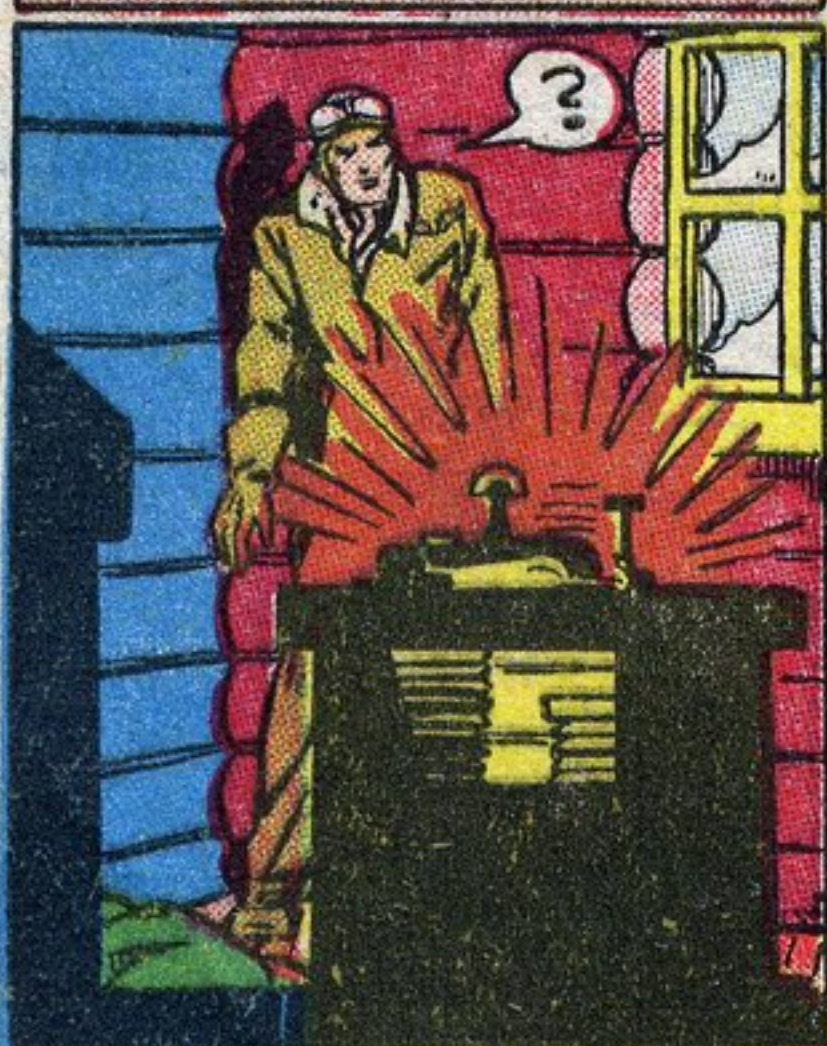
A SHOT!!  
..LOOKS LIKE STRANGERS AREN'T WELCOME AROUND HERE!







AS THE SPY DROPS TO THE FLOOR WINGS HEARS THE TICKING OF A RECEIVER SET..



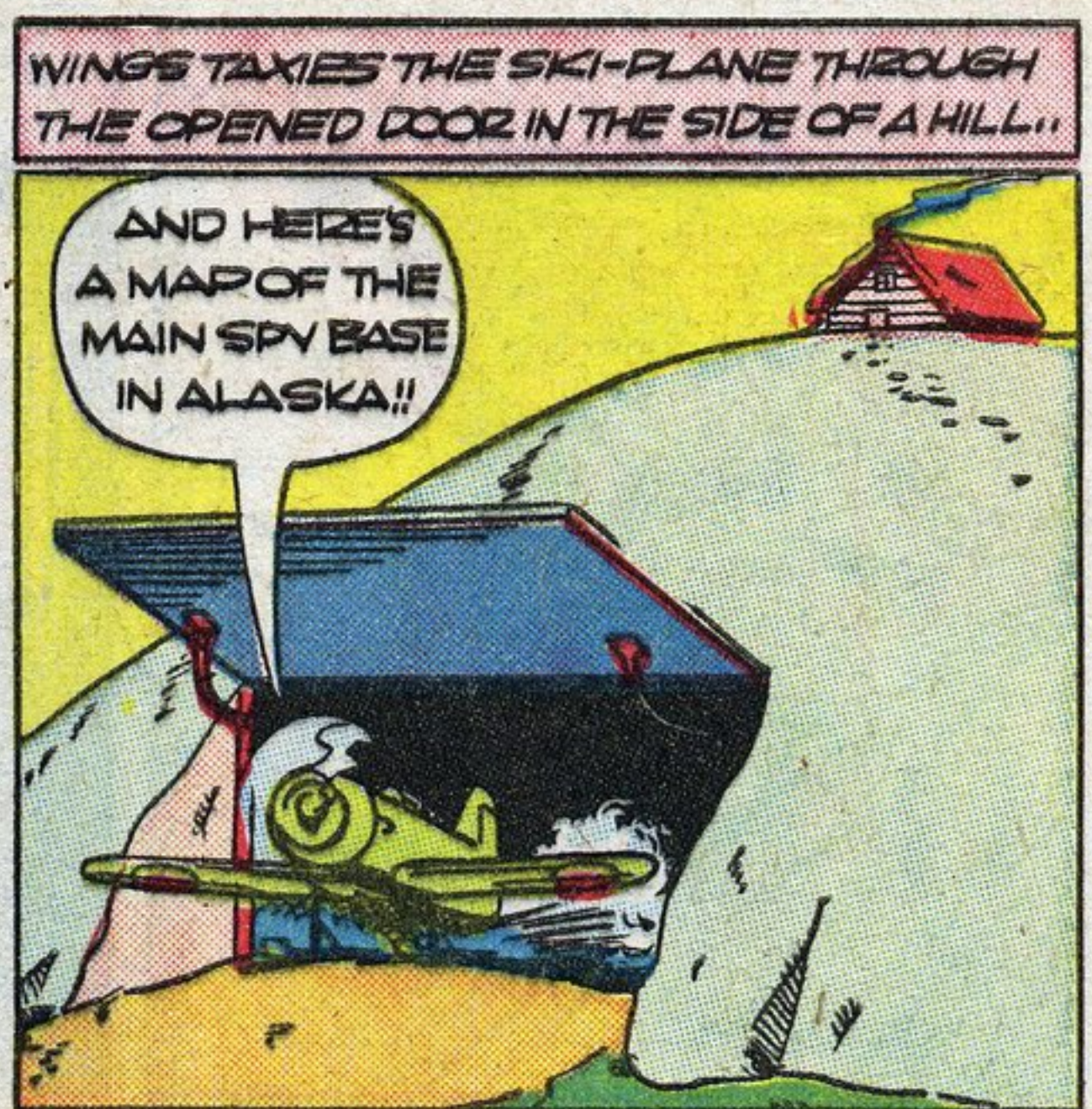
HOLY SMOKES... IT'S A CODED MESSAGE.. (AGENT J-4... REPORT LOCATION OF CONCEALED AIRPORT.. INFORMATION VITAL TO OUR SUCCESS.)



I'VE STUMBED ONTO AN OUTPOST OF THE ENEMY SPY NETWORK... I WONDER WHERE THIS TRAPDOOR LEADS TO?











THE ASIATIC SKIER REACHES THE SPY'S CABIN....



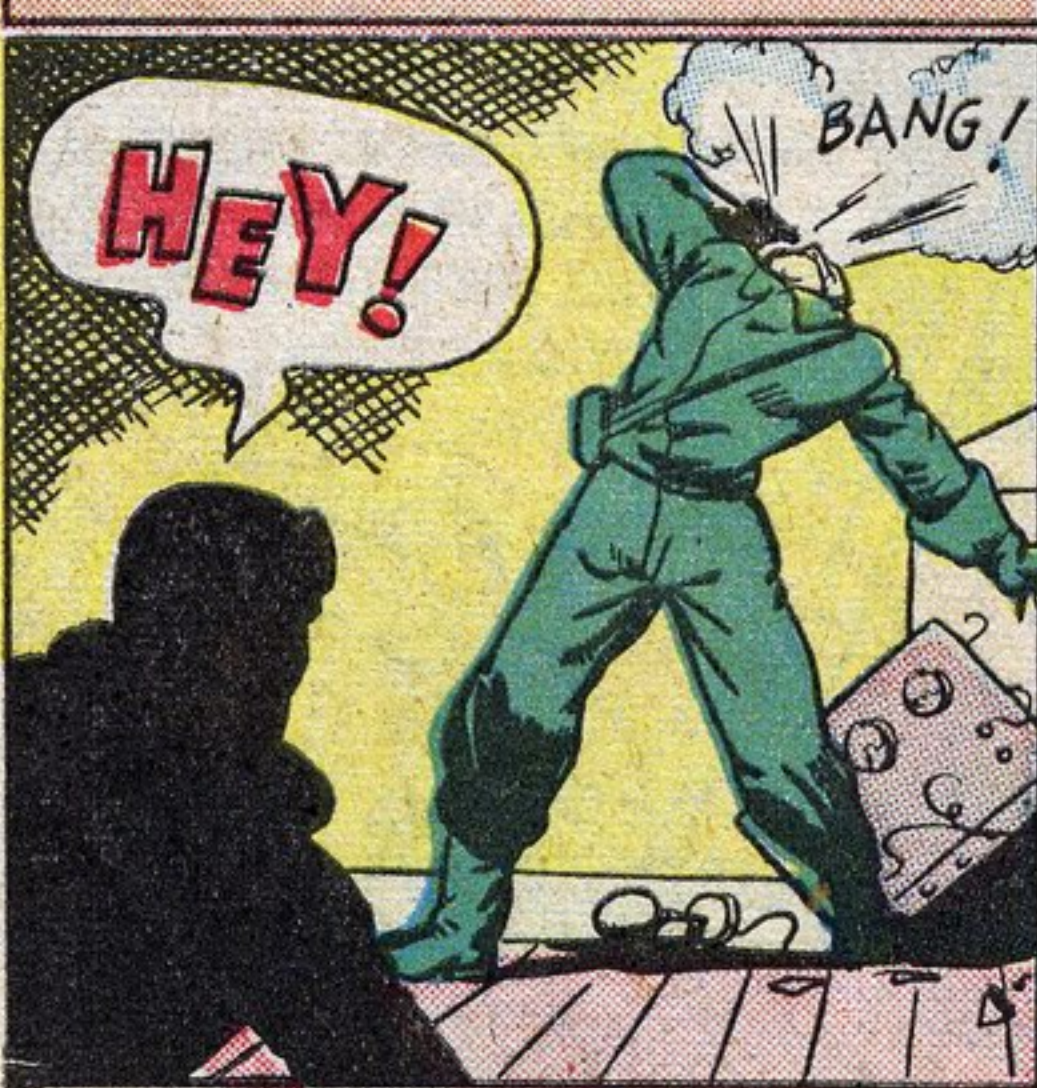
AN AMERICAN PIG OVERPOWERED ME.. STOLE MY PLANE.. THEN YOU DIDN'T SEND THAT MESSAGE.. HE IS TRYING TO TRICK US!!



YES!! I HEAR HIS MOTOR.. HE FOLLOWED ME BACK.. I'M AFRAID YOU'VE OUTLIVED YOUR USEFULNESS TO THE EMPEROR J-4!!

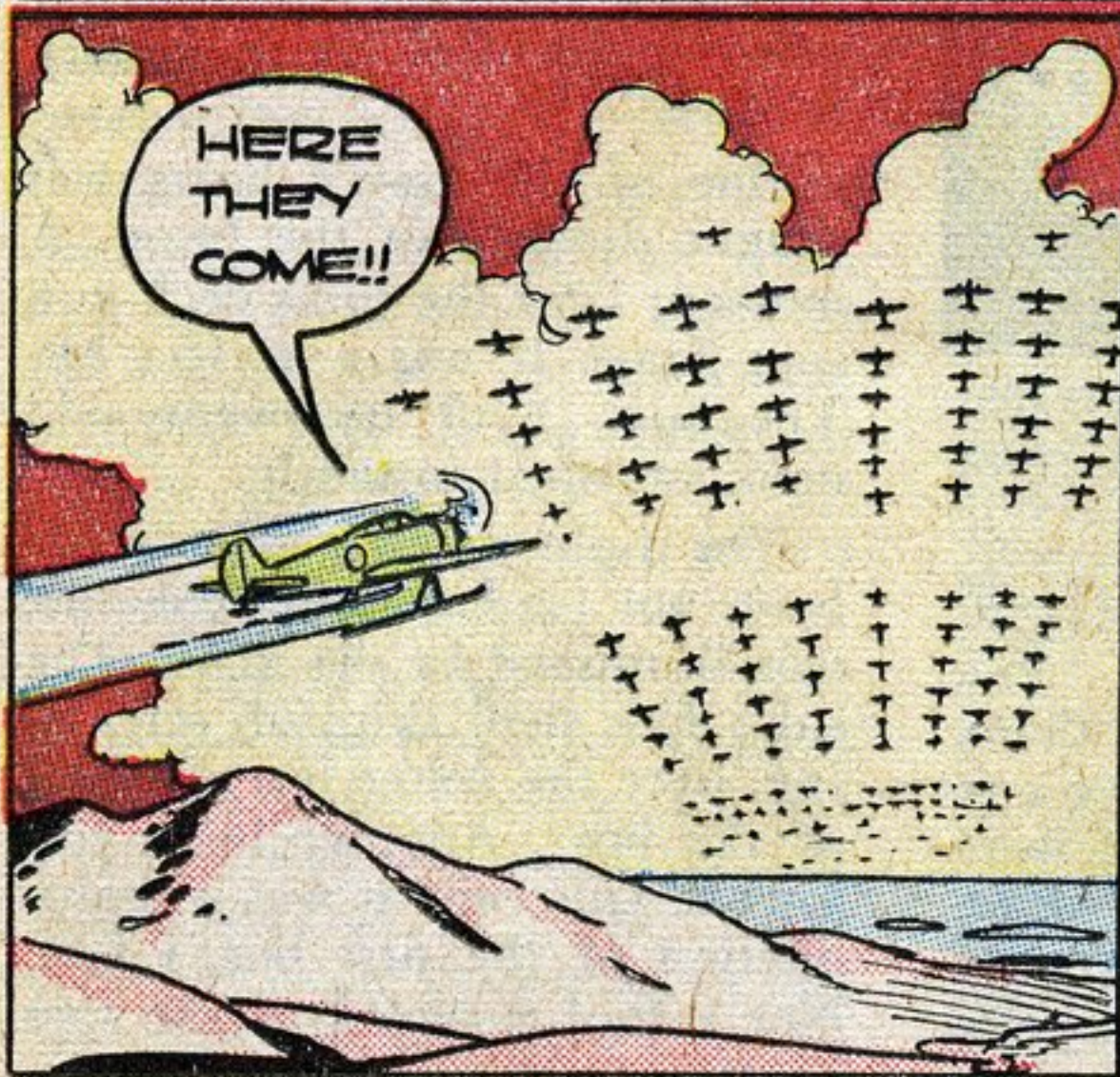


BEFORE WINGS CAN STOP HIM, THE ASIATIC SMASHES THE WIRELESS AND TURNS HIS GUN ON HIMSELF.





SUDDENLY THE AIR IS FILLED WITH THE ROAR OF HUNDREDS OF HEAVY BOMBERS..



HERE THEY COME!!

BUT BELOW.. THE U.S. ARMY IS WELL ALERT



ENEMY APPROACHING ..INTERCEPTOR PLANES UP!!

ALL RIGHT, LIGHT THE FLARES, CAPTAIN, THEY WILL THINK THAT IS THE WORK OF THEIR FIFTH COLUMN!!

YES SIR!!



MEANWHILE WINGS WENDALL FALLS INTO LEAD FORMATION WITH THE JAPANESE ARMADA..



J-4 REPORTING TO LEAD SQUADRONS TO OBJECTIVE!!

OBJECTIVE BELOW.. COMMENCE BOMBING!!

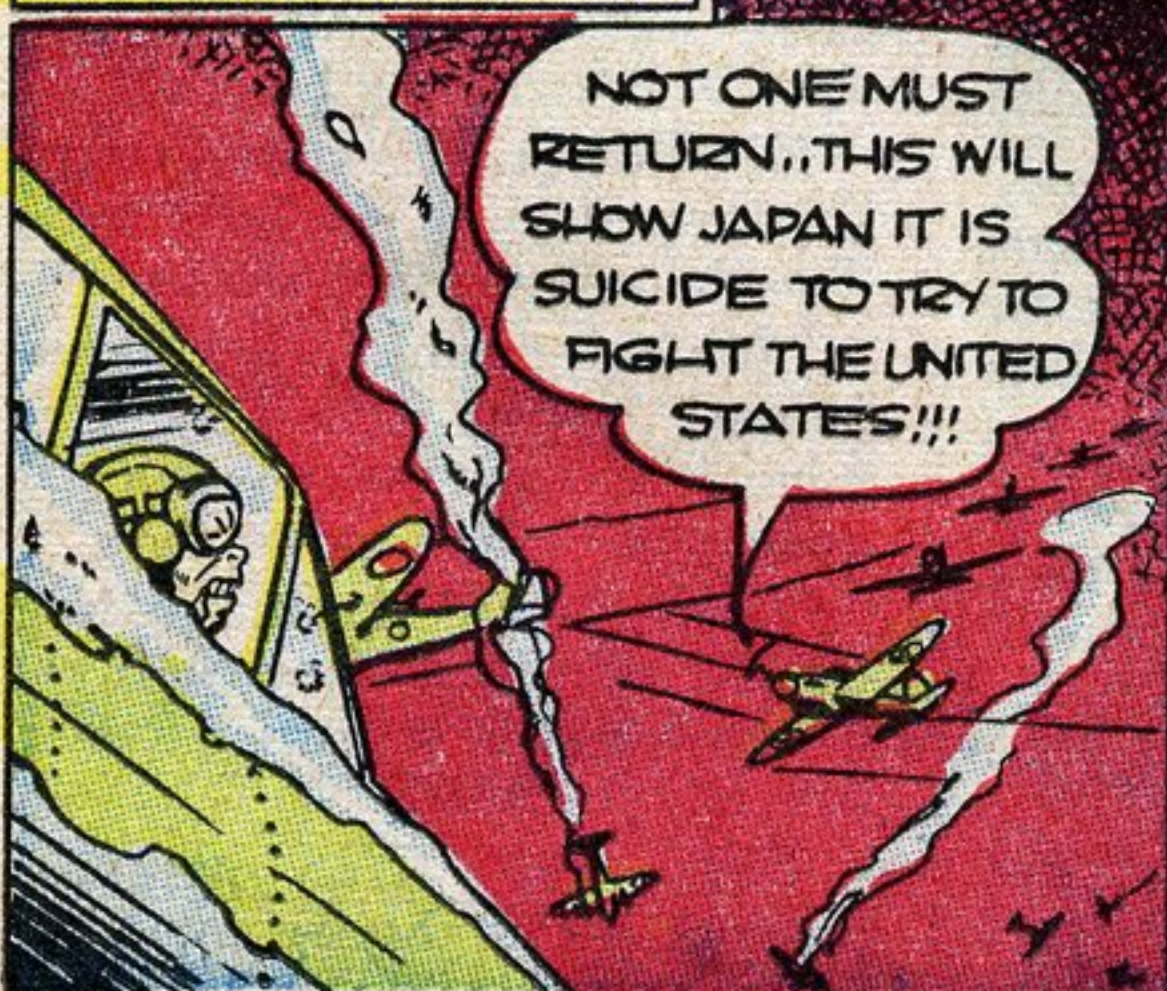


AS THE JAP PLANES SWOOP LOW AND DROP THEIR BOMBS HARMLESSLY IN THE LIGHTED FIELD, POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHTS FLOOD THE SKY FOR THE FIRING OF ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUNS.



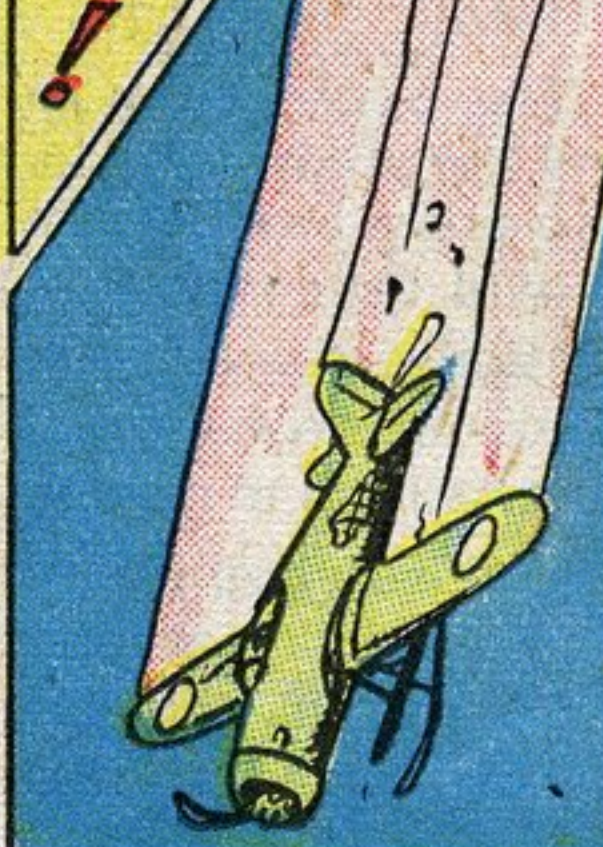
HA!! WE ARE TRICKED!!

THE BOMBERS ARE BLASTED OUT OF THE AIR BY THE SCORE.. AND THOSE THAT TRY TO LIMP BACK ARE POUNCED UPON BY THE U.S. ARMY FIGHTERS..



NOT ONE MUST RETURN.. THIS WILL SLOW JAPAN IT IS SUICIDE TO TRY TO FIGHT THE UNITED STATES!!!

BUT WINGS' PLANE TOO IS CAUGHT IN THE DEADLY FIRE!



**WINGS WENDALL!** WHAT A SURPRISE!

HA.. IMAGINE THE SURPRISE OF OL' TOJO WHEN HE WONDERS WHAT BECAME OF HIS AIR FORCE!!



Fly again with Wings Wendall in the next issue of SMASH COMICS.



# THE Nightmare Cruise

It was one of those nights when people are prone to sit on deck and spin tales of amazing experiences. That is, if they have any such experiences. There were those on board the *St. Navarre* who had many of them. Such as Filipe de Etienne, late of the French Foreign Legion; now on his way to DeGaulle's "free" stronghold in Africa. And George Palmer, who had served in Dunkirk. And Kline Beckwith, foreign correspondent extraordinary, veteran of several wars, on his way to Iceland.

Last but not least there was Jimmy Christian, American youth of countless adventures in countless lands. Jimmy was headed for an unnamed port, on business for Uncle Sam.

"Well," said de Etienne, matching his soft voice with the whispering Atlantic trades, "adventure is only one man's conception of something daring, or noble, or foolish. I remember well the—"

"Now, Filipe," cut in a French crony, "not that one about the 'Green Men of Ophir'—please!"

Jimmy laughed. Then he tensed in the darkness and an exclamation broke from his lips. He pointed to starboard.

"What's that—whale or sub?" he queried.

"As if a guy could see it if it were either!" one of them snorted. "It was that strong coffee, Jimmy!"

Jimmy bounded to his feet, grabbing his nearest companion. "Look out!" he cried. "Torpedo—come on!"

The lethal monster hit before half of them had time to reach the other side of the ship. There was a violent detonation. A spout of water shot skyward and with it a portion of the steel deck. Debris rained down to create still

more havoc. The ship began listing immediately, indicating that she was badly hit.

"Plumb center," somebody said foolishly.

Then the skipper was there, giving calm orders to the crew to lower boats, see that they were stocked with provisions. The *St. Navarre* was a big tanker, commissioned for convoy duty. She carried several effective guns, but they were of no use now. And she was loaded to the Plimsol with aviation gasoline for Britain. Her small register of a dozen or so passengers—all of them associated in some way with the present crisis—had been permitted by the U. S. government.

All the ship's lights had gone out. Boats rattled down from the davits and the crew piled into them—after first seeing that the passengers were stowed away. Kline Beckwith, who had been one of the last to get away from the starboard rail, had received a piece of shrapnel in his right thigh, and one of the others had a mangled hand.

The sailors rowed madly away from the fast sinking ship. They were only about two hundred yards off when the big tanker slipped down by the bow with a gurgling "whoosh!"

The sea was dark down there, only a couple of feet from the water.

The passengers, Capt. Sellers, and five sailors were in one boat; two other boats carried the balance of the crew.

Capt. Sellers said, "Must've figured that first torpedo got us. I expected 'em to give us another."

Beckwith grunted. "Just pray they don't stay up and strafe us!"

He'd hardly got the words out when a blinding searchlight

swept over the water from a point about a half-mile off.

"There she goes!" groaned the newspaperman. "We're goners, fellows!"

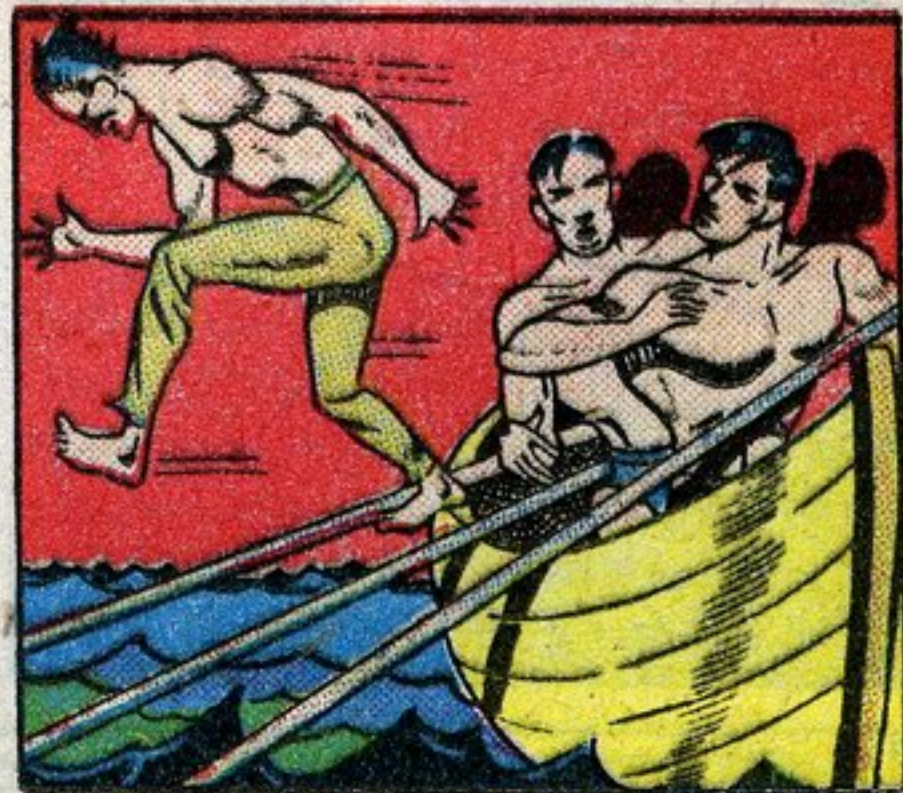
One of the crew's boats was caught directly in the beam. A moment later the sub's deck gun spat flame. It was a perfect hit. The boat, with its twenty-odd men, vanished instantly.

The light swung. The other boat, not far from the first one, was illumined in the glare. The sub's first shell skipped, screaming, over the water just in front of the boat. Another burst followed. This time it was a reproduction of the first boat's fate. Not a soul survived of the two boats.

"The dirty rats!" gritted the skipper. "Guess we're next."

But strangely the light went out, indicating that the U-boat was leaving.

"They figured that was everyone," observed Beckwith. "Well, that's that. Now where do you make out our position, Capt.



Sellers?"

"According to my last reading," replied the skipper, "I'd say about 1200 miles off the west coast of Africa—say Liberia."

Filipe de Etienne cursed softly. "Twenty days, if we have luck. Treacherous seas between us."

"Which means," interposed Jimmy, "twenty days if we have wind. We've got the canvas, a fair quantity of water and food."

"Good," said Capt. Sellers. "We'll step the mast and get going. She'll be a burner tomorrow in these seas!"

They made fair progress through the night. Some of the



men smoked. Beckwith and the man with the crushed hand groaned occasionally. They had been treated with the skipper's meager first-aid kit.

The wind died at dawn. They ate biscuits, a few tins of meat, and boiled tea over the charcoal burner. By noon the sea was a stewpot. The breeze came up lightly and they made modest headway. The injured men's wounds troubled them.

On the fifth day the skipper reckoned they had traveled three hundred miles. Beckwith's hip was swelling, and once Capt. Sellers whispered to Jimmy, "Am afraid of blood poisoning in this heat. Can't do a thing, however."

They caught three days of brisk wind. Their water supply was getting dangerously low. They cut the food and drink to half portions.

On the ninth day a dead calm fell. One of the sailors had been acting queer for a couple of days. He leaped up suddenly and with a wild scream, jumped into the sea. No one tried to save him; he was insane.

Four more days passed. The scorching sun had blackened the men like mummies. Their water was all gone. Almost all the food. Beckwith's hip had developed proud flesh, and the other man's hand showed streaks of red. He was suffering mortal agony.

"Shoot me, somebody," he kept begging.

Then another of the men went mad and plunged overboard. The next morning two more had gone.

It rained that day and they caught a gallon of the precious fluid in the canvas. It came just in time; Jimmy had to knock out two of the men to prevent them from gulping sea water—certain death.

It was the next day that they sighted land, through swollen eyes. Husky cries broke from their tortured throats. They had come through—most of them! They had beat the sea! Their spirits rose.



In an hour they beached the boat and Jimmy, de Etienne and Capt. Sellers got the others off on the sand. Most of them were unable to move. Beckwith was out of his head with pain. The man with the mangled hand had fallen into a coma. It would have to be amputated.

Sellers knew a bit about surgery, so he was elected to do the operations. There could be no delays; this would have to come first.

"Build a fire—quick!" said Sellers. "Get some hot water."

Jimmy searched his pockets. He had no matches. Sellers had none. Frantically Jimmy searched the pockets of the others. There was not a match in the crowd! Without fire they could not heat water. Without hot water Sellers could not operate. It was a beautiful fix!

Jimmy glanced about the country on which they had landed. Flat plains as far as the eye could reach. Not a bush. Not a tree. Not a bit of wood. There were, of course, a few scattered palms fringing the coast. But they provided no wood—no pieces such as Boy Scouts used to build fires by friction. It was a dilemma over which there seemed to be no hurdling.

Filipe de Etienne said that he'd once seen Tartars produce fire by rubbing silk together.

Another said that the American Indians made fire by clicking

flint and steel. But there was no flint, and no rocks comparable to it on this terrain.

Jimmy began an inland trek, in search of a couple of sticks. There might be a depression farther inland; maybe trees. But he walked an hour and found nothing but the flat, treeless plain.

"What a trick of fate!" he sighed. "Those two men will die unless Sellers operates. A match would save their lives!"

Suddenly he halted and the impact of the idea almost knocked him over. Why hadn't he thought of it before? He had heard of it being worked many times in the South Seas, and elsewhere. Why not here?

He raced back to the beach, searched in the waters for shellfish. He found some clams. Then, as Sellers and those who were able watched him, he stripped off his wrist watch. Ten minutes later, with the aid of some fringe and dried bits of palm bark, he had a tiny fire going.

"Quick"—get the charcoal pot!" he called.

Sellers came running with it, filled with fresh water. They erected a stone barrier about the precious blaze, and Sellers dug up more bits of palm bark. Now the fire was leaping high around the pot.

"Ready when you are, Captain!" sang out Jimmy.

The operation got under way immediately.

"How the dickens did you do it, son?" Sellers asked as he laid out his meager instruments.

Jimmy grinned. "Remembered a story I once read about a cast-away starting a fire with his watch crystal—"

"But a crystal doesn't magnify!" cut in Sellers.

"No, but it becomes a magnifying glass when you put a bit of that glutinous liquid from oysters or clams on it. The sun does the rest!"

**DO YOU READ PLASTIC MAN  
IN EACH ISSUE OF  
POLICE COMICS?  
NEW! DIFFERENT!**





**W**HIMSICAL, BLUSTERING, BIG HEARTED MEMBER OF THE POLICE FORCE, ROOKIE RANKIN HAPHAZARDLY BECOMES INVOLVED IN A SPECTACULAR ARREST...

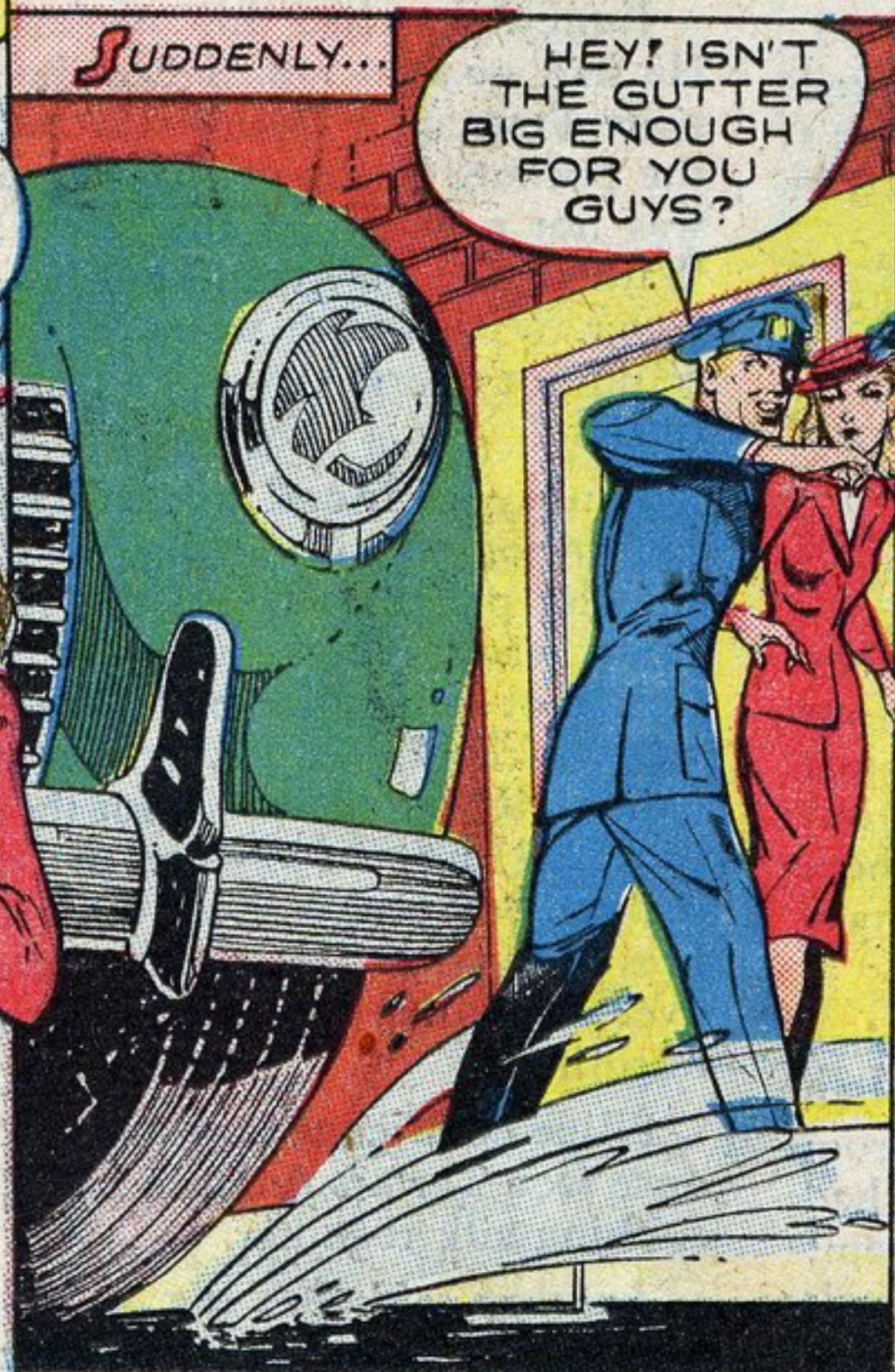
BRAGGING AS USUAL, ROOKIE PASSES THE TIME OF DAY WITH A FAVORITE BLONDE...



SAY...I CAN PINCH ANY CROOK... ONCE I GET ON HIS TRAIL, HE'S PRACTICALLY IN THE BIG HOUSE...

OH, ROOKIE.. YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

**S**UDDENLY...



HEY! ISN'T THE GUTTER BIG ENOUGH FOR YOU GUYS?



AW, STOP BEEFING, RANKIN...THE SARGE WANTS YOU TO CALL HIM RIGHT AWAY!



AT A POLICE CALL BOX..

HELLO, SARGE? RANKIN CALLING.. GOT A SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT FOR THE BEST COP ON THE FORCE?



I'LL SAY IT'S SPECIAL! GET ON OVER TO 120 CENTRE STREET AND NAB A GUY NAMED REICHER...YEAH, AN ENEMY ALIEN.. AND TRY TO KEEP YOUR MIND ON YOUR BUSINESS!



C'MON, HONEY.. YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE IN ON THIS.. GIVE YOU A CHANCE TO SEE HOW GOOD I AM.. 'COURSE IT'S AGAINST THE RULES..



AS THEY APPROACH THEIR DESTINATION, A BURLY FIGURE INSIDE THE HOUSE DRAWS THE BLIND.



SO? COMES AMERIKANER POLICE?



REMEMBER! EVEN HE COMES, OLD ONE, YOU ARE REICHER, NOT I, OR YOUR DAUGHTER DIES!

IS-IS IT GOING TO BE DANGEROUS, ROOKIE?



DON'T WORRY! YOU'RE SAFE WITH ME!



I WANNA SEE A GUY NAMED REICHER!

DERE HE ISS!



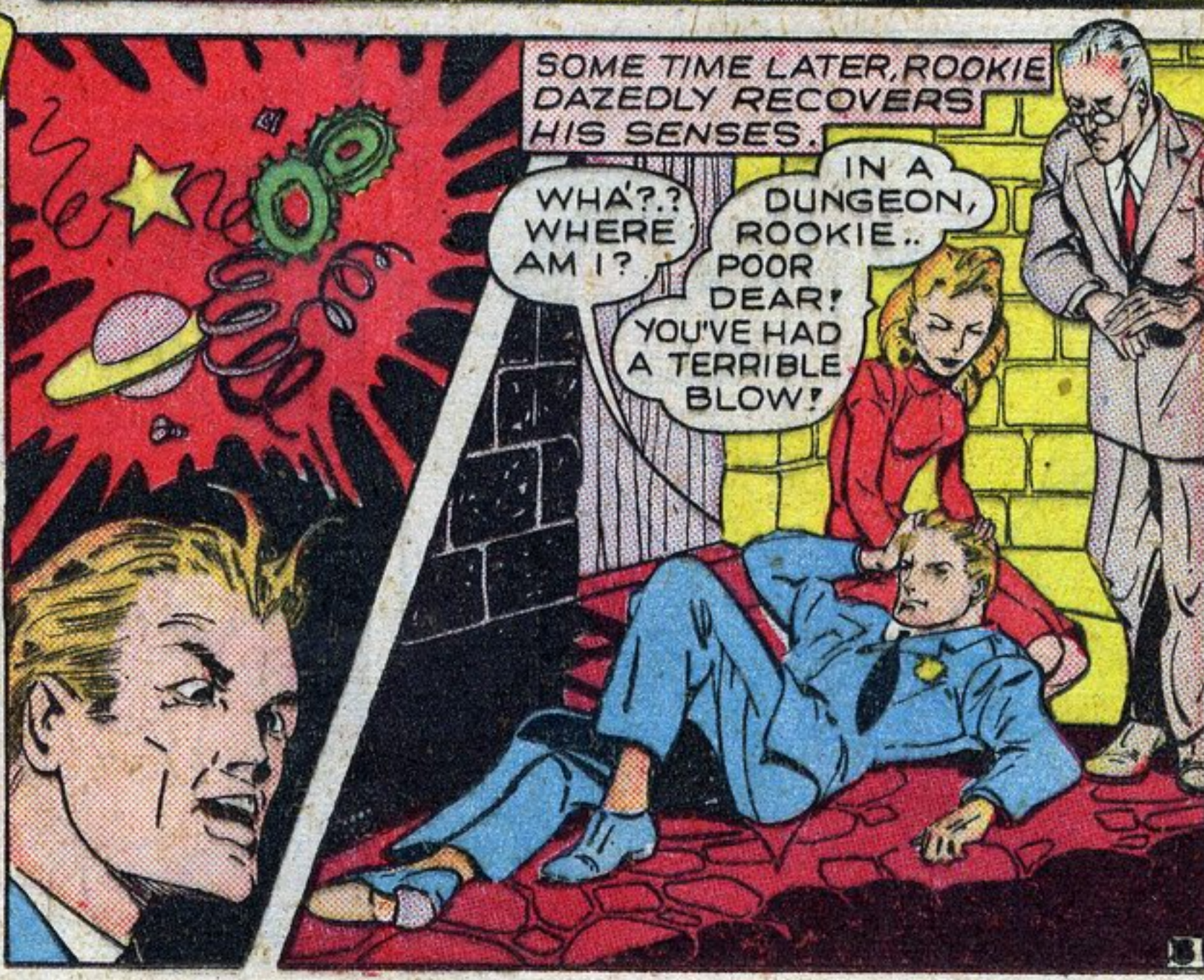
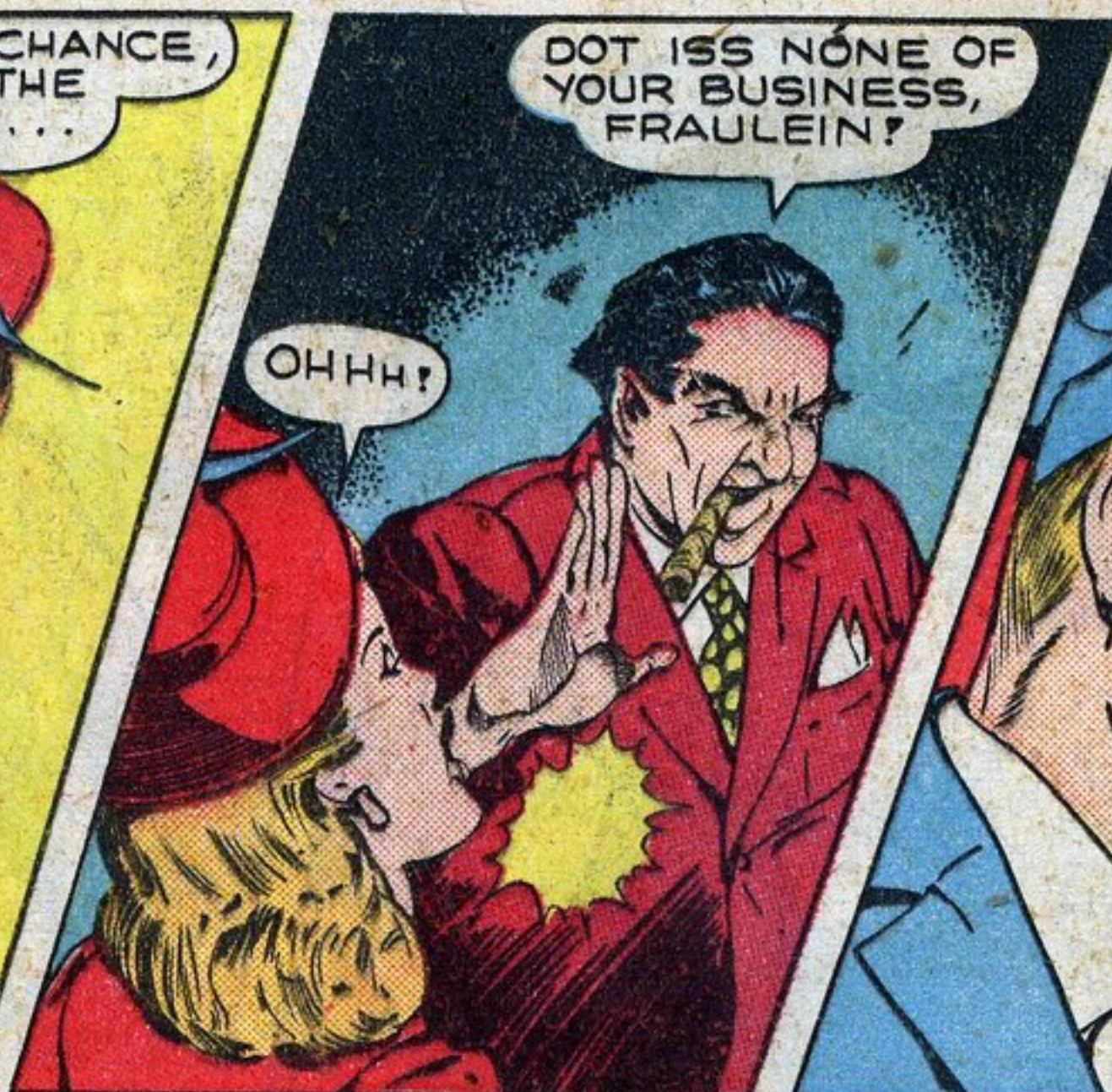
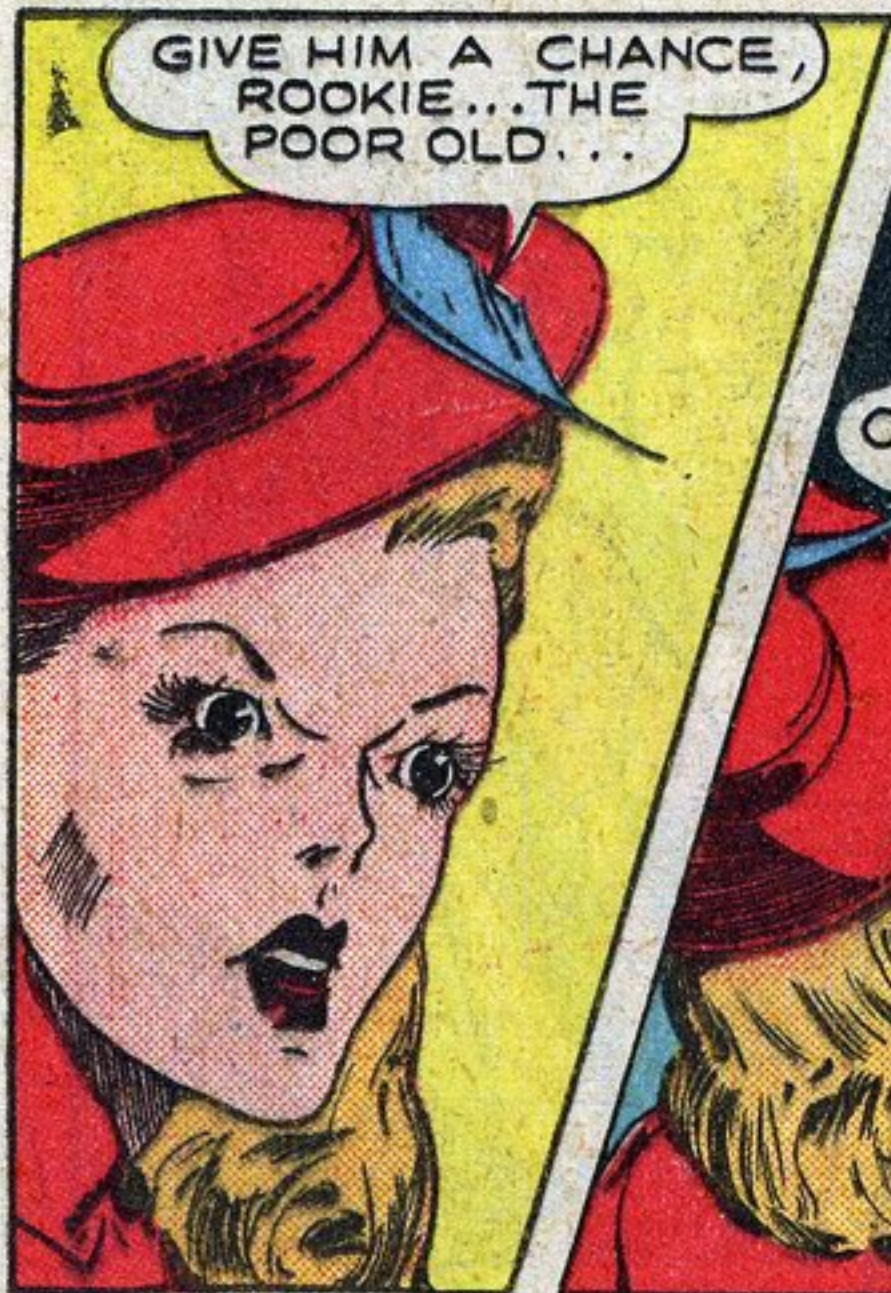
NO! NO! YOU MAKE BIG MISTAKE. I AM INNOCENT!



I TELL YOU I AM AMERICAN CITIZEN!

STOP SQUAWKIN', POP, AND GET MOVIN'!







YES, MY FINE COPPER, YOU VILL REMAIN IN DIS COZY PRISON UNTIL MY DUTIES FOR DER VATERLAND ARE COMPLETED!

OH, OH! HOW'M I EVER GONNA EXPLAIN THIS TO THE SARGE?



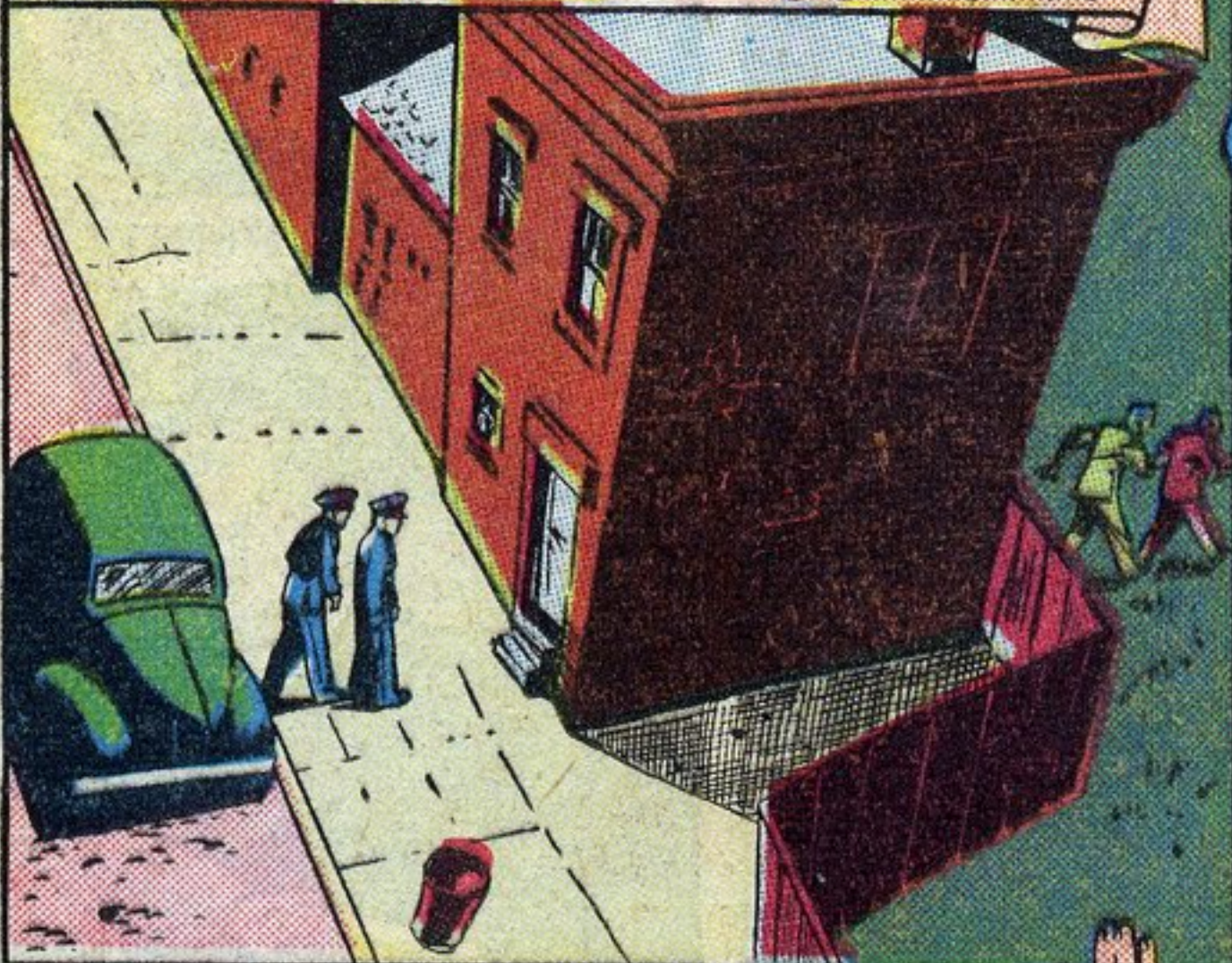
THE SUDDEN BLARE OF SQUAD CAR SIRENS PIERCES THE AIR...



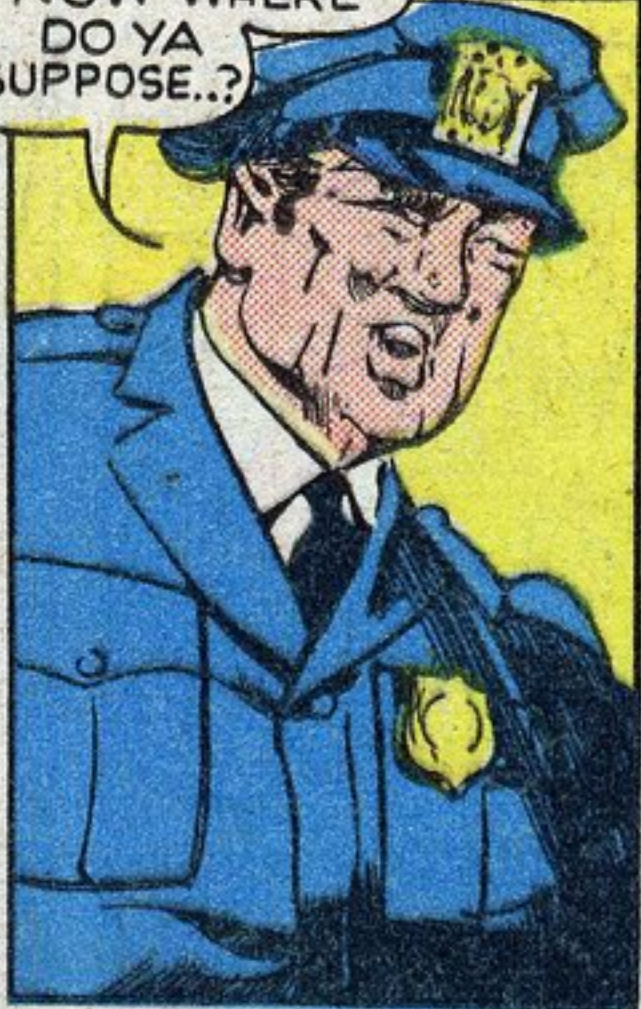
ACH! COMES MORE POLICE.. VE MUST ESCAPE!



CAUTIOUSLY, TWO FIGURES LEAVE BY THE BACK EXIT, AS SERGEANT BURNS AND HIS AIDE STALK TO THE FRONT DOOR...



INSIDE... THIS IS WHAT I GET FOR SENDIN' THAT CLUCK RANKIN' ON A PINCH. NOW WHERE DO YA SUPPOSE..?



SUDDENLY...

HEY! WHOEVER'S UP THERE.. C'MON DOWN AND GET US OUTTA HERE!



SO YOU WERE GOIN' TO LOCK UP REICHER? WHAT THE DEVIL...?

OHH! H-HELLO, SARGE!



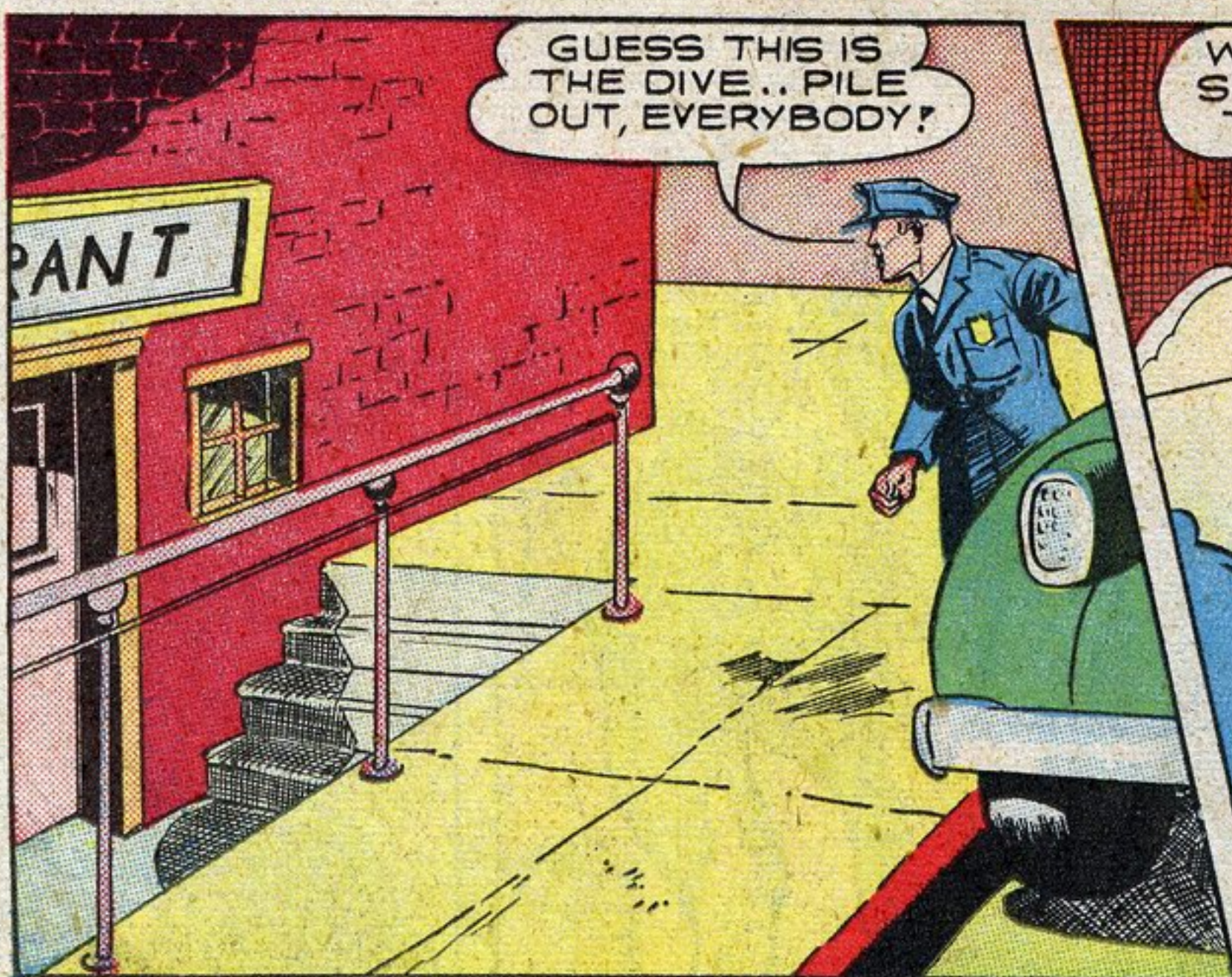
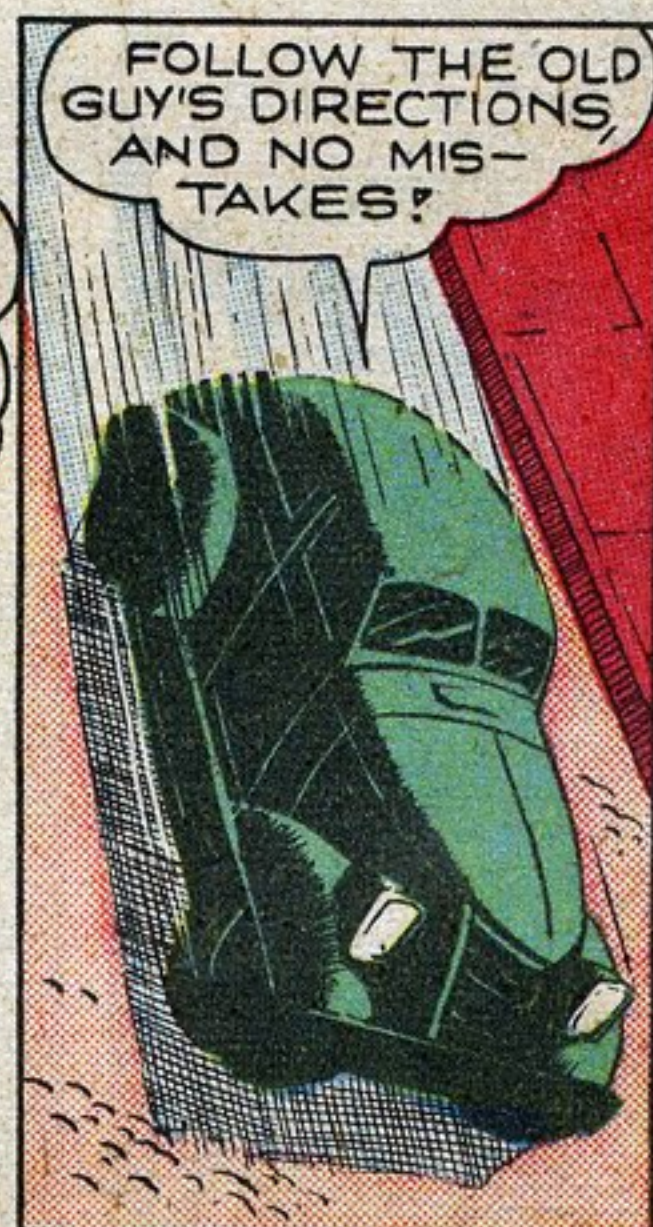
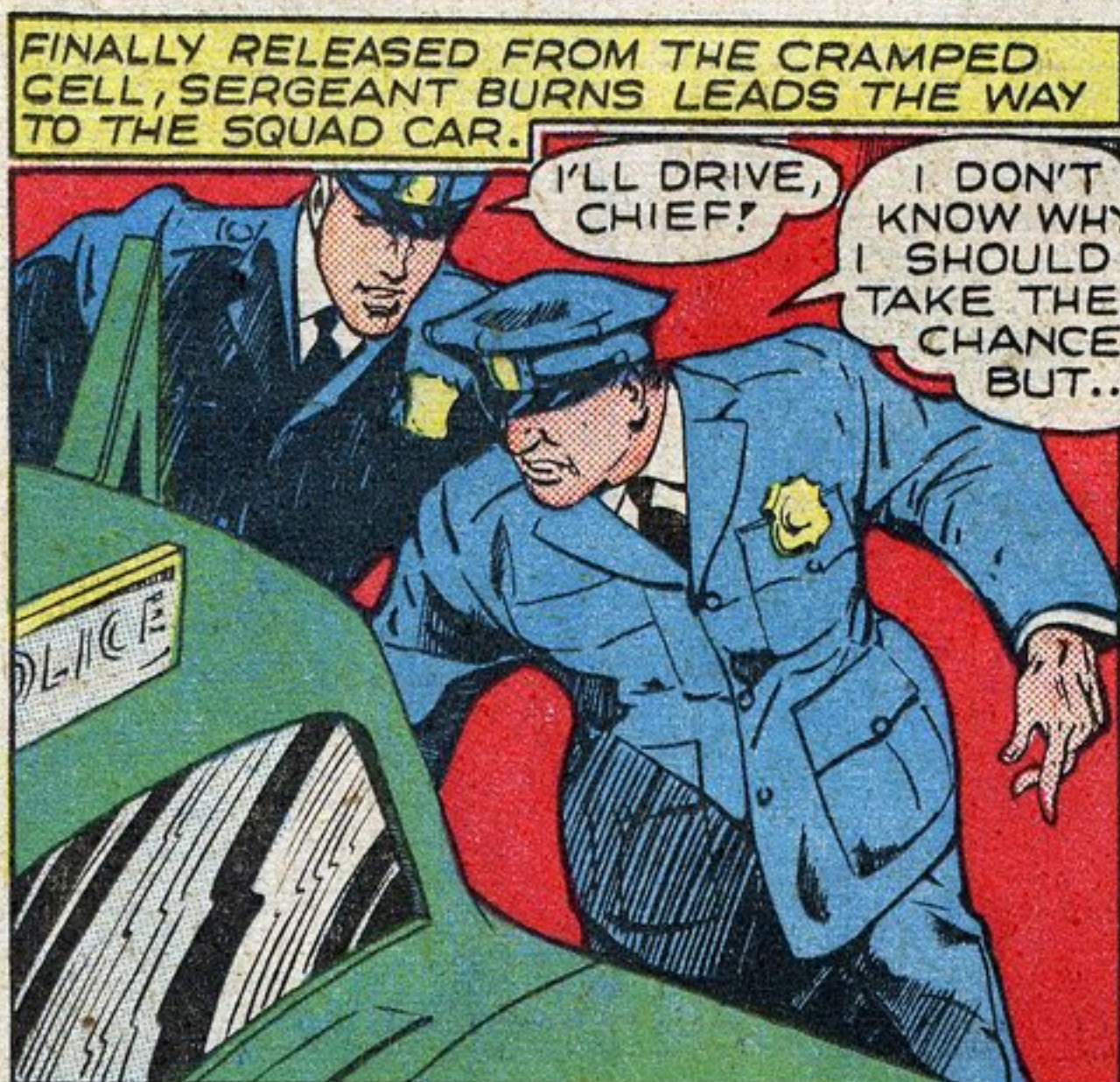
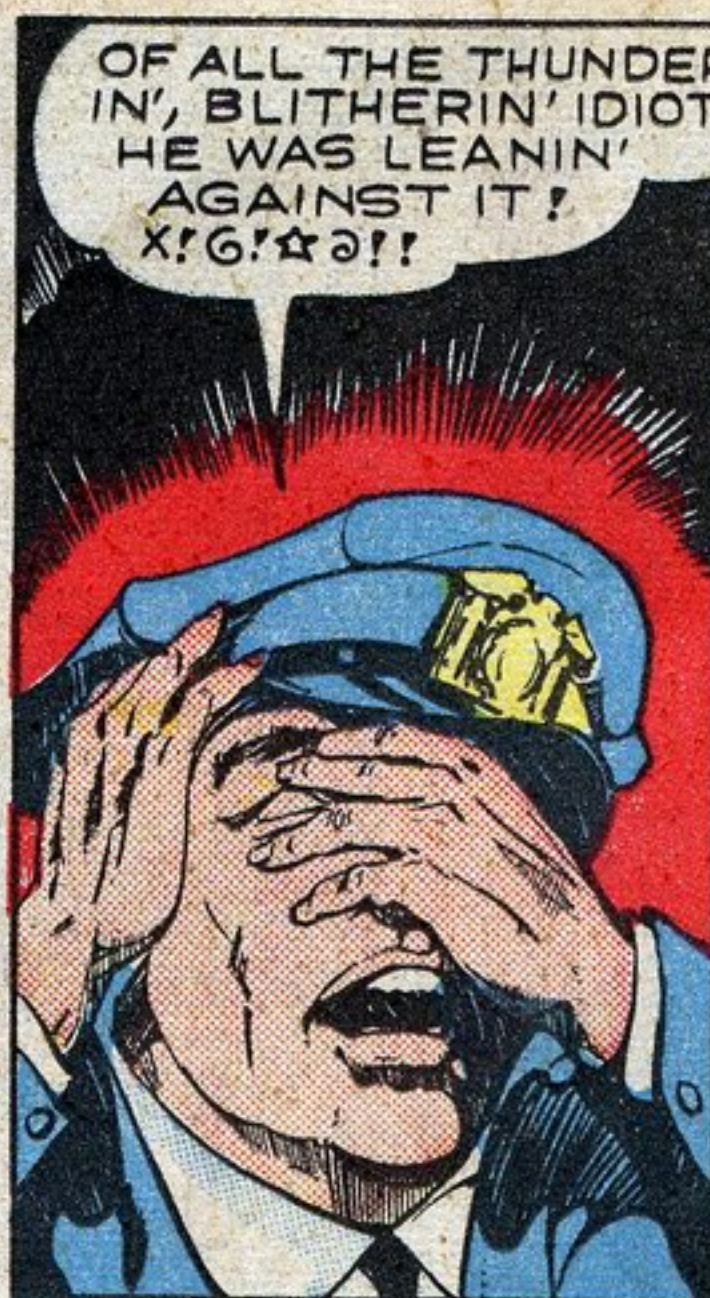
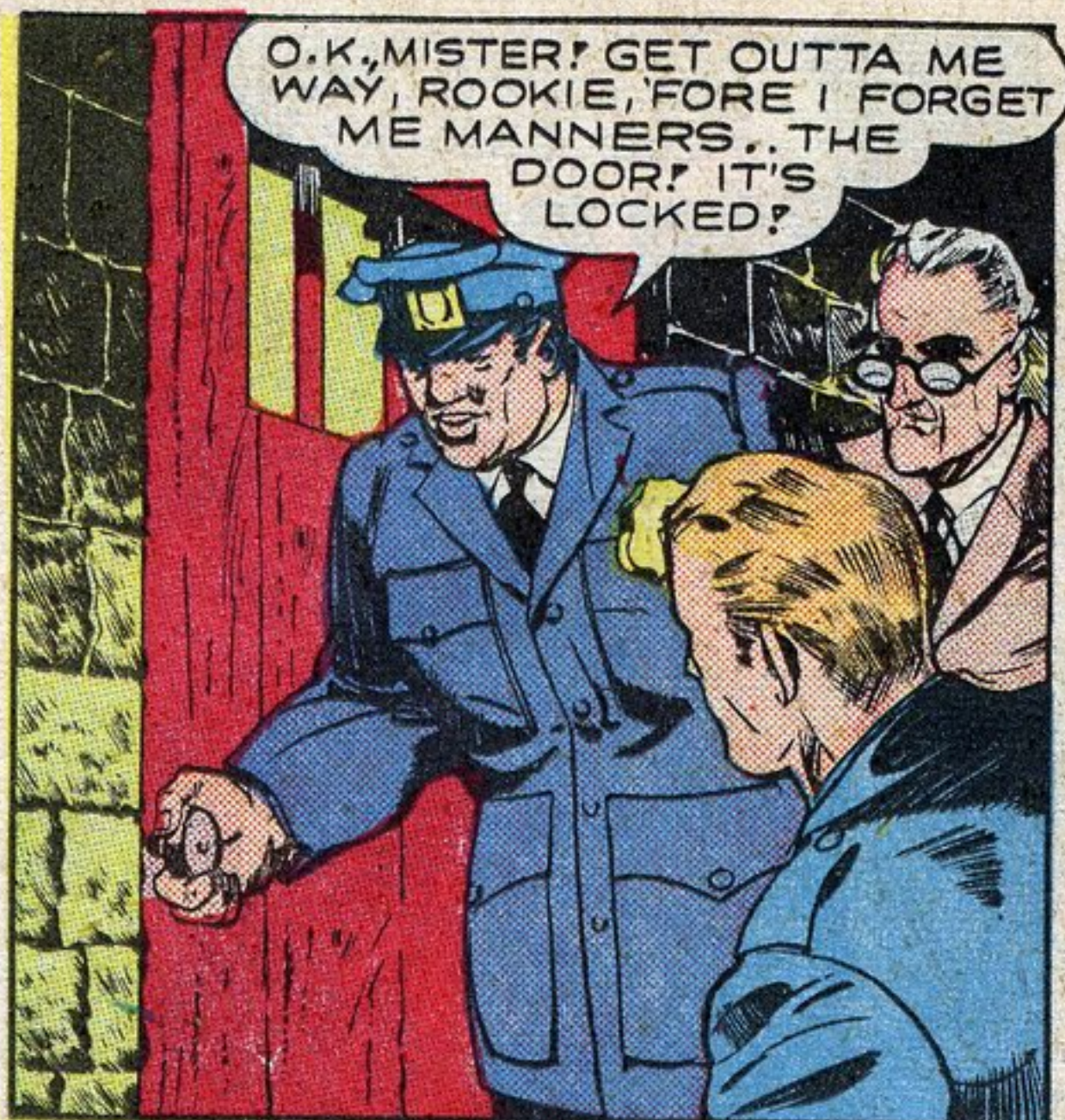
NOW, NOW? DON'T GO GETTING EXCITED, SARGE. I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!



I WOULD SUGGEST THAT YOU GENTLEMEN STOP QUARRELING... TWO NAZI SPIES HAVE JUST ESCAPED! BUT I CAN TAKE YOU TO THEIR HIDEOUT.











SAY...I GOT AN IDEA...IF I CAN SLIP UP TO THAT FIRE ESCAPE NEXT DOOR...

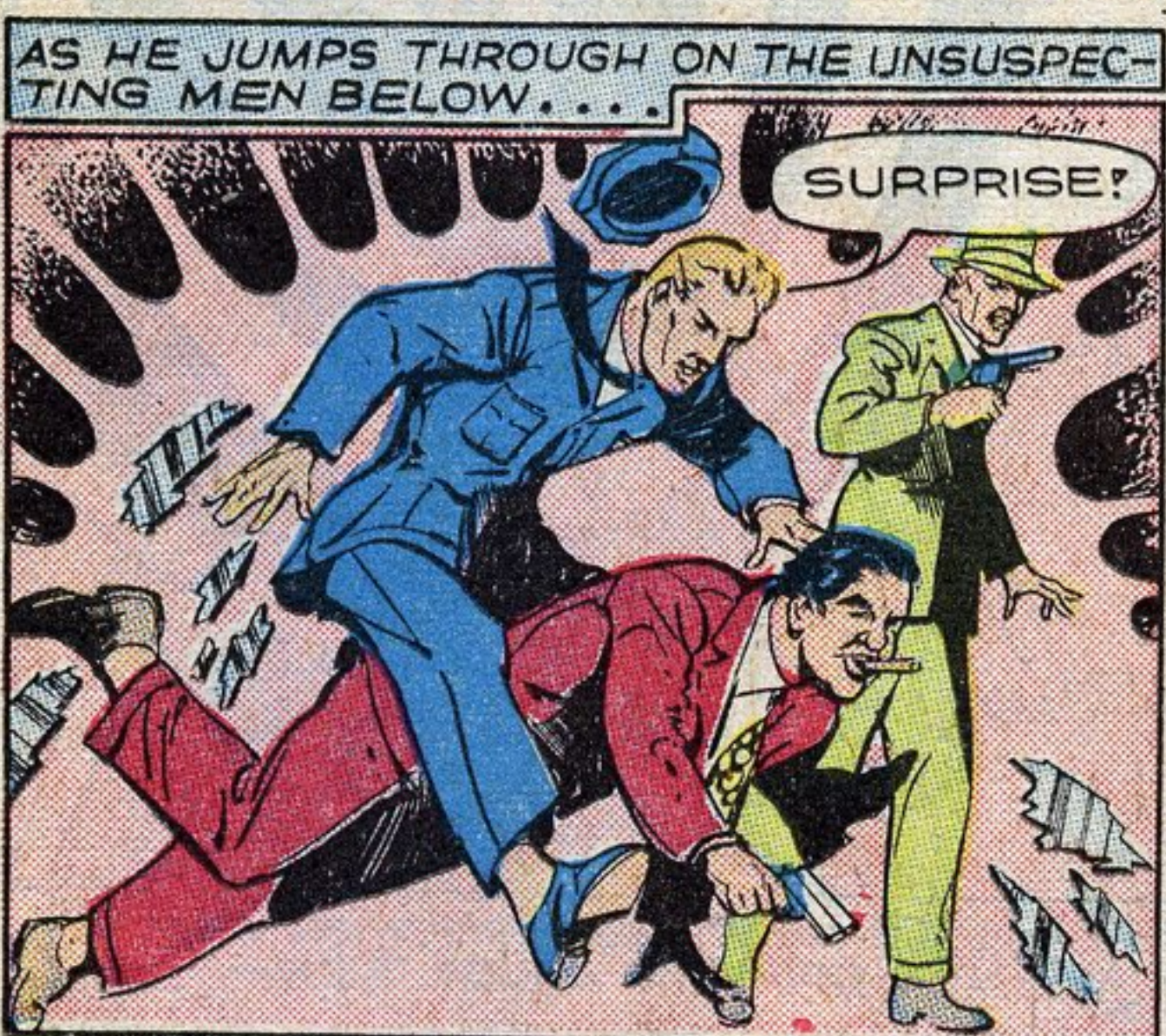


UNSEEN, ROOKIE HOISTS HIMSELF UP THE STEEL LADDER.

PHEW! SO FAR SO GOOD!



THERE'S THE SKYLIGHT.. JUST READY AND WAITING FOR ME!



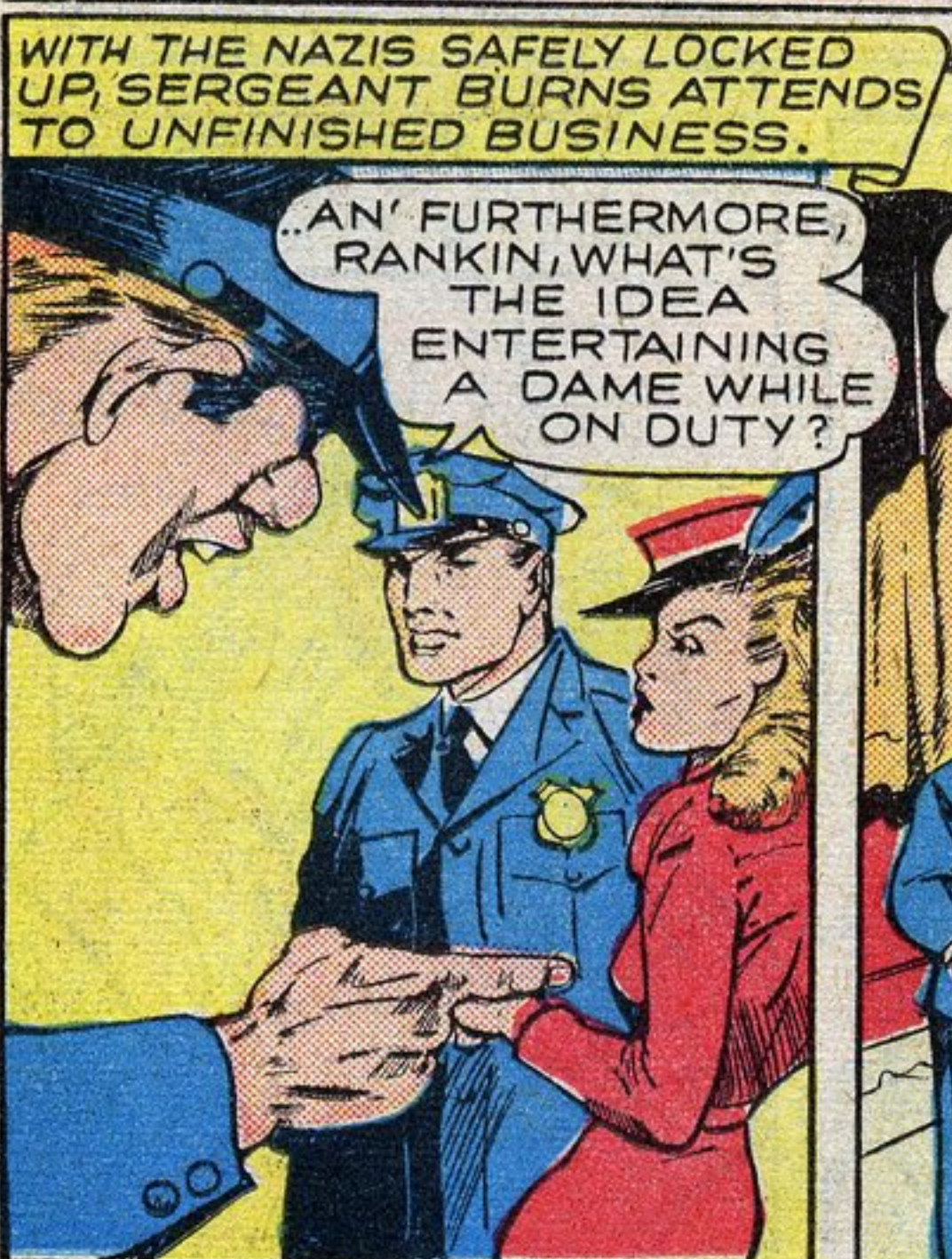
AS HE JUMPS THROUGH ON THE UNSUSPECTING MEN BELOW....

SURPRISE!



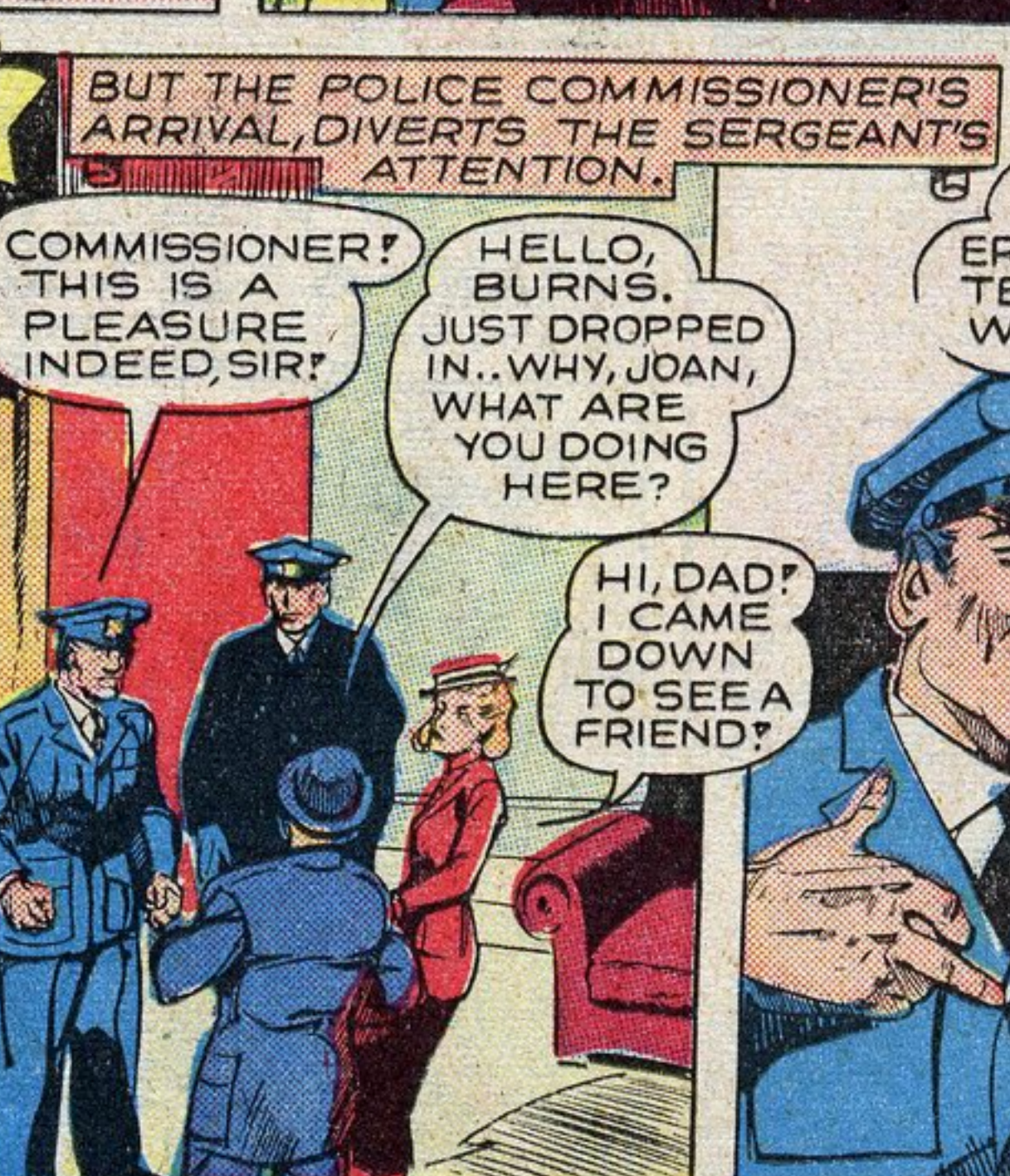
ROOKIE'S SIGNAL BRINGS HIS FELLOW OFFICERS..

C'MON, BOYS..HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO CLEAN UP A COUPLA HITLER'S STOOGES!



WITH THE NAZIS SAFELY LOCKED UP, SERGEANT BURNS ATTENDS TO UNFINISHED BUSINESS.

..AN' FURTHERMORE, RANKIN, WHAT'S THE IDEA ENTERTAINING A DAME WHILE ON DUTY?



BUT THE POLICE COMMISSIONER'S ARRIVAL, DIVERTS THE SERGEANT'S ATTENTION.

COMMISSIONER! THIS IS A PLEASURE INDEED, SIR!

HELLO, BURNS. JUST DROPPED IN..WHY, JOAN, WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?

HI, DAD! I CAME DOWN TO SEE A FRIEND!

G-GULP? D-DAD.... D-DAUGHTER! SURE COMMISSIONER, AN' I WAS JUST TELLIN ROOKIE WHAT A FINE JOB HE DID.. BLAH.. BLAH...





BY  
ED CRONIN



THE NAZI MAJOR HURTZ IS IN REALITY BARON POVALSKY, POLISH PATRIOT, AS THE MARKSMAN, HE CREATES HAVOC AND DESTRUCTION WITH THE GERMANS

NAZI REGIONAL HEADQUARTERS... AN ANCIENT CASTLE NEAR THE BORDER OF WHAT ONCE WAS POLAND... IT IS LATE AFTERNOON AND NAZI OFFICERS AMUSE THEMSELVES AT TARGET PRACTICE.....



HA!!..YOU ARE A DEADLY MAN WITH THE GUN TODAY, WALTHER!

BUT I ONLY WISH THAT CERTAIN OF THE ENEMY WERE IN THE TARGET'S PLACE!



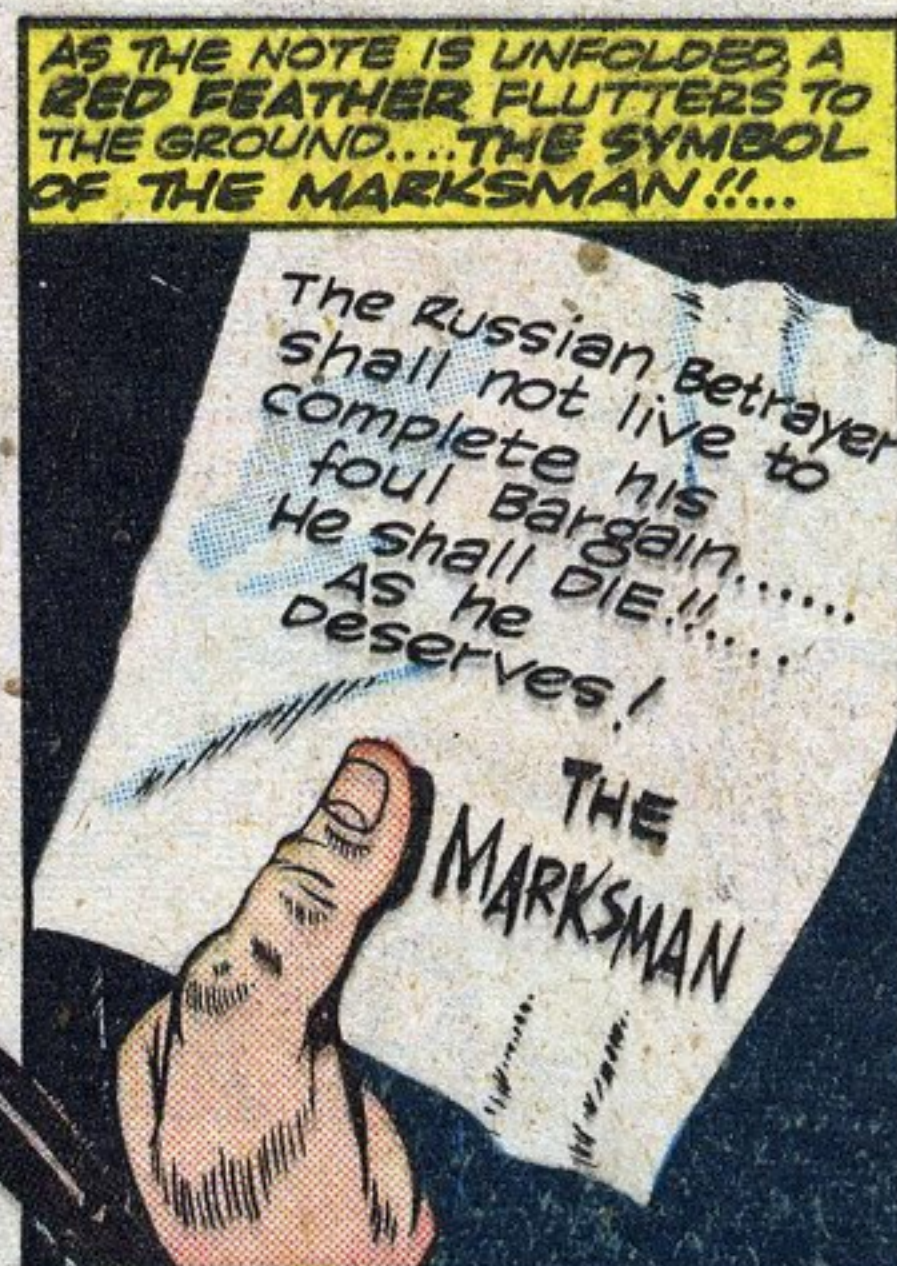
THE RUSSIAN TRAITOR, GADJOFF, SHOULD ARRIVE SOON, EH?

YES... AND WITH HIS PAPERS, WE SHOULD TRAP MORE THAN HALF THE RUSSIAN ARMY!



LOOK !!..THAT IS PROBABLY HIS PLANE NOW... ULPP!!... W..WHAT'S THIS??!!







IN HIS ROLE OF A NAZI MAJOR, THE MARKSMAN ENTERS THE GREAT HALL OF THE CASTLE... HIS OWN ANCESTRAL HOME..... NOW OVERRUN BY ARROGANT CONQUERORS.....

MAJOR HURTZ!!!  
HAVE YOU HEARD?...  
THE MARKSMAN...  
HE SENT A  
WARNING !!!

JA.. HE SAYS HE  
WILL KILL  
GADJOFF,  
THE RUSSIAN!

WHAT?!... THIS IS  
SERIOUS!!!... THE  
MARKSMAN NEVER  
FAILS TO CARRY OUT  
A THREAT!!



LOOK!... HERE COMES  
GADJOFF NOW!



GENERAL!!! HERE ARE THE..  
..ER.. PAPERS.. PLEASE.. TAKE  
THEM QUICKLY!!



I MUST HURRY  
BACK.. IF THEY  
MISS ME... IT  
MIGHT MEAN  
MY LIFE!

HMM... I DIDN'T  
EXPECT THIS..  
I'LL HAVE TO  
STALL FOR  
MORE TIME...



YOU'LL FIND  
WHAT YOU  
WANT HERE,  
GENERAL...  
THE MAP  
IS CLEAR!



THAT FEATHER!!  
IT'S THE  
MARKSMAN!!

OH!!... I'VE  
HEARD OF  
HIM... HE'LL  
KILL ME!!!  
SAVE ME...  
SAVE ME!!



GENERAL... WHY  
NOT TAKE GADJOFF  
TO YOUR OFFICE  
AND POST A  
GUARD THERE?

FINE,  
MAJOR!  
... HAVE  
YOUR MEN  
SEARCH  
FOR THE  
MARKSMAN!



IT WORKED!!... NOW FOR  
A QUICK CHANGE OF  
COSTUME.....



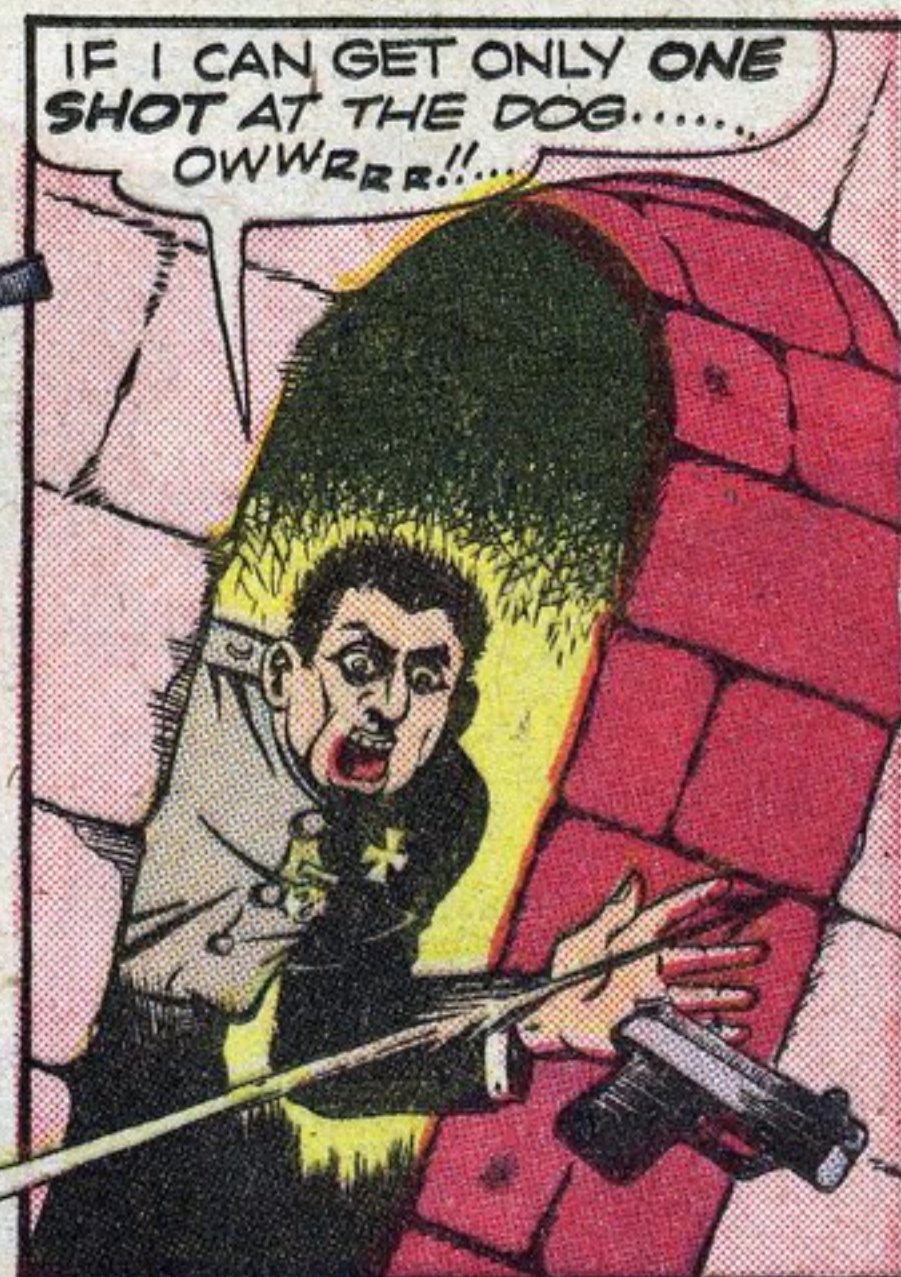
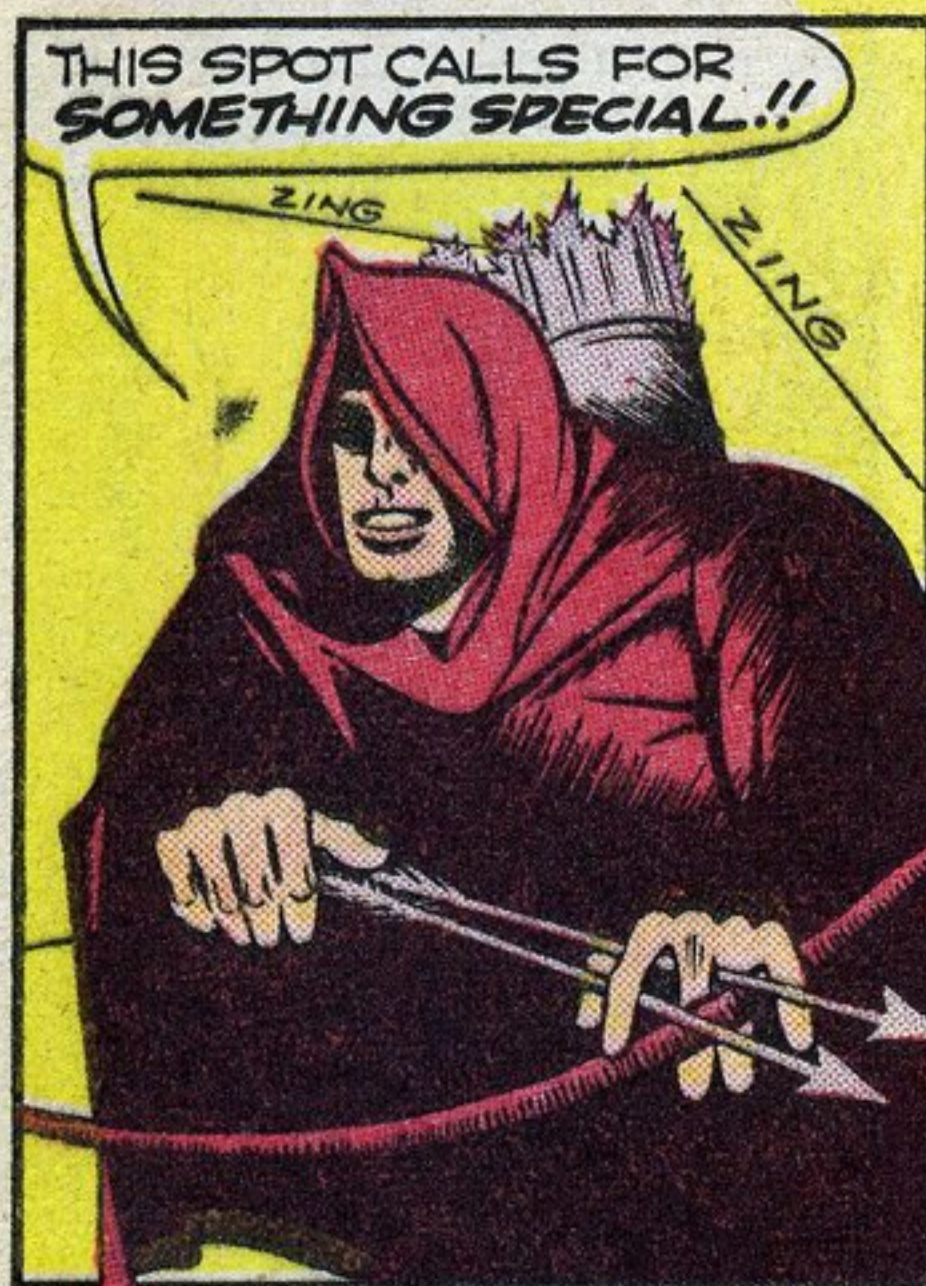
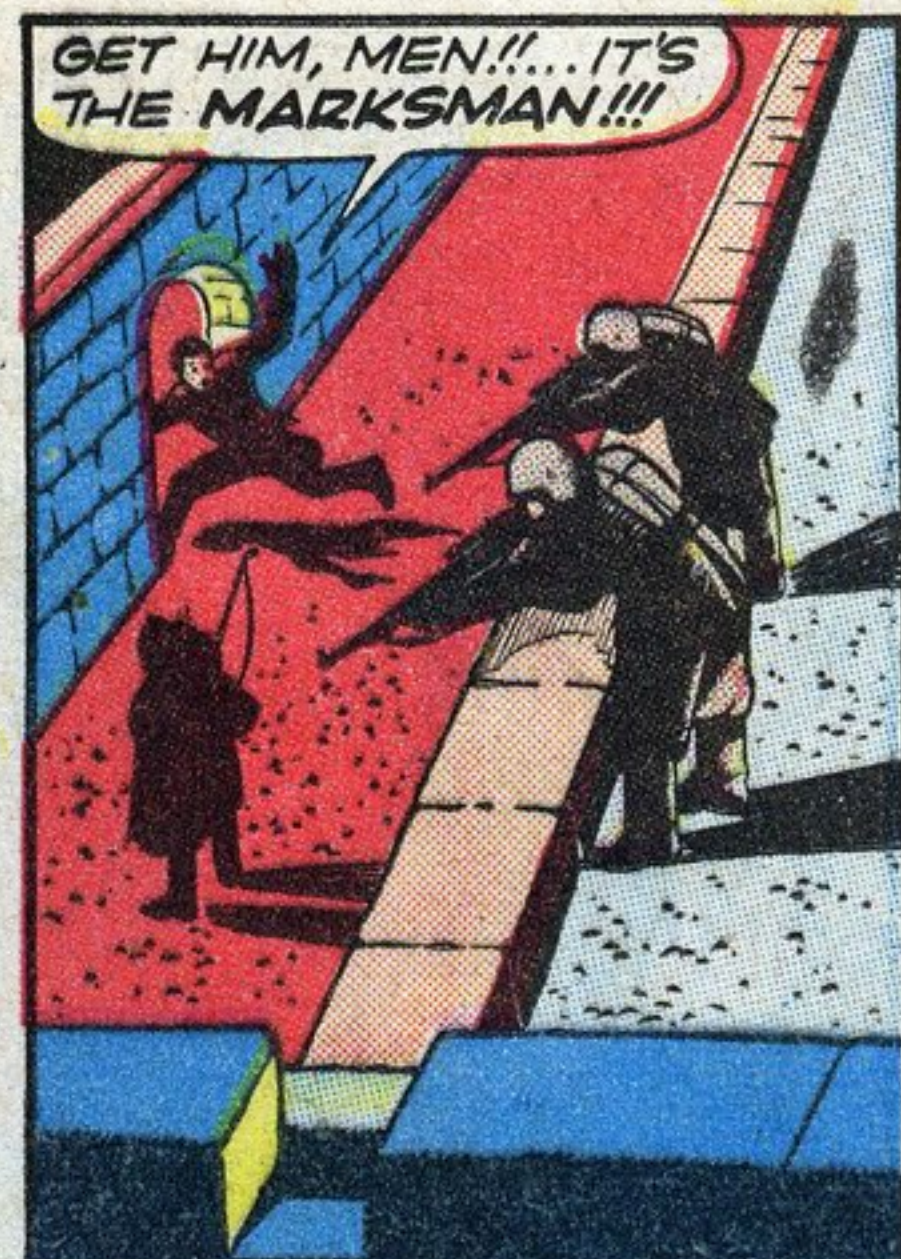




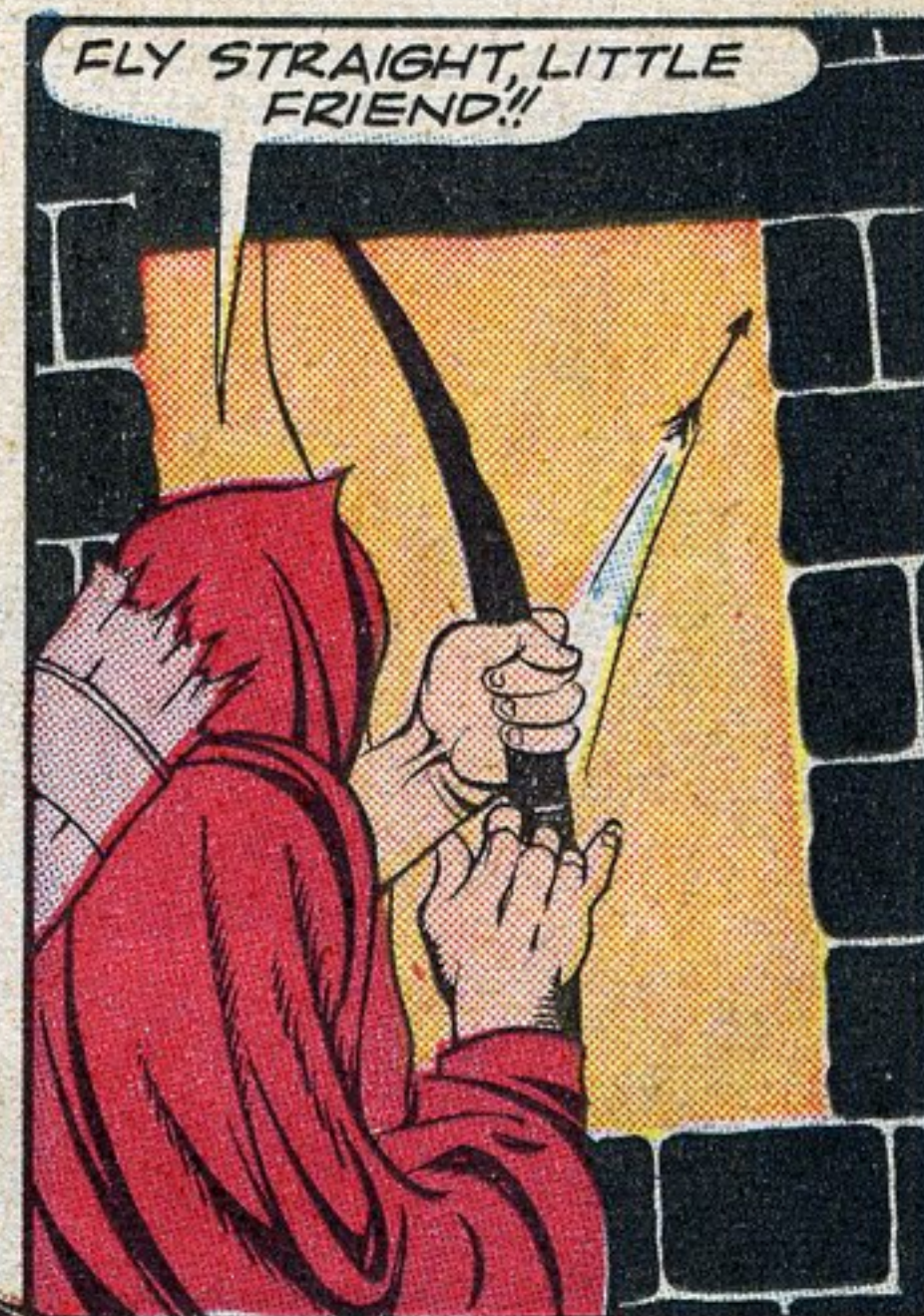
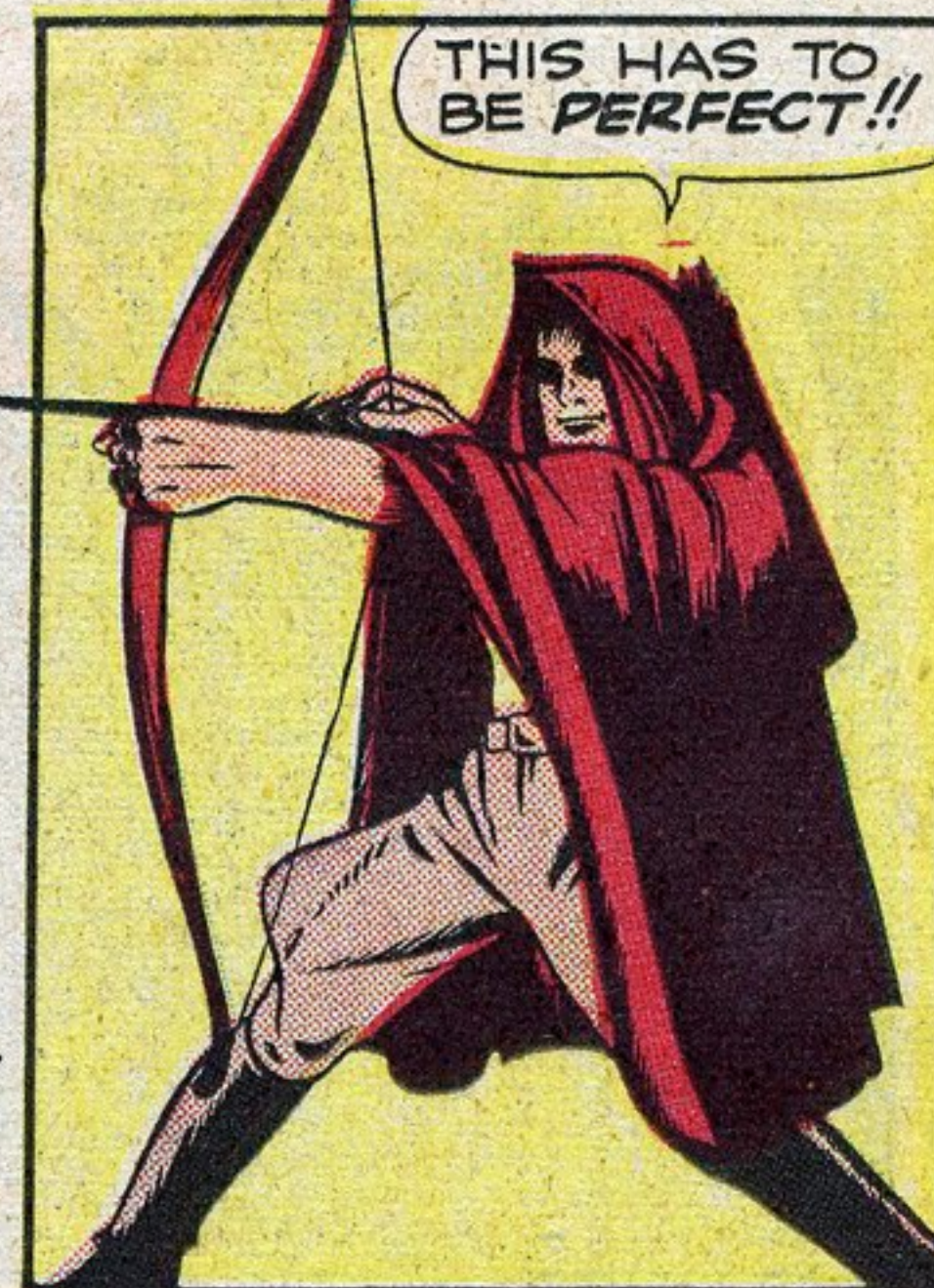










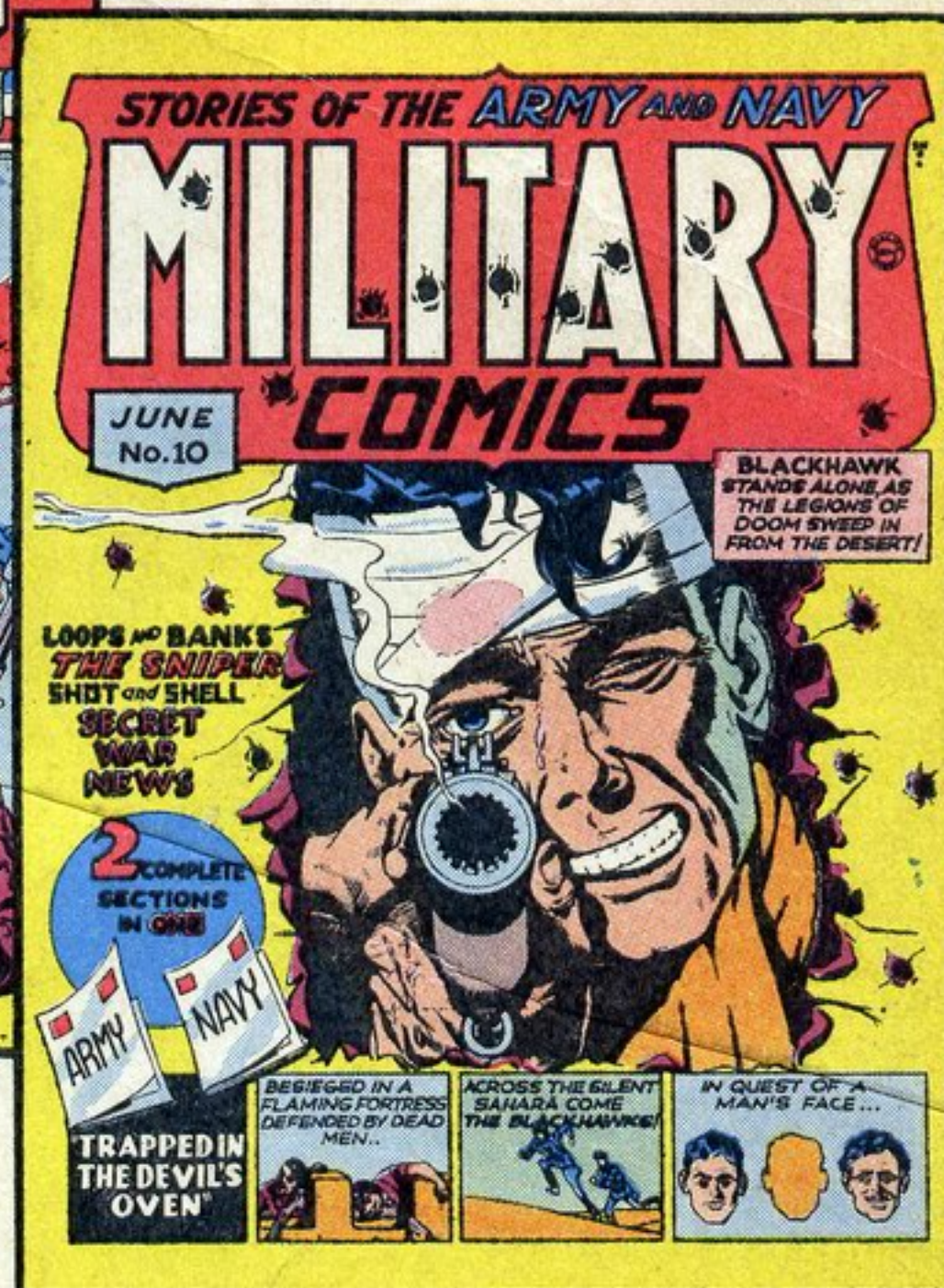


More of The Marksman in the next issue of SMASH COMICS.

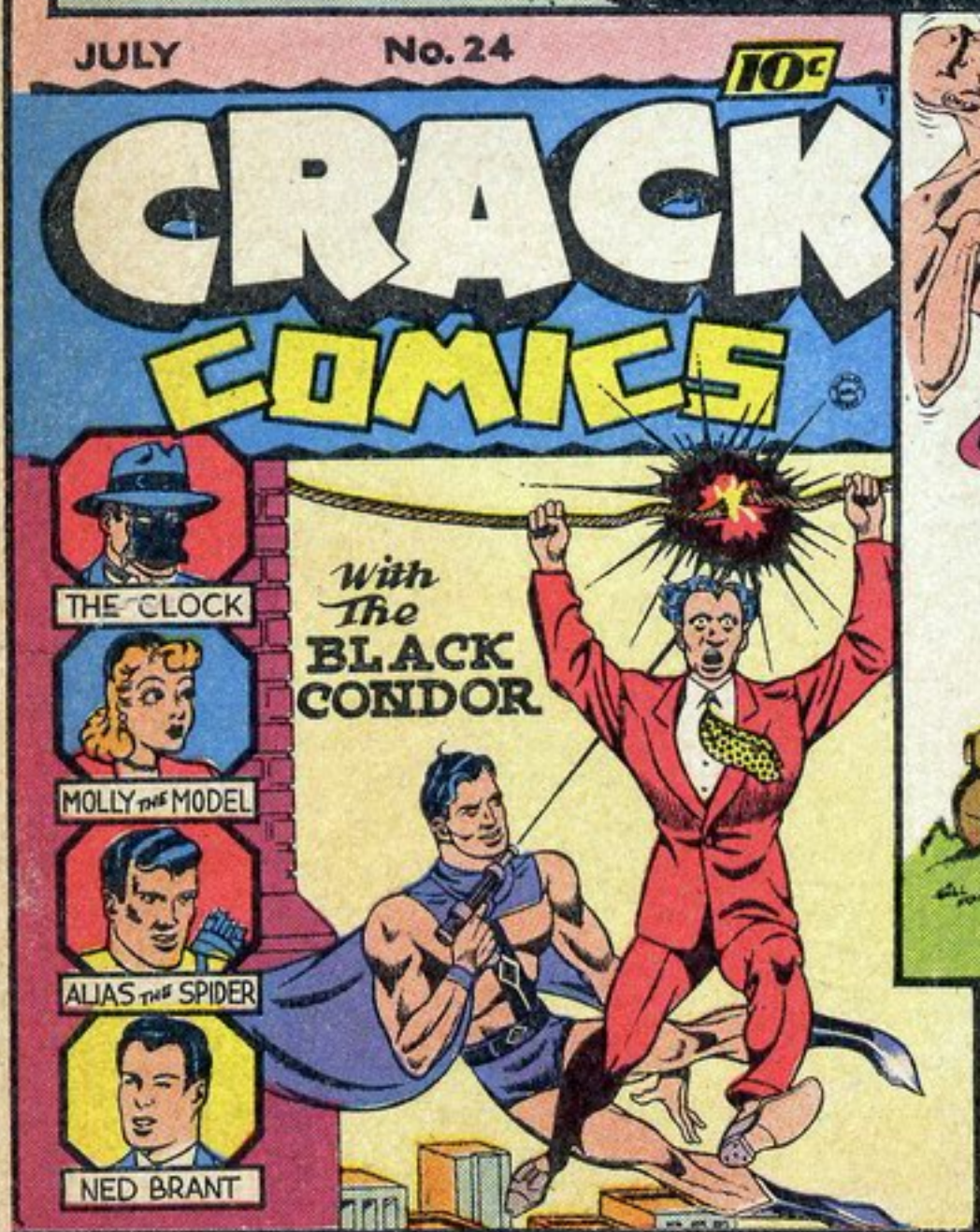




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*the New* **DAISY**

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## 1000-SHOT MILITARY MODEL

Daisy proudly announces the wonderful new DAISY DEFENDER 1000-shot Military Style air rifle every boy wants! And—the safest air rifle in the world. Cock the DEFENDER—that Special Bolt Action automatically locks trigger "On Safety." You must release the Safety Bolt before you can shoot. This new DAISY DEFENDER looks, feels, handles like a real Army rifle. The 36-inch military gun sling is adjustable. Use it to carry gun slung on shoulder or across back, leaving both hands free—also to steady your aim in firing. The Elevation-Windage Adjusters on Rear Sight permit movement of sight to left or right and up or down—to compensate for cross-winds and control the trajectory of your shots. The OVAL stock is strictly Army style as is the full-length wooden fore-end. But—get your own Daisy Defender and see for yourself! Buy it at your nearest hardware, sports goods or department store. If your Dealer hasn't it, or no Dealer is near, send us only \$5.00—we'll rush your DEFENDER to you post-paid! (Duty added in Canada.)

IN THIS  
BEAUTIFUL  
CARTON

*Featuring*

- ★ MILITARY STYLE GUN SLING (For carrying Defender, steadier aiming) ★
- DOUBLE ADJUSTABLE REAR SIGHT (For Windage... left and right—for Elevation... up or down) ★
- AUTOMATIC BOLT ACTION SAFETY (Cocking puts Safety Bolt on) ★
- FULL-LENGTH FORE-END ARMY STYLE ★
- LIGHTNING-LOADER INVENTION (Load 1000-shot in 20 seconds) ★
- OVAL STOCK—WALNUT FINISH



**FREE!**

Send post card for Daisy Air Rifle Catalog and Boy's Manual of Arms (military drills, commands, shooting positions, etc.)—both sent FREE. Write now!



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(Duty added in Canada)

BE PATRIOTIC! BUY DEFENSE STAMPS! LEARN TO SHOOT STRAIGHT WITH

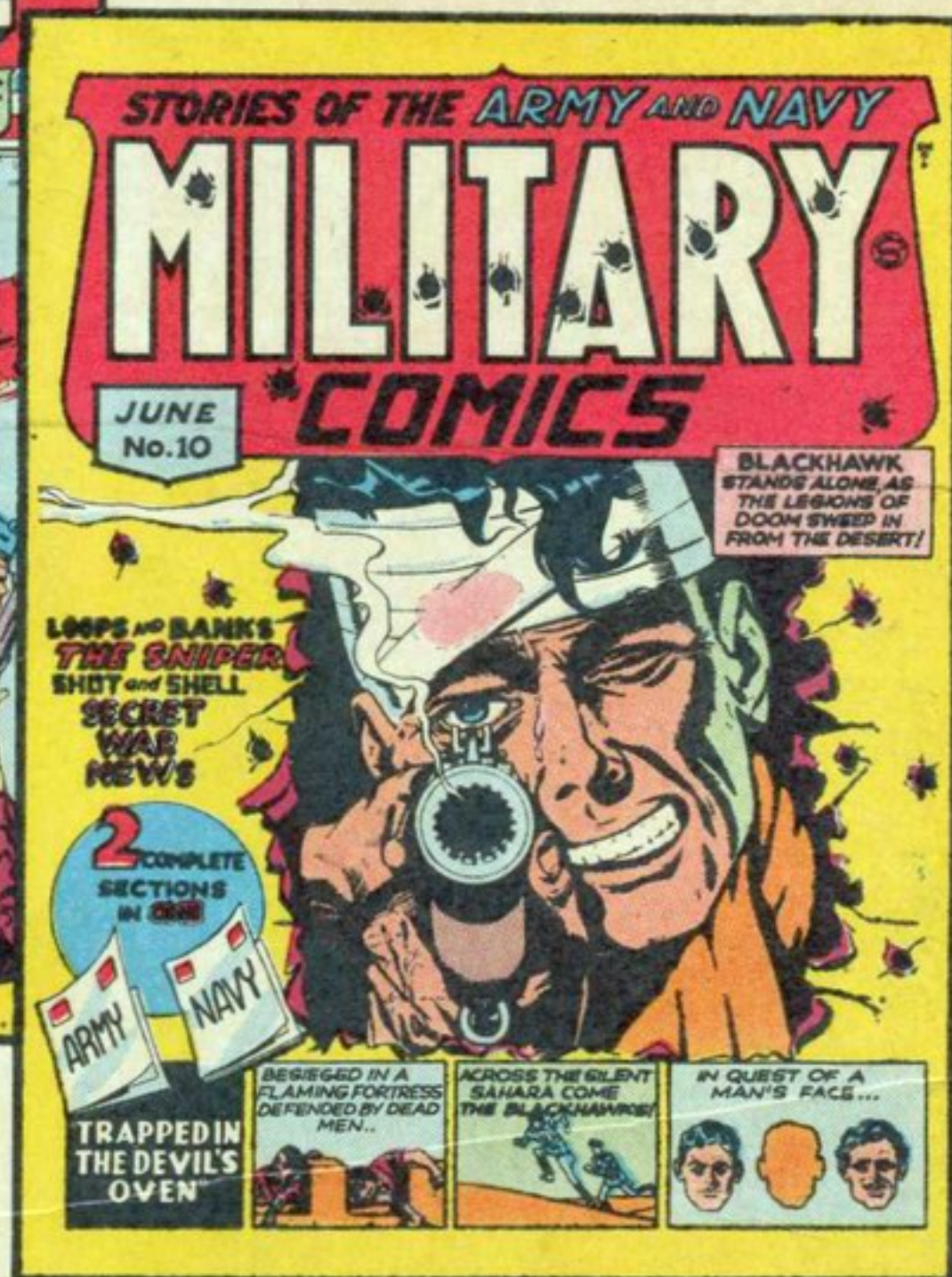
# DAISY AIR RIFLES

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 495 UNION ST., DEPT. 2, PLYMOUTH, MICH., U. S. A.

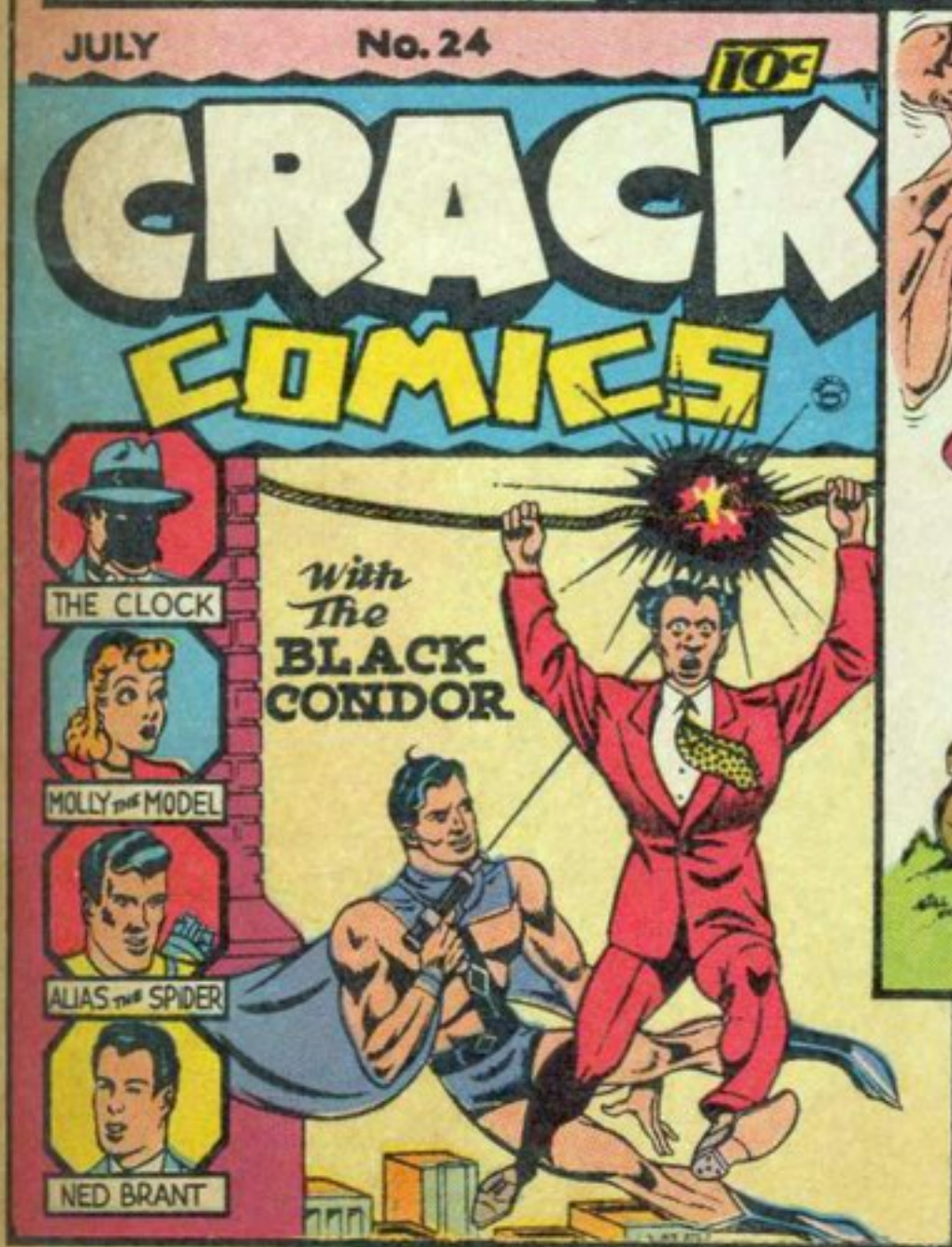
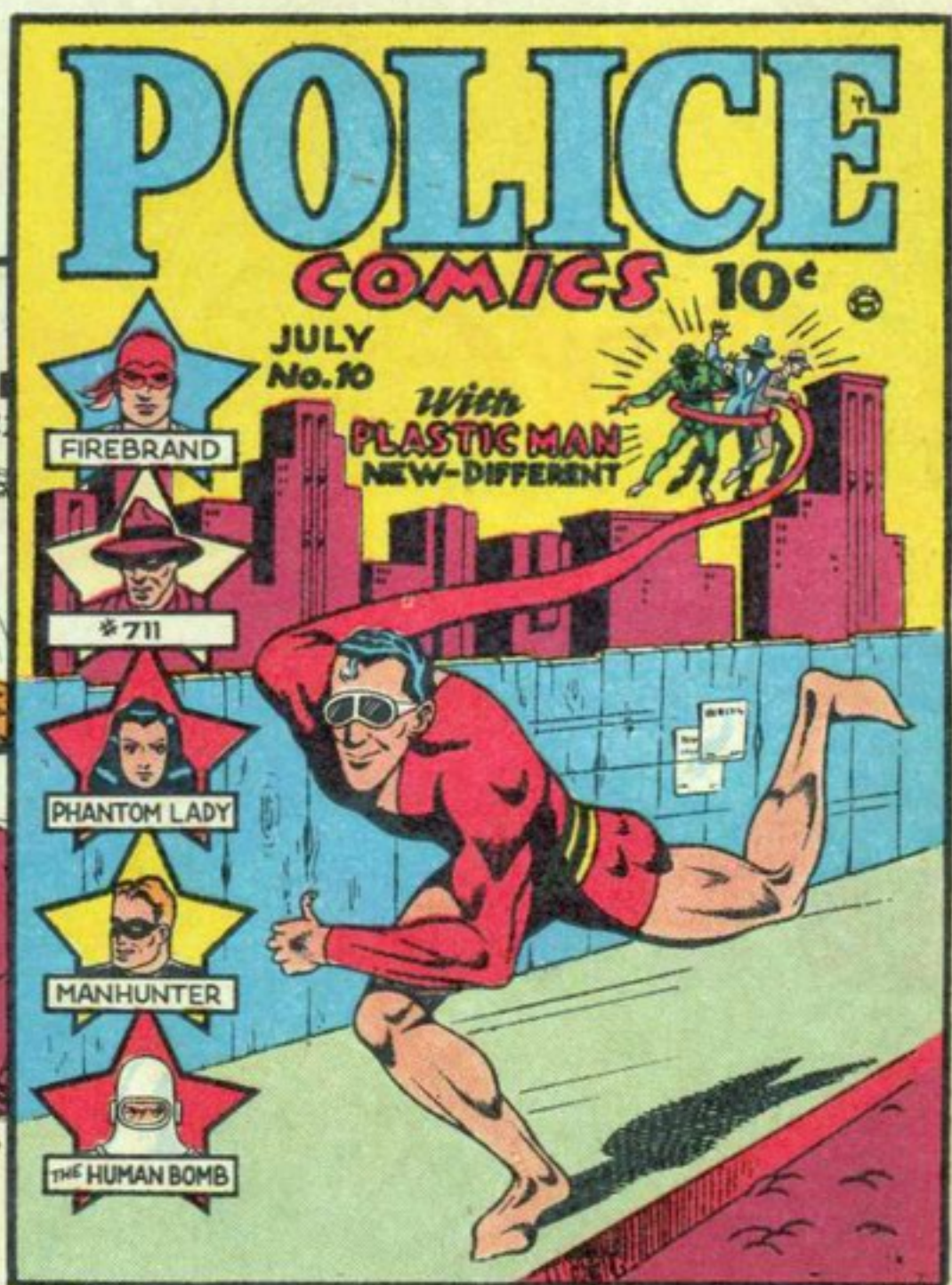




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**\$3**

**ONLY \$5**

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